



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07590987 3



1. Walls - Wren. and Sw. 1400 -

2. Falls line - Gp. Br. - Wales

6.2 (1)

10¹⁻⁰ 2 2

RDA

CVB

Boyle-Gee



**A BOOK OF
SOUTH WALES**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS

THE DESERT OF SOUTHERN FRANCE

STRANGE SURVIVALS

SONGS OF THE WEST

A GARLAND OF COUNTRY SONG

OLD COUNTRY LIFE

YORKSHIRE ODDITIES

HISTORIC ODDITIES

OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALES

AN OLD ENGLISH HOME

THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW

FREAKS OF FANATICISM

A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES

A BOOK OF BRITTANY

A BOOK OF DARTMOOR

A BOOK OF THE WEST

I. DEVON

II. CORNWALL

A BOOK OF NORTH WALES

[illegible]



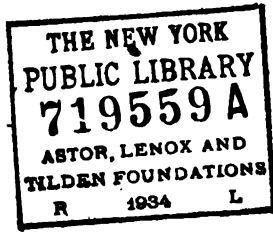
OGMORE CASTLE

**A BOOK OF
SOUTH WALES**

BY S. BARING-GOULD

WITH FIFTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

**METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON**



First Published in 1905

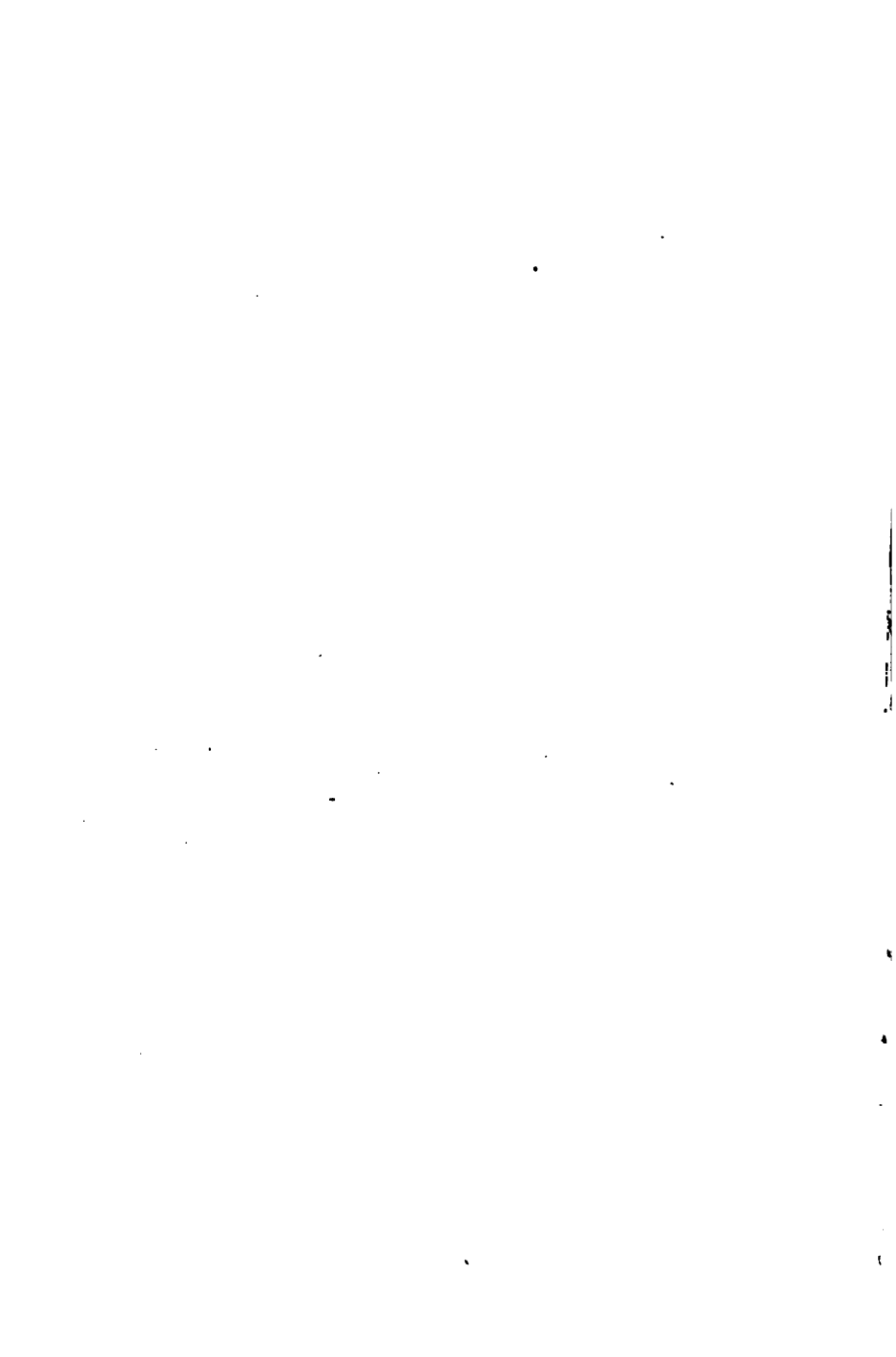
Y. O. Y. W. B.
C. L. B. A.
Y. A. B. L.

PREFACE

THIS book is a companion to my *Book of North Wales*. The purpose is the same—to give the visitor some idea of the history of the country in which he travels. To a Welshman there is, of course, in it nothing that he does not know already. But the average Englishman is singularly ignorant of the history of Wales and of the significance of its antiquities.

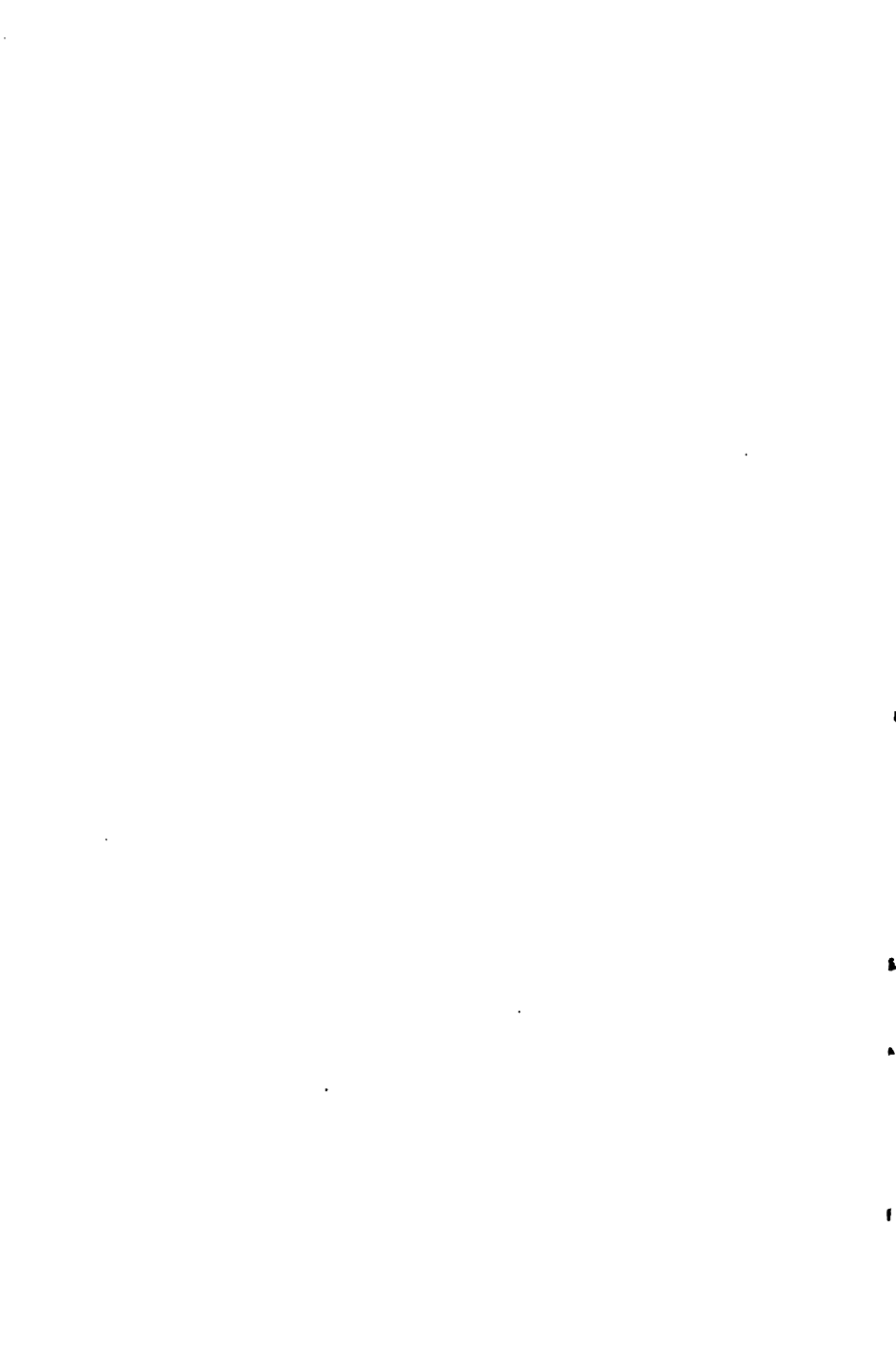
I must tender my thanks to the Rev. J. Fisher, B.D., of Cefn Rectory, S. Asaph, for kindly revising my proofs.

Anderson 14 May 1934



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. GWENT	I
II. NEWPORT	29
III. ABERGAVENNY	54
IV. MORGANWG	67
V. CARDIFF	81
VI. MERTHYR TYDFIL	111
VII. GOWER	128
VIII. THE TOWY VALLEY	144
IX. LITTLE ENGLAND BEYOND WALES	166
X. MENEVIA	205
XI. CEREDIGION	243
XII. ABERYSTWYTH	263
XIII. BRECON	282
XIV. RADNORSHIRE	309



ILLUSTRATIONS

FULL PAGE

OGMORE CASTLE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.	
MATHERN	<i>To face page 1</i>
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
CHEPSTOW CASTLE	2
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
MARTEN'S TOWER, CHEPSTOW CASTLE	4
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
HENRY MARTEN	6
From the painting at S. Pierre.	
LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY	34
From the original picture at Charlcott.	
CHRIST CHURCH, CAERLEON	36
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
LYING ON COLMER'S STONE	38
From a print, 1805.	
ABERGAVENNY	54
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
RAGLAN CASTLE	58
From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.	
LLANTHONY ABBEY	62
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
GEOFFREY'S WINDOW	64
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
MONMOUTH BRIDGE	65
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
THE BUCKSTONE	66
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
IOLO MORGANWG	76
From a contemporary print.	

CARDIFF CASTLE	<i>To face page</i>	81
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
CAERPHILLY CASTLE	"	83
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL	"	84
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
THE MUMBLES	"	130
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
CORACLES ON THE TOWY	"	148
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
TENBY FISHWIVES	"	166
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
CAREW CASTLE	"	176
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
LYDSTEP HEAD	"	184
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
THE STACK ROCKS	"	186
From a photograph by Mr. J. E. Arnett, Tenby.		
LYDSTEP ARCH	"	192
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
HUNTSMAN'S LEAP	"	194
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
TREFGARN ROCKS	"	206
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
S. DAVID'S	"	208
From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.		
S. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL	"	210
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.		
THE NAVE, S. DAVID'S	"	216
From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.		
LUCY WALTER	"	222
From the painting at Portclew. (Photograph by H. Mortimer Allen, Tenby.)		
LANDING OF THE FRENCH	"	226
From a contemporary engraving. (From a photograph by Mr. J. E. Arnett, Tenby.)		
FRENCH VESSELS AT LLANWMDA	"	228
From a contemporary engraving. (From a photograph by Mr. J. E. Arnett, Tenby.)		
THE FRENCH AT FISHGUARD	"	230
From a contemporary engraving. (From a photograph by Mr. J. E. Arnett, Tenby.)		

ILLUSTRATIONS

xi

CILGERRAN CASTLE	<i>To face page</i> 258
From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.	
ON THE TEIFI	260
From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.	
DEVIL'S BRIDGE	266
From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.	
PARSON'S BRIDGE	268
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
BRECON	282
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	
CANAL AQUEDUCT, BRECON	284
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Reigate.	

IN THE TEXT

	PAGE
S. TEILO. STAINED GLASS, PLOGONNEC, FINISTÈRE	85
S. ILLTYD. STATUE AT LOCILDUT, FINISTÈRE	95
S. CENNYDD. STATUE AT PLUMELLIN, MORBIHAN	129
FEBRUARY. A PEASANT. FROM THE HAROLDSTONE CALENDAR	167
A PEMBROKESHIRE CHIMNEY. FROM "ARCHÆOLOGIA CAMBRENSIS" (BY PERMISSION)	169
AUGUST. FROM THE HAROLDSTONE CALENDAR	171
JULY	172
JUNE	173
STONE FOUND AT WARREN	187
THE PRIORY GATE, CALDEY. DRAWN BY MISS EDWARDS	193
S. SAMSON'S CAVE, STACKPOLE. DRAWN BY MISS EDWARDS	195
CHAPEL OF S. NON	211
FROM STAINED GLASS AT LA MÉAUGON	223
OGAM ALPHABET	234
OGAM STONE, BRIDELL	235
KING BRYCHAN. FROM STAINED GLASS, S. NEOT'S, CORNWALL FROM "ARCHÆOLOGIA CAMBRENSIS" (BY KIND PERMISSION)	285
BRONLLYS	303

$$\sqrt{10}$$

$$\frac{1}{\sqrt{10}}$$

$$\frac{1}{\sqrt{10}}$$

$$L$$



MATHERN

SOUTH WALES

CHAPTER I

GWENT

The ancient kingdom of Gwent—Crossing at Porthskewit—Mathern—Tewdrig—The Wye—Chepstow—Henry Marten—Piercefield—Valentine Morris—Tintern—Trelech—The Silures—Caratacus—The Levels—The sea-wall—Inundation of 1606—A grammatical slip—The prehistoric darkness—Geoffrey of Monmouth—King Arthur—Caerwent—Ynyr—Gwynllyw—Practical joking—Danish incursions—A Danish ship—Harold in Gwent—The Norman invasion—The Lords Marchers—Joan of Acre—The Herberts—The Morgans—Progers and Powell—Wentwood—Fortalices—The county of Monmouth—The leek—Ballads on Welshmen—The murder of David Williams.

THE county of Monmouth comprises, roughly speaking, the ancient kingdom of Gwent, and even after its subjugation to the English Crown till the reign of Henry VIII. the king's writ did not run in it, and all malefactors against the king's laws in England could find a refuge in it.

Gwent comprised three distinct regions. A mighty stretch of forest extended from the Usk at Caerleon to the Wye at Chepstow, dividing Upper Gwent from Lower Gwent, and the great marshy district from the Usk to the Rumney was called Gwent Llwch, or Wentloog. Llwch is the same as the Scottish loch and the Irish lough, and was descriptive of the lowland overflowed by the tides of

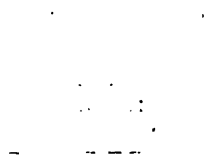
the Severn, forming vast expanses of water, like the Ely fens before they were drained, the haunt of myriads of wild-fowl. But Wentloog was not wholly morass, for from above Newport to the boundary of Brecknock the country rises to mountains, and this portion is called to this day Blaenau Gwent.

Monmouthshire is a veritable Mesopotamia. It is defined on all sides by river—on the east by the Wye, on the north by the Monow, on the west by the Rumney, and on the south by the mighty Severn, and it is traversed by the Usk. The old passage of the Severn was at Aust, then at Porthskewit, where now debouches the Severn Tunnel. On the Gloucestershire side is a reef called the Englishmen's Stones. Charles I. crossed at Porth Skewit, pursued by Cromwell's soldiers. The ferrymen, on returning to the Monmouthshire side, saw sixty troopers there, who threatened them with their swords unless they would put them over, so as to continue the pursuit. The boatmen were staunch Royalists. They took the troopers on board, ferried them as far as the Englishmen's Stones, and on some excuse made them disembark there, whereupon they put off in the boat and complacently watched the tide rise and drown the Parliamentary soldiers. Cromwell was so enraged at this that he abolished the ferry, which belonged to the family of Lewis of S. Pierre; and it was not till 1718 that it was renewed.

Near the mouth of the Wye is Mathern, a palace once of the bishops of Llandaff, but last occupied by one in 1706. It still possesses some features of interest—the old chapel and the tower and gateway. The name Mathern probably comes from Merthyr Tewdrig, as it was there that Tewdrig, King of Gwent, was buried. The old King had retired from the world and had become a hermit at Tintern, but when the Saxons invaded the country he took up arms again, fought valiantly, and was slain. His son Meurig conveyed the body to Mathern, and surrendered



CHEPSTOW CASTLE



the church to S. Dubricius. Bishop Godwin (1595-1601) opened the grave in the church and found a stone coffin. "As I was giving orders to repair this coffin, which was either broken by chance or decayed by age, I discovered his bones, not in the smallest degree changed, though after a period of a thousand years, the skull retaining the aperture of a large wound, which appeared as if it had been recently inflicted." Godwin set up a tablet in the church to commemorate the martyred prince, and gives the date 600, which is not quite correct.

The Wye is too well known and has been too frequently described for me to linger here over its beauties. An old uncle of mine, who could hardly be induced to leave Devon, was on one occasion persuaded to make an excursion up the Wye. On his return I asked him which was the finer river for scenery, the Wye or the Tamar. "The Wye," he replied, "is certainly very fine, and the Tamar as certainly is *tamer*."

The Welsh name for Chepstow was Striguil, but this name has been transferred to another castle, one of the chain that surrounded Wentwood. Striguil gave a title to a lordship of the Marches, and the castle became a formidable stronghold of the FitzOsberns. The name Chepstow signifies the Stockaded Market. Chep is the same word that we have in Cheapside, chapman, and Copenhagen; and Chepstow served as a great bartering stead between the Welsh and the Saxons. The castle was built by William FitzOsbern, Lord of Breteuil in Normandy, a kinsman of William the Conqueror. He left three sons: the eldest inherited his estates in Normandy, the second became a monk, and the third, Roger, succeeded to the earldom of Striguil and Hereford; but having rebelled against the King, he was deprived of his estates, and sent to prison. Dugdale tells a story of him whilst in confinement:—

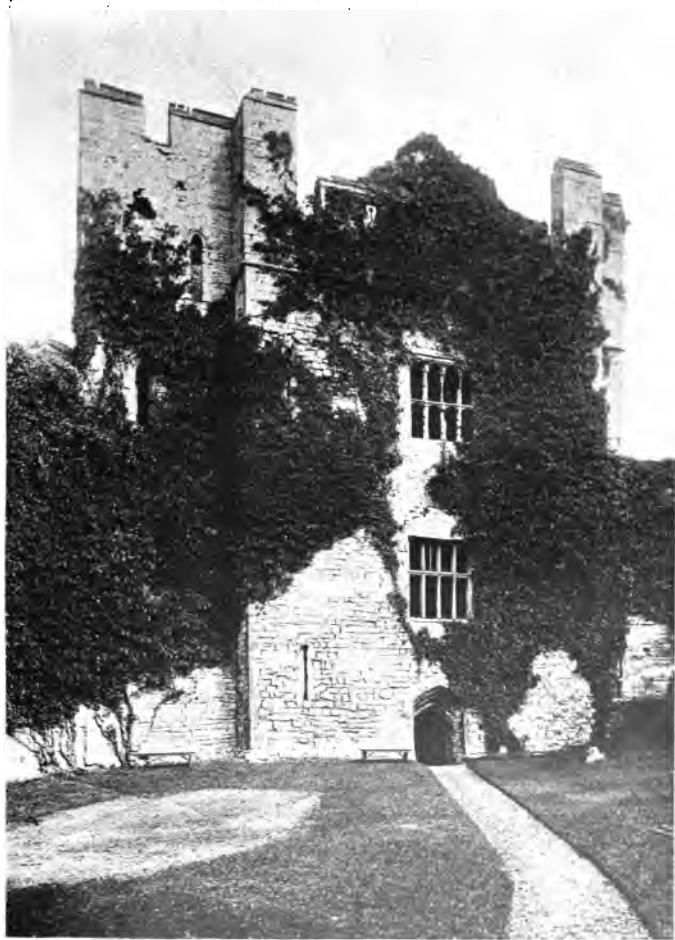
"Though he frequently used many scornful and contumacious

expressions towards the King, yet he was pleased at the celebration of the feast of Easter in a solemn manner to send to this Earl Roger, at that time in prison, his royal robes, who so disdained the favour, that he forthwith caused a great fire to be made, and the mantle, the inner surcoat of silk, and the upper garment, lined with precious furs, to be suddenly burnt. Which being made known to the King, he became not a little displeased, and said : 'Certainly he is a very proud man who hath thus abused me ; but, by the brightness of God, he shall never come out of prison so long as I live.' Which expression was fulfilled to the utmost, for he never was released during the King's life, nor after, but died in prison."

Certainly this was a notable exemplification of cutting off the nose to spite the face.

As his estates were forfeited, the castle and honour were transferred to the De Clares. There is not much of the castle that dates from the time when it was held by the FitzOsberns, as it bears the character of an Edwardian Castle, with its four courts. The tower at the south-eastern extremity bears the name of Henry Marten's Tower, for in it was confined the regicide of that name for thirty years. He was the son of Sir Henry Marten, of Longworth in Berkshire, and was born in 1602, studied at Oxford, and then repaired to London to pursue the law. There he married a rich widow, whom he afterwards treated very badly, though he used her money for making himself comfortable. He led a dissolute life, professed atheism, and threw himself into the party of the Parliament against Charles I.

"Being authorised," says à Wood, "by the Parliament, about 1642, he forced open a great iron chest within the College of Westminster, and thence took out the crown, robes, sword, and sceptre belonging anciently to King Edward the Confessor, and used by all our kings at their inaugurations ; and with a scorn greater than his lusts and the rest of his vices, he openly declared that there should be no further use of these toys and trifles, and in the jollity of that humour he invested George Wither in the royal habiliments ; who being crowned and royally arrayed, did



MARTEN'S TOWER, CHEPSTOW CASTLE

MARTEN

MARTEN
 "First march about the room with a stately garb, and afterwards with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions expose these ornaments to contempt and laughter."
 On the

On the occasion of the King's trial, when the warrant had to be signed, Cromwell, taking the ink as the latter sat by him. Then Martin deliberately bespattered Cromwell's face with ink.

Although Marten was well rewarded for an assignment of a thousand a year and had his arrears to the amount of £2000 become his wife's money, he involved in debt as one

of the region:

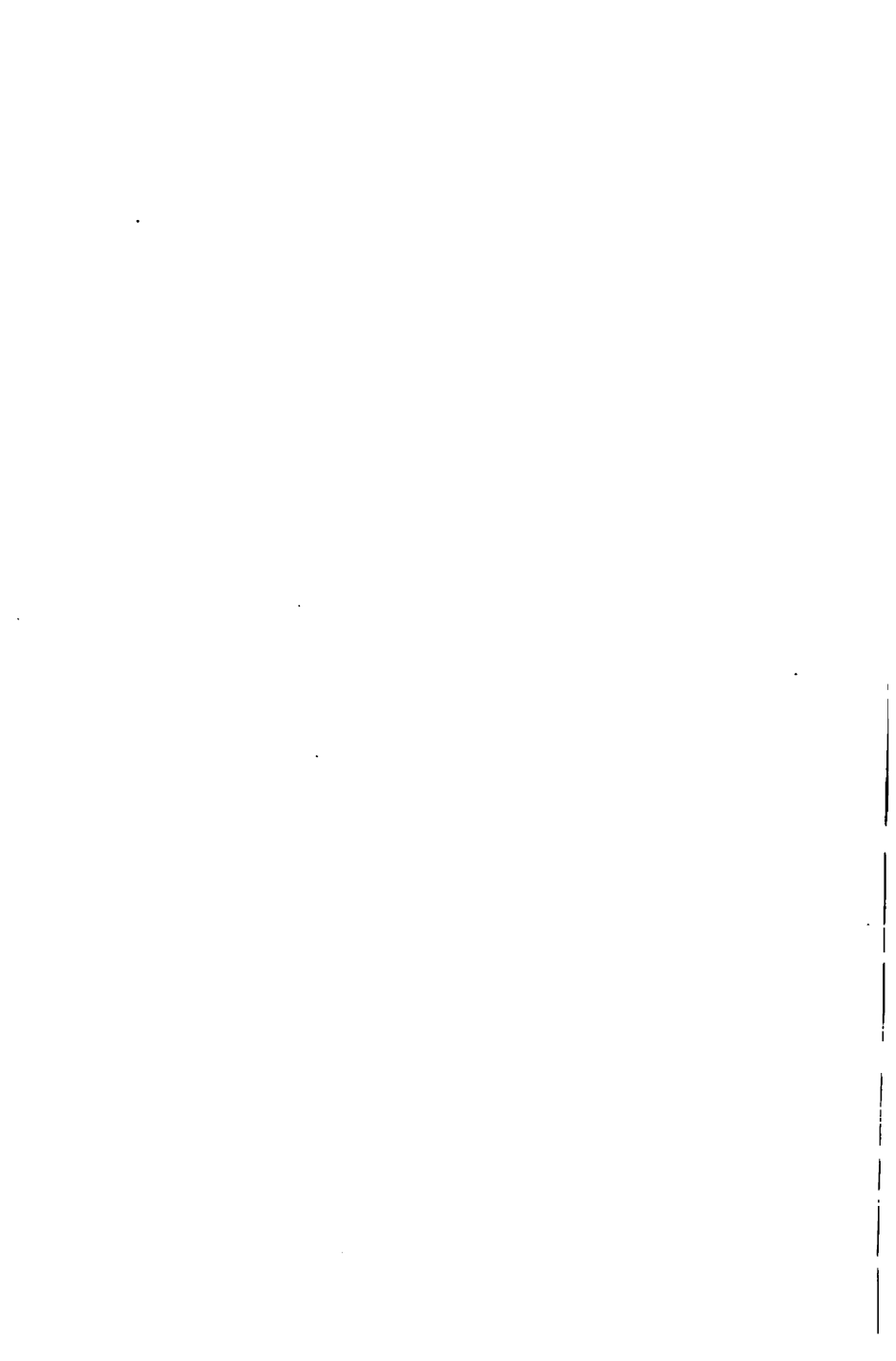
which are not
aligned --

1. _____

100

—

~~_____~~



first march about the room with a stately garb, and afterwards with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions expose those sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter."

On the occasion of the King's trial, when the death-warrant had to be signed, Cromwell, taking the pen, by some inadvertency spattered the ink over Marten's face, as the latter sat by him. Then Marten took the pen, and deliberately bespattered Cromwell's face with the ink.

Although Marten was well rewarded by being granted an assignment of a thousand a year, a present of £3,000, and his arrears to the amount of £24,000, and in addition had his wife's money, he lived in such profusion as to become involved in debt. On the Restoration he was tried as one of the regicides; he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, and was removed to Chepstow, where his wife was allowed to reside with him; he was suffered to enjoy all his property, to receive visits, and to frequent, accompanied by a guard, the houses of the neighbouring gentry, particularly that of S. Pierre, where his portrait is still preserved. He composed his own epitaph, which shows that his republican anti-monarchal opinions were not modified. He was conversing one day on politics with Mr. Lewis, when the latter asked him whether, if the same condition of affairs came on, he would again sign the death-warrant of the King. Marten promptly replied, "Certainly I would." This so offended Mr. Lewis that he did not again invite him to S. Pierre. In 1680 Marten died at the age of seventy-eight of an apoplectic stroke whilst he was dining. He was buried in the parish church of Chepstow, and over his remains was placed the stone with the inscription of his composition, till removed by a succeeding vicar. It is an acrostic, but the lines are of no merit.

The church of Chepstow is interesting, having a fine Norman nave and west end.

On ascending the beautiful river just below the noted

Wyndcliff is the noble park of Piercefield. This belonged to the Walters family; but in 1727 John Walters became ruined, and sold the place and sank to great poverty. After passing through the hands of the Rous family, it was sold in 1739 to Valentine Morris, who owned estates in Antigua. Morris was infatuated with the loveliness of the spot, and spent large sums on its embellishment and in enlarging the house. One day when he desired to cross the river he hailed a couple of watermen to put him over to the other side, and whilst crossing entered into conversation with them, and learned that one of them was William Walters, brother of the John who had sold Piercefield, the old squire of the estate, but who was now reduced to indigence. From that time Morris sent weekly to the old man a joint of meat and a sum of money, till the death of Walters, when he sent his carriage to convey the corpse to S. Arvan's to be laid—the last of the family—in the ancestral vault.

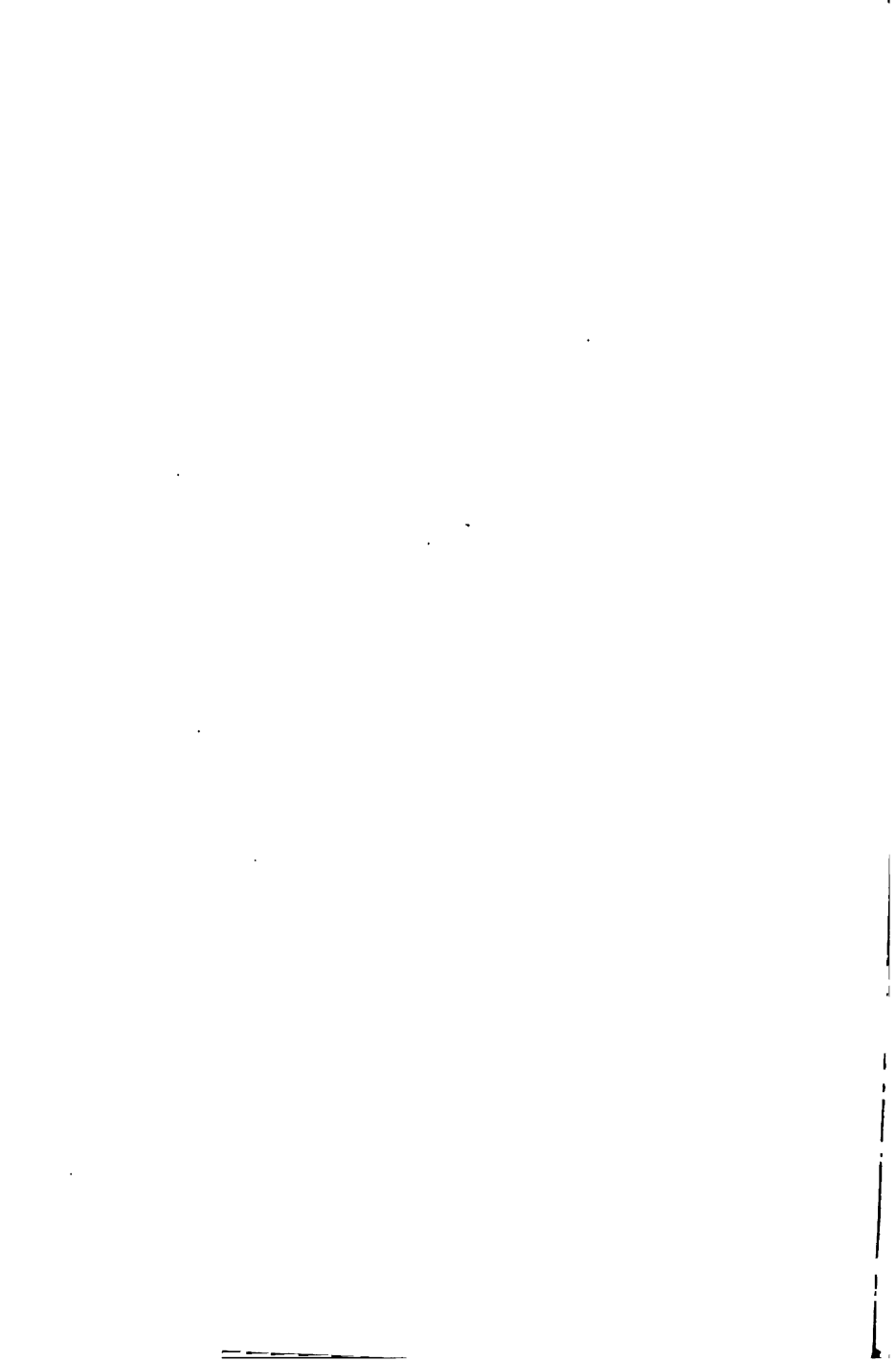
Little did Valentine Morris suppose at the time that a day of trouble was coming to him. He exerted himself whilst at Piercefield to carry through the Turnpike Bill. When he was being consulted relative to the roads in Wales before a Parliamentary Commission, he said, "Roads! roads! we have none." "Then how do you travel?" "In ditches," he replied.

After several years spent at Piercefield his circumstances became involved, and he was compelled to offer the place for sale, and determined to retire to his West India possessions.

On the last day at Piercefield he walked about the place, looking lovingly, with a full heart, at its natural beauties, and at all his improvements. Then he went to Chepstow, where his chaise was surrounded by the poor whom he had relieved, imploring God's blessing upon him. No sooner had he reached the Gloucestershire side of the bridge over the Wye than his ear was struck by the



HENRY MARTEN
From the painting at S. Pierre



mournful peal of muffled bells from Chepstow Church tower. This was more than he could bear, and leaning back in the carriage, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

On his return to the West Indies he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of S. Vincent, and there he exerted himself energetically to promote the development of the island. He was next nominated Governor, and he set to work there to rear another Piercefield, when again disaster overtook him. S. Vincent was taken by the French. In vain did he apply to Government for the payment of his expenses and arrears, and returning to England, he was arrested for debt and confined in the King's Bench prison for seven years. He was reduced to the greatest distress, all his books and movables were seized and sold, even the articles of his wife's toilet. She—a niece of Lord Peterborough—sinking under the load of distress, became insane.

At length, in 1786, he obtained his liberty, and died three years later in the house of his brother-in-law.

Tintern was founded in 1131 for Cistercian monks by Walter de Clare. Here was fought the battle against the Saxons, in which Tewdrig received his death-wound. The beautiful pile in one of the sweetest conceivable situations need not here be described. Full particulars relative to it may be found in the guide-books. Not one in a thousand of the visitors who seek Tintern thinks of proceeding to Trelech, between Tintern and Monmouth. The place takes its name from three monoliths of red stone, probably the remains of an avenue, of which the rest have disappeared. They are, however, locally attributed to Harold. It is certainly true that Harold did set up stones commemorative of his achievements in Wales, but these are undoubtedly prehistoric. There are two other curiosities at Trelech—a great tumulus, apparently a tump on which stood a Saxon stockade. The third "curiosity" is a

ferruginous spring. In the middle of the village near the church is a sun-dial, on the sides of which are carved representations of the "curiosities." Above the tumulus is inscribed "Magna mol." and beneath "O quot hic sepulti." The figure of the well is accompanied by "Maxima fonte" and "Dom. mag. probit ostendit." The three stones are figured with their respective heights, fourteen, ten, and eight feet, in Arabic numerals, and over them is inscribed "Major Saxis," and beneath "Hic fuit Victor Haraldus."

In the place are numerous cinders, the remains of bloomeries supposed to have been worked since Roman times; but of this antiquity there is no evidence.

The original population of Gwent was that of the Essyllwyr, whom the Romans called Silures. Who these were we do not know, but they were probably an original dusky people, over whom the invading Celts had established a supremacy; and the Romans found these Silures their most inveterate and determined foes. A visitor to Wales will note that there is a large preponderance of the dark type in the Principality. The eyes are beady and hard, and the features are irregular. Although we do come occasionally on a pretty face, it is exceptional. The complexions are not fresh, and the men as well as the women are not tall and clean built. It is the same in Cornwall, the same also in Brittany: in all these the Silurian race underlies that of the Celt. But how comes it that we find such exceptional beauty among the women in the south of Ireland, with blue eyes, dark hair, and good complexions? There must there be the same commingling of blood. It is true that the Irish Celt was a Goidel, and not a Brython, but these were sister races, speaking practically the same tongue. The Celt, it must be remembered, was fair, with reddish hair; and we are driven to the conclusion that, although in Wales the tongue spoken is Celtic, the enormous mass of the

population is non-Aryan, that the Celtic blood flowed only in the dominant race.

The famous Caratacus, or Caradog, who for nine years carried on unremitting warfare against the Romans, was a king of the Silures. As a last effort he removed the seat of war to the country of the Ordovices, or Powys, and there met with a decisive defeat, which led to his capture and being carried a prisoner to Rome.

The Welsh suppose that Eigen, daughter of Caratacus, was converted to Christianity whilst at Rome, and returned to Britain as the wife of Sarlog, ruler of Old Sarum; and she is held to have been the first female saint of the British Church. But this is mere myth.

We are not a people, like the French and Germans, to set up statues to the memory of the great men of old. Arminius has been commemorated on the scene of his triumphs over the Roman arms. Why should not we have a statue to Caratacus, either at Shrewsbury or at Caerleon?

The capture and transportation of the great King did not lead to the immediate subjugation of the Silures. Again and again, for a long series of years, they renewed the unequal conflict, "maintaining in their mountain fastnesses a warfare of forays and surprises that kept the Romans ever on the alert."

It was not till A.D. 78 that Agricola, Vespasian's third general, succeeded in effecting a complete subjugation. Then the Second Legion was planted at Caerleon-on-Usk, and there it remained until the latter part of the third century. But it was not idle whilst there. It was employed in reclaiming the vast tract of the saltings, the alluvial deposit of the Severn, now forming the rich Caldicot and Wentloog levels, by throwing up a sea wall that extends from the mouth of the Rumney as far as Porthskewit, a few miles from the mouth of the Wye at Chepstow, being a distance of twenty miles. Previous to

the formation of this embankment, and the consequent drainage of the land behind it, this extensive tract of country must have been an immense marsh with wide lagoons in it, quite uninhabitable, a very considerable portion of it being several feet below the level of the tide, and consequently always inundated at high water. It would be so now but for the sea wall. The marsh has been drained by ditches, locally called reens, having sluices at their outfall, called gowts, to prevent the inflow of the Channel water at high tides.

It was not known who had constructed the sea wall till 1878, when a stone was found in it, at Goldcliff, that stated how that the cohort of the centurion Statorius had thrown up two miles of it.

The embankment has to be maintained, and is so by the Board of Commissioners of Sewers. It is subject to being eaten into by the tide, as there has been a considerable encroachment of the water of late years; and the bank has had to be stone faced. Notwithstanding all precautions, occasionally when a high tide coincides with a violent and prolonged gale from the south-west the water reasserts its claims, leaps the embankment, and sweeps over the levels.

The most disastrous of these inundations took place on the 20th January, 1606, when twenty-six parishes were flooded, with great loss of life and more of stock. An account of it written at the time says: "Now all kinds of Cattle, being for twentyfowre miles in length, and fowre in breadth, were drowned. Reikes and mowes of corn torne out of their places and carried away."

Cattle twenty-four miles long and four broad were indeed remarkable phenomena.

This grammatical slip reminds me of an incident that occurred to a friend of mine just before Christmas. He was going to town, and his wife adjured him to obtain there a suitable scroll for the decoration of the church.

He promised, but on reaching his destination forgot what the text and dimensions were to be, so he wired for them, and received by telegram the following startling announcement: "Unto us a child is born twelve foot long by one and a half broad."

But to return to the flood.

"The sea hath beaten down at the aforesaid time a great multitude of houses, scattering and dispersing the poor substance of innumerable persons. . . . The aforesaid waters, having gathered over their wonted limits, are affirmed to have runne at the first entrance with a swiftness so incredible, as that no gray-hounde could have escaped by running before them."

The writer says that the land deluged would be ruined for five or six years, "and there is no probability that that part of the country will ever be inhabited againe in our age as it was before the flood, howsoever it hath heretofore been reputed the richest and fruitfulest place in all that country."

What the writer supposed was verified, not in his age only, but in times subsequent, for the population is now sparse and the size of the churches leads to the conviction that it was formerly much more numerous than at present.

"A certain man and woman having taken a tree for their succour, espying nothing but death before their eyes, at last among other things which were carried along, they perceived a certain tubbe of great bignesse to come nearer and nearer unto them, until it rested upon that tree wherein they were, committed themselves, and were carried safe until they were caste up upon the drie shore."

A babe in its cradle was washed away from a cottage. A cat took refuge on the cradle, and leaped from one side to the other, thereby maintaining the balance, and so both were eventually saved.

The domestic and wild creatures fled from the waters—dogs, cats, moles, foxes, hares, rabbits, rats, and mice in

abundance—and swarmed on the high banks and mounds that stood above the water.

About two thousand persons were drowned, and more would have died of starvation and cold had not the Right Hon. Lord Herbert and Sir Walter Montague energetically bestirred themselves to procure boats, some brought on waggons from great distances, by means of which to rescue the people, and they saw to their being housed and provided with sustenance when brought to land.

There was another inundation in the eighteenth century, when a portion of the sea wall gave way, but it was not so disastrous as that of 1606.

At Goldcliff in the church is a brass plate set up with an inscription to commemorate the great inundation of 1606 and the height to which the water rose above the floor.

The Romans built four fortified towns in Gwent, the sites of which are Caerleon, Caerwent, Usk, and Abergavenny. All perished by fire when the Saxons burst into the country after the great battle of Deorham in 577, when Bath and Gloucester and Cirencester were taken. The latter never wholly recovered.

There is a saying among country people that the morning fog goes a-fishing or a-hunting. When fishing, it prognosticates bad weather; when hunting, *i.e.* rising, it foreshows a fine day. After the departure of the Roman legions in or about 415, the mist falls and goes a-fishing, and we see little clear in Gwentian history. Forms loom out of the fog, magnified and fantastic; and it is not till the tenth century that shapes are seen distinctly: thenceforth the mist lifts and is dissipated. But it is worth our while to look into the vapour and see the marvellous figures that move in it—Arthur and his knights, Gwynllyw and his wife Gwladys, Ynyr and his lady Madrun, Geraint and his fair Enid.

That supreme prince of liars, Geoffrey of Monmouth,

gave to the world his *History of the Britons* in 1147. It is a tissue of the grossest fables; he gravely records the arrival of Brutus, a refugee from Troy, and his colonisation of Britain; and then he relates the lives of mythical kings down to the death of Cadwaladr, the last of the kings, in 689. Not a single statement made by Geoffrey can be trusted, yet this wonderful production gained an enormous vogue. On account of it, he was promoted to be Bishop of S. Asaph, but only held his preferment two years, for he died in 1154. The *History of the Britons* puzzled students of the day. Some believed that it was genuine history, others treated it as a fable.

Gerald de Barri, who wrote in the same century as Geoffrey, tells us of a Welshman who had the faculty of seeing evil spirits.

"Once," says he, "when he was much tormented by the demons, he placed the Gospel of S. John in his bosom, when they immediately vanished, flying away like birds. Afterwards, he laid aside the Gospel and took up the *History of the Britons* by Geoffrey, when back they came and swarmed, not only over his body, but also over the book in his bosom, thicker and more troublesome than before."

William of Newbury, a contemporary of Gerald, treats the book as it deserves, as one great lie. Nevertheless, within a century after its publication it was generally accepted by writers on English history, and even so late as the reign of Elizabeth old Stow begins his chronicle with the rubbish related by Geoffrey. It was certainly a remarkable achievement to have vitiated the sources of British history for four hundred years.

"Magna est veritas et prævalebit"—but it takes a long time about it. "Majus est mendacium dum prævalet." Does a lie ever die? Does it not always leave after it a poison that makes the truth to be held dubitable?

But Geoffrey did more. He invented King Arthur. I do not deny that there was an Arthur. *Welsh Lives of*

the Saints that are earlier in date than Geoffrey's History mention him incidentally, and show that he was a sorry creature, brutal, dissolute, and a bully. But he was given a lift by one Nennius, who wrote a British History about the year 796; this history was much amplified in the ensuing century, and we have various recensions of Nennius of the ninth and tenth centuries. Nennius says that Arthur became the Pendragon, or head of the British princes, and that he fought twelve battles against the Saxons. In the eighth he carried on his shoulders the image of the Blessed Virgin, and gained a signal victory. His twelfth battle was the siege of Mount Badon, in which, with his single hand, he slew ninety-six Saxons.

The battle of Mount Badon is historical. Gildas, who died in 570, says that—according to one interpretation—he was born in the year in which it was fought. The battle was fought in 520. The Cambrian Annals say that Arthur died in the battle of Camelon in 537. This is actually all that we know about him. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle does not mention him, but then, those who made the entries were Saxons, and they recorded the victories of their people and not their defeats. What is more remarkable is that Gildas, who was a youth at the time when Arthur was gaining his victories, or, at all events, fighting his battles, does not even mention him. This, however, is explicable. Gildas did not profess to write a history of the British people: he runs through a summary of their history as prologue to a torrent of abuse he poured forth against the princes, priests, and people of his native land. If Arthur had been a holy king and champion of the Church, he might have spoken of him, but as he was nothing of the kind, he passes him over.

However, there is enough to show that Arthur actually did exist, and that he strenuously fought the Saxons. This was enough for Geoffrey. He took the few words of Nennius and wove about them a web of fiction. He made

of Arthur an ideal king, he invested his court with imaginary splendour, and he made him victor over the greater part of Europe.

The ball was started rolling. The romancers took it up and sent it on from one to another. Arthur has become the hero of the British race :—

“ . . . when the Roman left us, and their law
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives of purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her.”

So the romancers pictured Arthur down to Tennyson. Verily the two augurs, meeting and chuckling at the way in which they duped mankind, can have been nothing to the encounter of Arthur with Geoffrey in the world of spirits. How they must have shaken their sides with laughter through seven hundred and fifty years!

Probably Arthur never held court at Caerleon at all, perhaps never was there. But the *Romance of Geraint and Enid* says :—

“ Arthur was accustomed to hold his Court at Caerleon upon Usk, and there he held it seven Easters and five Christmasses. And once he held it at Whitsuntide. And there were assembled nine crowned kings, who were his tributaries, and likewise earls

and barons. And when he was at Caerleon thirteen churches were set apart for Mass. One church for Arthur and his kings and his guests; the second for Guinevere and her ladies; the third for the Steward of the Household and the suitors; the fourth for the Franks and the other officers; and the other nine churches were for the nine Masters of the Household. The chief porter did not himself perform the office, except at one of the three high festivals, for he had seven men to serve him, and they divided the year amongst them."

Through the morning mist of Welsh history we can discern very little clearly—men are as trees walking. Venta Silurum, now Caerwent, was an important Roman town; it has sunk to a small village happily, for this enables the explorer to dig in fields and gardens and lay bare the remains of Roman walls and villas. It was probably destroyed by the Saxons in 577, for plenty of ashes among the ruins show that it was burnt. It was never rebuilt. At Caerwent, after the withdrawal of the Roman soldiers, the Princes of Lower Gwent lived on in the old Roman villas as best they could, patching up the roofs when they leaked, but building nothing. Here Ynyr ruled; his wife was Madrun, grand-daughter of Vortigern, who had invited over the Jutes; and he was succeeded by his son Caradog, the father of S. Malo, who founded a see at Aleth on the coast of Brittany, and gave to it his name. Ynyr seems to have been a worthy man and desirous of raising his people, for he is recorded to have established a college at Caerwent and placed it under the direction of a learned Irish professor called Tathan. Ynyr and his wife both had to fly from the Saxons, and Ynyr is believed to have crossed into Brittany, where he died in the odour of sanctity at Plounéour-trez.

From Caerwent a road constructed by the Romans went to the coast of the Severn Sea, where a ferry plied to the opposite shore; there the road recommenced and led to Bath. Another road skirted the Severn past Lydney and gave communication with Gleva or Gloucester;

and was also continued west from Caerwent to Caerleon, the old Isca Silurum.

In Wentloog, about the time of Ynyr, ruled King Gwynllyw, a turbulent man, who plundered the neighbourhood and committed great crimes. But in his old age he sobered down, and he and his wife became saints; he is known as S. Woolo, and his statue, in armour, but minus a head, is in a niche in the tower of the church above Newport-on-Usk. One day the thieves of King Gwynllyw crossed over into Lower Gwent and carried off a cow that belonged to Tathan, principal of the college at Caerwent. Tathan found out who the rogues were and pursued them. King Gwynllyw heard that he was coming to beg to have his cow restored, so he resolved on, as vulgar people would express it now, "pulling the old man's leg." He had a great cauldron filled with boiling water and set on the floor. Over this were placed rushes, and then a cloth was spread over the whole. When Tathan entered he was courteously requested by the King to take a seat, and with a wave of the hand he indicated the concealed copper. But Tathan was wary: he very gingerly planted himself on the rim of the cauldron, and spoiled the King's little joke by not tumbling in and scalding himself.

There must have been a great exodus from Caerleon owing to the devastations of the Saxons, for the refugees settled in Northern Brittany, where they founded the kingdom of Leon.

We know little more of Gwent, save that it was ravaged by the Northmen several times. In 893 the Gwentian Chronicle of Caradog of Llancarfan (who died in 1157) tells us that the "Black Pagans" burnt Llantwit, Llancarfan, and devastated Gwent, but whilst engaged in plundering Caerleon, Morgan, Prince of Glamorgan, came on them, utterly defeated them, and drove them over the Severn Sea into Somerset, where many more were killed by the Saxons and Britons of that country.

No doubt their long boats had entered the mouth of the Usk, and were there lying. Thence as many as could escaped. Now it is a curious fact that in 1878, whilst the Newport Alexandra Dock was being enlarged, the workmen came upon the remains of an ancient vessel about twelve feet below the surface of the green sward. It was built of oak planks fastened together with broad-headed iron nails, completely rusted away, and was clinker built, the planks overlapping each other, and sloped off so as to make a smooth joint. Between the planks some of the caulking was found, which was of dark-coloured wool, and it is not improbable that strips of sheep's hide with the wool on were used for the purpose. Nothing like pitch appears to have been used. The oak was Dantzic timber, the character of which is different from English oak. It is probable that this ship, which was seventy feet long and from seventeen feet to twenty feet wide, was a relic of this invasion, a boat the Danes were unable to re-man, and in their flight left behind.

At the close of the reign of Edward the Confessor Caradog ab Gruffydd was Prince of Gwent. Earl Harold had invaded North Wales, and attacked Gruffydd, King of Gwynedd, in his fortress at Rhuddlan, and burnt it; the King fled in his ship, but traitors cut off his head and sent it to Harold. Freed from every adversary in North Wales, Harold turned south, crossed the Wye, and invaded Gwent, where in July, 1065, he ordered the erection of a stately hunting-box for Edward, who was devotedly fond of the chase, at Porthskewit. Then he departed. In the latter part of August Caradog ab Gruffydd collected men, went to Porthskewit, that commands the Aust passage, and killed nearly all the workmen engaged in the building. Harold was too fully occupied by military matters in the north to punish this outrage. On the King's death, in January following, Harold was elected and crowned King.

Before autumn was over the battle of Hastings had been fought, and his short reign had come to an end.

Soon after the Conqueror William FitzOsborne, Earl of Hereford, one of the Conqueror's most trusty followers, built the castles of Chepstow and Monmouth. As the Normans advanced, they formed a second line of fortifications along the vale of the Usk. Hamelin de Baladon built the castle of Abergavenny and acquired all Upper Gwent. Somewhat later Walter de Clare acquired Nether Gwent.

Wentloog was conquered by Robert, son of Hamon Dentatus, or the Toothy, between 1090 and 1092.

In the time of the Saxon king Edgar it had been the Principality of Morgan Hên, or the Old. Note the name, and see how the whirligig of Time brings about its avenges. Robert Fitzhamon dispossessed Iestyn ab Gwrgan, lineal descendant of Old Morgan, and thenceforth all Gwent became a land of marches, or debatable land, held by Norman lords whose great function was to worry the Welsh. The county of Monmouth was formed by the grouping together of the six great lordships of Abergavenny, Monmouth, Chepstow, Usk, Caerleon, and Wentloog. Each of these marcher lordships was a little sovereignty independent of one another and owing no allegiance to the English king; but inasmuch as their several lords were subjects of the kings of England, they and their people were under some ill-defined control by the English Crown. This condition of affairs was so inconvenient and mischievous that Henry VIII. was resolved to put an end to it; and the simplest and easiest course for him to pursue, and one particularly commending itself to his taste, was to declare these lords to be guilty of high treason, to cut off their heads, and to confiscate their lands; and not being nice in such matters, this he did; so that in 1535 out of Gwent he constituted the English county of Monmouthshire. But to all intents and purposes it is Welsh, and as such we will

deal with it. Robert, son of Hamon wi' the Teeth, left a daughter only, Mabel, who married Robert, natural son of King Henry I. created Earl of Gloucester. His mother was Nest, daughter of Rhys ab Tewdwr, King of South Wales. She had been sent as a hostage to the court of Henry I., where he basely seduced her. Robert, the son of Nest, had a son by Mabel, William Earl of Gloucester 1147-83, who built the castle of Newport. He left three daughters only, one only of these had issue, this was Amicia, who married Richard de Clare, Earl of Hertford, created Earl of Gloucester; and the lordship of Wentloog remained in the family of Clare to 1262, when Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, married Joan of Acre, daughter of Edward I. Now when Gilbert died in 1295, Joan secretly married a man of no great family, one Ralph de Monthermer, a simple squire. Edward I. was furious when he found out that his daughter had clandestinely married this man, as he had proposed for her a union with Amadeus, Duke of Savoy. He imprisoned Monthermer in the castle of Bristol and seized all his daughter's lands. But he was much attached to his Joan, and he sent for her. "Sire," said she, "it is not considered ignominious for a powerful earl to marry a poor modest girl of humble rank, why then should objection be raised to a countess for taking to her heart a lusty youth?" The King laughed and gave way. The marriage was recognised, and Monthermer was created Earl of Gloucester and Hertford. The love-making seems to have been long. He is described as having "acquired after great doubts and fears, the love of the Countess of Gloucester, for whom he had long endured great sufferings." He was at the siege of Caerlaverock in Scotland July, 1300, and though he rode under the banner bearing his wife's arms—three chevrons *gules*, on a field *or*—yet he wore himself those which were his own:—A green eagle displayed on a gold ground.

From the De Clares the lordship passed by marriage to the De Audeley family, and then by an heiress to Lord Stafford in 1342.

In 1402 Owen Glyndower invaded and ravaged Wentloog, burning down castle and town and all the villages and churches, and laying the country so utterly waste that when inquisition was held on the death of Edmund Stafford, fourth earl, in 1403, the value of Wentloog was returned as *nil*. Humphrey Stafford, sixth earl, was created Duke of Buckingham, and Henry VIII., to put an end to the independence of the marches, cut off the head of his successor, the third duke, and his estates were forfeited to the Crown.

Edward VI. granted the lordship of Wentloog to William Herbert, who was created Earl of Pembroke. The seventh earl left an only daughter and innumerable debts, whereupon the lordship of Wentloog was sold, and bought by John Morgan, a London merchant. And so, after centuries, the lordship came back into the hands of a Morgan. However, the Morgans thereupon seem to have been stricken with unproductiveness, six in succession died without son, some without any issue at all; and the last, Sir Charles Morgan, who died childless in 1806, bequeathed the lordship and all his estates to his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Gould, with the proviso that he should assume the name and arms of Morgan. He did well to thus reinvigorate an exhausted stock with fresh blood, and that of an extraordinarily prolific family. "If ill-will, in defiance to the truth," wrote Prince in his *Worthies of Devon*, published in 1701, "shall deny antiquity to this family (of Gould), yet this cannot be denied, that however it sate out later than some others, it hath grown faster and spread wider than those who started long before it." And it has kept up its reputation to be prolific—even unto this day. The present representative of the Morgans is Lord Tredegar. Williams, in his old *History of Monmouth*, tells a story of

a descendant of the Herberts that is characteristic of Welsh pride of birth. A Mr. Proger, of Werndee, riding with a friend one night from Monmouth, was overtaken by a furious downpour, which soaked them to the skin.

"'Never mind,' said Mr. Proger to his companion, 'we are near my Cousin Powell's house at Perthyer, and he will give us dry clothes and take us in for the night. A hot glass of rum and water by a roaring fire will just put us right.'

"So they turned aside to Perthyer, but found all the family abed. Mr. Proger shouted under his cousin's window, and presently Mr. Powell put his head out of the window and inquired who was there.

"'It is I—your Cousin Proger of Werndee—drenched to the bone and craving a night's lodging for myself and a friend.'

"'Indeed—Cousin Proger, is it?' said Powell. 'I will take you both in and welcome, but on one condition, that you acknowledge me as head of the family.'

"'Head of the family!' retorted Mr. Proger. 'Fiddlesticks! everyone knows that I am that.'

"'I will not admit you unless you waive that claim.'

"'And I will remain out in the rain rather than do so, aye, though it rain swords and bayonets.'

"'Marry, come up, Cousin Proger,' shouted Mr. Powell from the window. 'Have you not often admitted that the first Earl of Pembroke—a Herbert—was a younger son of Perthyer? Will you set yourself up above the Earls of Pembroke?'

"'Not so—but that same William Herbert was of a junior branch of my family, being descended from the fourth son of Werndee, who was your ancestor, whereas I am descended from the eldest son.'

"'I will never admit your right,' protested Proger angrily.

"'Then stay without and be drenched.'

"'What!' exclaimed the friend. 'Will you not shelter me? I have nothing to do with your family disputes.'

"'No,' retorted Mr. Powell. 'By your speech I know you to be a Saxon, and you shall suffer for the obstinacy of your friend, my cousin.' And he pulled down the sash, and returned to his bed."

Wentwood, that stretched from the Wye to the Usk, is now sadly reduced; once it was as extensive as the Forest

of Dean. Chepstow Park Wood and Wentwood, that were once continuous, are now separated by the parish of Newchurch, which was cleared and brought into cultivation by the monks of Tintern in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Other detached woods, Coed Llyros, Cefn Garw, and Fedw, also formerly were connected with Wentwood and formed a portion of it.

The forest was originally doubtless part of the demesne of the Princess of Gwent, and when Harold began a hunting lodge at Porthskewit for King Edward, it was that he might pursue the chase in Wentwood. This it was that so exasperated the Prince of Gwent that he destroyed the lodge and slaughtered the builders.

After the Norman Conquest Wentwood became a royal forest, but it soon passed into the hands of the Lords Marchers of Chepstow.

Wentwood was famous for its oaks, beeches, hollies, and yews. These latter seem to be indigenous in all the woods in these parts. A group of noble old oaks still remains, and has always been known by the name of the Foresters' Oaks, for beneath their shade from time immemorial the Courts of the Forest have been holden. A MS. of 1668 gives directions how these courts are to be held. One of the articles directs all persons to be presented who are taken in any of these four degrees, viz. stable-stand, dog-draw, back-bearend, bloodyhand. Stable-stand is defined to be that of a man found in the forest with his bow bent ready to shoot, or with a greyhound in a leash, ready to let slip. Dog-draw means tracking a wounded deer by means of a dog in a leash. Back-bearend is being caught in the act of carrying off the same on his back. Bloodyhand is being found in the forest with blood on his hand.

The Ranger of the Forest lived in Castell Troggy, now Cas-Troggy, of which but scanty remains exist. It was a small castle surrounded by a moat. There were several

of these fortalices along the southern borders of Wentwood, Dinham, Llanvair, Talgwrth, Penhow, and Pencoed. By far the finest of these is the last, which is in the parish of Llanmartin, but it is more of a manor-house than a castle, having been rebuilt in the sixteenth century. It is a picturesque structure, with an entrance gateway into a great court, and a hall which has, however, been spoiled by modern erections dividing it into chambers.

Is Monmouthshire Welsh or English? It was created a county of England by statute of Henry VIII., but its population is mainly Welsh, though the Welsh tongue is but rarely spoken in it. The complexion and characters of the people are Welsh. The place-names are mostly Welsh, and I think that the Monmouthshire folk consider themselves to be Welsh, and the leek is worn by them on S. David's day.

By the way—what is the origin of the wearing of the leek? No satisfactory explanation has been given for its association with S. David and with the Welsh people. It is not mentioned in the legendary life of S. David. Giraldus does not allude to it in his account of Wales in the twelfth century. But it was evidently recognised as the symbol of a Welshman when Shakespeare wrote his *Henry V.* In that, Gower speaks of the custom of wearing it as “an ancient tradition,” and as “a memorable trophy of predeceased valour.”

In *Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1757, under the month of March, we read :—

“The first of this month some do keep,
For honest Taff to wear his leek ;
Who patron was, they say, of Wales,
And since that time—Cup-plutter-a-nails !
Along the street this day doth strut
With hur green leek stuck in hur hat,
And if hur meet a shentleman
Salutes in Welsh ; and if hur can
Discourse in Welsh, then hur shall be
Amongst the green-horned Taffys, free.”

It would seem from the same that, so late as the middle of the eighteenth century, in the border counties it was customary for the Sassenach to insult the Welsh on this day.

“ But it would make a stranger laugh
To see th’ English hang poor Taff ;
A pair of breeches and a coat,
Hat, shoes, and stockings, and what not ;
All stuffed with hay to represent
The Cambrian hero thereby meant ;
With sword sometimes three inches broad,
And other armour made of wood,
They drag hur to some public free,
And hang hur up in effigy.”

In the *Diverting Post*, 1705, we have the following lines :—

“ Why on S. David’s Day, do Welshmen seek
To beautify their hat with verdant leek
Of nauseous smell? For *honour* ’tis, hur say,
Dulce et decorum est pro patria—
Right, Sir, to die or fight it is, I think,
But how is’t *dulce*, when for it you—stink ?”

It has been asserted, but on no trustworthy authority, that the leek was worn by the Welsh on the occasion of a battle with the Saxons at the time of S. David, or perhaps on S. David’s day, as a means of distinguishing friends from foes in the *mêlée*. But this is mere guess-work. One thing is pretty certain, that the leek is not an indigenous English plant. It was introduced at the time of the Crusades, as it is common in the East and in the Mediterranean region, especially in Algeria. If the ancient Welsh wore the *allium*, it must have been the garlic, which does grow wild everywhere ; and if that had been worn as supposed, then a Welshman would recognise a brother in battle by the smell as readily as by the sight of the plant.

The leek, and the use of *hur* for he, him, and his, and the love of cheese, were a constant source of English pleasantry against the Welsh. A broadside of the middle of the eighteenth century purports to give an inventory of

the goods of the late "William Morgan ap Renald, ap Hugh, ap Richard, ap Thomas, ap Evan, ap Rice, in the county of Clamorgan, Shentleman," who died "upon the Ten and Thirtieth of Shun," 1749.

Imprimis, in the *Pantry of Poultry* (for hur own eating)—One great pig four week old, one coose, two black-puddings, three cow-foot.

Item, in the *Pantry of Plate*—One cridiron, one fripan, three wooden ladle, three can.

Item, in the *Nappery*—Two towel, two table-cloth, four napkin, one for hurself, one for hur wife, Shone; two for Cusen ap Powell, and Thomas ap Hugh, when was come to hur house.

Item, in the *Wardrobe*—One Irish rugg, one frize shirkin, one sheepskin tublet, two Irish stocking, two shoe, six leather point.

Item, in the *Tary*—One toasting shees, three oaten-cake, three pint of cow-milk, one pound cow-putter.

Item, in the *Kitchen*—One pan with white curd, two white pot, two red herring, nine sprat.

Item, in the *Cellar*—One firkin of wiggan, two gallon of sower sider, one pint of perry, one little pottle of Carmarden sack, *alias* Metheglen.

Item, in the *Armory of Weapon* to kill hur enemy—One pack-sword, two Welsh-hook, three long club, one cun, one mouse-trap.

Item, in the *Carden*—One ped of carlike, nine onion, twelve leek, twelve worm, six frog."

Ballad writers delighted in exploiting Wales and Welshmen in various ways. There is that notable song of the "Three Jovial Welshmen, that would go hunt a fox." In its original form the notable hunters were "Three Men of Gotham," who went out a-hunting "on St. David's day." But this sufficed to convert them into Welshmen celebrating by a fox chase their national festival.

Even in the nursery the Welshman was held up to ridicule by the English child, when he was taught to recite, "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief."

But Wales and the Welsh were also employed to point a moral and hold up a warning. There is a curious ballad

in the Roxburgh Collection, probably as old as the reign of James I., which relates the murder of one David Williams, of Ruthin, and his wife, who were assassinated by three kinsmen desirous of obtaining his estate for themselves. The wife was not killed outright, but left dying, and before her death gave birth to a son.

“And now behold God’s judgment just !
The truth I shall you tell,
Ere this child was seven quarters old,
This strange event befell.”

As one of the murderers was sitting at table eating his supper, the babe, playing on the floor scrambling about, bit the man’s calf.

“He bit his cousin by the legge
Hard by the anklebone ;
Which by no helpe or art of man
Could ever healèd be ;
But sweld and rotted in such sort
That thereof dièd he.”

The next achievement of this young hopeful was that when another cousin, the second of the murderers, was sitting at his potations, a twelvemonth later, the precocious child ran a pin into his cousin’s breast, “which done, he laughing ran his way.” The pinprick bled profusely and the second murderer died of it. Of course

“The child with rods was swung full sore
For this unhappy act,”

but seems to have been incorrigible. For when Young Hopeful was five years old—

“In harvest time this little child
With other boys beside,
Went to the fields ; and open mouth’d
This man asleep they spide.
The child, having a bramble sticke
Within his hand to play,
Did thrust it downe his cousin’s throat,
A sleeping as he lay—
The man therewith being soone awak’t
Did strive to pull it out ;
And he thereby did rent and teare
His wind-pipe round about.”

Of course he dies also, and dying, confesses his crime. The child before he is six years old has avenged the death of his father and mother! One would like to hear what became of Master Williams when grown to man's estate. The ballad was written as a dissuasive against murder. It has a subsidiary moral—"Don't go to sleep with your mouth open."

CHAPTER II

NEWPORT

The situation of Newport—The caer of Gwynllyw—The church—Gwynllyw's conversion—Retreat of Gwladys—S. Julian's—The Herberts—Letter of William Herbert—Lord Herbert of Cherbury—Christ Church—The stone of John Colmer—Caerleon—Iorwerth ab Owen and Henry II.—The dog-wheel—The bridge—The woman and the lantern—Goldcliff—Tredegar—Dafydd ab Gwilym—His poems—Morfydd—The Chartists.

ALTHOUGH Newport may not itself be a place of striking picturesqueness, it is a centre whence much may be visited, and it possesses in itself a considerable amount of interest.

It owes its origin to that old King of Wentloog, Gwynllyw, of whom mention has already been made. Standing, as it does, on the Usk, not far from the mouth, and the upper portion of the town occupying the last spur of the hills above the marshes, beyond which gleams the Severn Sea, and with the Ebbw on the west, it was formed by nature for a fortress; and Gwynllyw pitched on the hill-top for his residence. We are told that what led him to decide on the spot was a white ox with a black mark between its horns, which he found browsing on the hill, and which he was pleased to regard as affording an omen of good. But, in fact, the position of the place was sufficient to determine his choice. "Sea coasts with fields, and a wood with high groves are to be seen far and wide; there is no prospect such as is in the place where I purpose to dwell; a fruitful spot, and inhabiting it I shall be happy."

So he said, and he set to work to form a stockaded residence. The very locality can be pointed out. It was a moated tump or mound, on the summit of which grew some fir trees, not far from S. Woolo's Church. But, unhappily, it has had its appearance greatly altered, as in the excavation of the tunnel for the Great Western Railway that runs underneath, the spoil brought up from the shafts was thrown round it so as to bury the mound to the top. The fir trees have been cut down, and a cairn erected on the summit of Gwynllyw's mound that measures fifty feet in diameter at the top. Having constructed his residence, the King thought next about his soul, and "he marked out a burying place, in the middle of which he constructed a church with boards and poles."

Now if anyone will look at S. Woolo's Church with attention he will see that it presents one very great peculiarity. Between the stately tower and the nave is a long, low building measuring forty-three feet long internally, without side aisles, such as the body of the church possesses. It forms, in fact, a vestibule to it, and the nave is entered from it through a noted Norman doorway.

He who has visited Perigueux will see something precisely similar in the abbey church of S. Fronton, now the cathedral, with this difference, that there the tower has been built over a portion of the ante-chapel or vestibule. Now at Perigueux this western low structure is, in fact, a very early Christian church, and when the noble Byzantine minster was raised in the tenth century that now constitutes the church, out of reverence for the primitive place of worship of the early Christians the first building was spared, and the new church was reared to the east of it, and the early church was converted into a galilee or vestibule.

Something of the same sort has taken place at Newport. The narrow, low structure between the tower and the church, called S. Mary's Chapel almost undoubtedly occu-

pies the site of Gwynllyw's church of boards and posts, but as the wood rotted its place was taken by stone walls.

At Glastonbury was the chapel of wattle and timber, traditionally supposed to have been reared by Joseph of Arimathea; and there also the Normans spared this structure and raised the great abbey church to the east of it.

If this be as has been conjectured, then Gwynllyw lies under the floor of the narthex or S. Mary's Chapel.

Now Gwynllyw was a very rowdy and vexatious personage at one time. He kept a band of rogues who plundered the quiet peasantry of all the country round. But when he was old his son, S. Cadoc, came to him and harangued him and his wife Gwladys and exhorted them to amend their ways. Gwynllyw received the exhortation in good part, and he and Gwladys, or Gladys, were wont, in their converted state, "to rise from their beds in the middle of the night, and, after a bath, to return to the coldest apartment, put on their clothes, and visit the church, where they prayed and knelt before the altars till day."

There is something pathetic in the thought of the old people toddling together down the hill to the river Ebbw, having their bath together, and then walking up the hill hand in hand, *in puris naturalibus*, to put on their clothes upon reaching the house, when their skins were dry; the retainers respectfully saluting them as they came in, and farm lads standing aside in the lane as their reverend nude sovereigns went by. Some time after this course of life had been pursued, S. Cadoc revisited the old couple. He did not quite approve of their mode of doing penance; he strongly advised that his mother should retire to some convenient spot at a distance, where she could have her cold bath to herself, and air and dry herself in the presence of "virgins and chaste persons" only. Accordingly she removed to a distance. Whither she went is supposed to be a place in Tredegar Park, where is a

"Lady's Well," "Lady" being a contraction perhaps, for Gladys.

"On the banks of the river," says Mr. O. Morgan, "just above Ebbw Bridge is a cliff, on the top of which is a small spot of ground, adjoining Tredegar Park walls, of less than half an acre, on which there is a very old cottage. This small, detached spot of ground has always belonged to the church of S. Woollas, and was part of the glebe land; and when the glebe lands were sold, a few years ago, it was purchased by Lord Tredegar. The history of it could never be made out. Nothing was known of it; but some have heard the term chapel, applied to it. A short distance off, in the Park, there issued from the bank a remarkably beautiful spring of very cold water, over which a bath-house had been erected in 1719, and it always used to be called 'The Lady's Well'; but why, or in honour of whom, it was so called was not known. Gwladys is recorded to have had near her dwelling a remarkably cold spring of water where she constantly bathed. I cannot help thinking that this small mysterious spot of holy ground belonging to the church, with its cold bath-spring in its immediate vicinity, must have been the unknown spot to which Gwladys retired . . . that the small piece of ground was hallowed, and became part of the possession of the church; and as the word 'chapel' seems to have clung to it, would indicate that at one time it may have been an oratory or place of prayer."

A gentleman who has fallen into bad ways and sunk to be a crossing-sweeper can hardly look more disreputable and shabby than does Newport Castle, once a noble baronial stronghold. Its towers have been reduced in height, modern windows knocked through the walls, large portions destroyed. The building, such as it is, dates from the fourteenth century. It is reared on the verge of the river, and presents towards it a frontage of 228 feet in length, which consists of three bold projecting towers, one central, and two flanking. The water-gate was in the central tower, with the chapel over it. This gate was defended by three portcullises, which when raised must have been drawn up behind the altar in the chapel above; a similar instance was in Chepstow Castle. The poor half-ruined castle finally took to beer and became a brewery.

A pleasant walk up the left bank of the Usk leads to Caerleon. When the Usk is flushed with the tide it forms lovely reaches between the wooded hills. On a point running out into the water is S. Julian's, properly S. Julius, where formerly stood the chapel to commemorate a martyr in the Diocletian persecution.

It finally became a mansion of the Herbert family, but the present house possesses nothing of interest save the arms over the door, and its pretty situation. Here lived Sir William Herbert, a man with a mighty opinion of himself and of his family, as may be judged from the following letter addressed by him to a Mr. Morgan; it runs in somewhat modernised spelling thus:—

"SIR,—Peruse this letter in God's name. Be not disquieted. I reverence your hoary hair. Although in your son I find too much loftiness and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wisdom. It hath pleased your son, late at Bristol, to deliver a challenge to a man of mine, on the behalf of a gentleman (as he said) 'as good as myself,' who he was he named not, neither do I know; but if he be as good as myself, it must be either for Virtue, for Birth, for Ability, or for Calling and Dignity. For Virtue, I think he meant not, for it is a thing which exceeds his judgment. For Birth, he must be the heir male of an Earl, the heir in blood of ten Earls, for in testimony thereof I bear their several coats. Besides he must be of the blood royal, for by my grandmother Devereux, I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward IV. If for Ability, he must have a thousand pounds a year in possession, a thousand pounds more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance beside. If for Calling and Dignity, he must be Knight, or Lord of several seignories, in several kingdoms; a lieutenant of his county; and a counsellor of a province.

"Now, to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son, or to any man else, that if there be anyone who beareth the name of gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his county, that doth say, or dare say, that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my credit and reputation in this matter, or in any matter else, wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and that my sword shall maintain my word upon him, in

any place or province, wheresoever he dare, or where I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such as are within my governance, and over whom I have authority, I will, for their reformation, chastise them with justice, and for their malapert misdemeanor bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son, and his like ; against whom I will shortly issue my warrant, if this my warning doth not reform them. And so I thought fit to advertise you hereof, and leave you to God.

“I am, etc.,

“WILLIAM HERBERT.”

Sir William Herbert died, leaving an only daughter Mary, and, according to the provision of his will, all his possessions were to pass to her on condition that she married a Herbert, otherwise only a small portion of his lands in Anglesey and Carnarvon were to be hers. She remained unmarried until she was one-and-twenty, as there was not a Herbert old enough to become her husband ; but then Edward Herbert, son of Sir Richard Herbert of Coldbrook, aged *fifteen*, married her for her estates in 1598, and carried off his wife to Oxford, where he was studying.

At the age of nineteen he went to court, and he thus describes his first appearance there :—

“As it was the manner of these times for all men to kneel down before the great queen Elizabeth who then reigned, I was likewise on my knees in the presence chamber when she passed by to the chappel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath, demanded; Who is this? Every body there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, till Sir James Croft, finding the queen stayed, returned back, and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of S. Gilian's daughter. The Queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing her ordinary oath, said, It is pity he was married so young ; and thereupon gave me her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek.”

Elizabeth was then seventy years old. According to Herbert's own account he attracted the attention of other queens, who were younger and more beautiful. Anne of



LORD HERBERT OF CHIERBURY
From the original picture at Charlott

1947

Austria, consort of Louis XIII., was particularly courteous to him ; and the marked attentions of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., attracted the notice of the public, and excited the jealousy of the King. We have only his word for this, as also for what follows, that the greatest and most beautiful ladies of the court vied with one another who should obtain his portrait ; several, he informs us, procured it surreptitiously, and wore it next their hearts, a circumstance which more than once exasperated their husbands, and brought him in danger of assassination. Even the Queen placed his picture in her innermost chamber.

In 1625 he was advanced by King James I. to the dignity of a baron of the kingdom of Ireland, and in 1631 to an English peerage, as Lord Herbert of Cherbury in Shropshire.

His memoirs are most amusing reading, the inordinate conceit of the man breaking out at every page. He represents himself as a miracle of precocity even in his infancy.

“My infancy was very sickly ; it was so long before I began to speak, that many thought I should be ever dumb. The furthest thing I remember is, that when I understood what was said by others, I did yet forbear to speak, lest I should utter something that were imperfect or impertinent. . . . When I came to talk, one of the furthest enquiries I made was how I came into the world. I told my nurse and others, I found myself here, indeed, but from what cause or beginning, or by what means, I could not imagine ; but for this I was laughed at by the nurse, and some other women that were present, so that I was wondered at by others, who said they had never heard a child but myself ask that question.”

Here is another example :—

“It is well known to them that wait in my chamber, that the shirts, waistcoats, and other garments I wear next my body are sweet, beyond what either easily can be believed, or hath been observed in anybody else ; which sweetness was also found to be in my breath before I used tobacco.”

Any number of pinches of salt must be taken by him who would receive the statements of heroic acts and hair-breadth escapes narrated in his memoirs. He died in 1648 in London, aged sixty-seven, and was buried in S. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

The Earl of Shaftesbury was wont to say that in every one are two men, one wise the other foolish, and that each must be allowed his turn. This certainly applies to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, although from his own account of himself one would conclude was a conceited coxcomb, was nevertheless a man of considerable parts. He was a philosopher and an original thinker. According to him the soul of man was a closed book that opens only when Nature bids it. Within are stored a number of general truths which are common to all men ; and the only religion he allowed was one of Reason, evolved experimentally from the pages of this book ; and by it man was called upon to verify all pretensions to revelation.

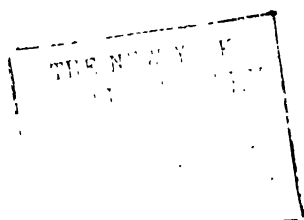
That he was a mixture of credulity and unbelief is not to be wondered at, such combinations being not uncommon. Having written his book of philosophic questions, he says :—

“Being doubtful in my chamber one fair day in summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, *De Veritate*, in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words, ‘O Thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines on me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I beseech Thee of Thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, *De Veritate*. If it be for Thy glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from heaven ; if not, I will suppress it.’ I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud, though yet gentle noise came from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth ; which did so comfort and cheer me that—I resolved to print my book.”

Lord Herbert of Cherbury lived a good deal in the house at S. Julian's, and this makes one the more regret



CHRIST CHURCH, CAERLEON



that the old mansion has been pulled down to make room for a vulgar modern villa.

There are two roads from Newport to Caerleon ; by one Malpas is passed, where the church possesses some fine Norman work. The other road skirts the river and passes S. Julian's.

On high ground above on the left bank, at the head of a pretty glade of meadows and wood, stands the church of Christ Church, in which is the tombstone of John Colmer and his wife Isabella, both of whom died in 1376. A floreated cross stands between the two figures. He is represented in kirtle to his calves, with long sleeves, and with a dagger at his side. This John Colmer has received a local canonisation, and till of late years his tomb was supposed to perform miraculous cures. Mr. E. Donovan published his *Descriptive Excursions in South Wales* in 1805 ; he gives a lively account of what he witnessed in this church on the eve of Corpus Christi. Happening quite by chance to visit the church on that day, to his great surprise he found a large number of people in the building, and :—

“We beheld a young man of very creditable appearance, with his night-cap on, lying upon the bare pavement, shivering with cold, his hands uplifted, and with many pious aspirations, muttering a prayer, for the cure of some affliction, under which he appeared to labour. During this religious farce, his friends formed a spacious circle round him, some standing, some sitting, and others kneeling,—all equally intent in watching the countenance and motion of the patient, to observe the progressive advancement of the miracle wrought upon him.”

It seems that the whole night had to be passed lying on the stone, the night of Wednesday to Thursday after Trinity Sunday. Only on that night are miraculous cures performed.

“Of late years,” continues Mr. Donovan, “so many as two-and-twenty persons, including both sexes, adults and children, have been known to lie either upon the stone or the pavement

round it, and in some manner touching it ; a leg or an arm lying in contact with it being thought sufficient to work the cure when the case is not very desperate."

Ultra Pontem, on the side of the bridge leading to Caerleon, was where was the burial-place of the Roman inhabitants of Isca Silurum, and numerous urns containing ashes have here been turned up.

We are now on the old Roman road from Caerwent that ran through Caerleon, and was carried forward to S. David's, whence probably the conquerors of the world hoped to invade Ireland.

A little way up the Usk, on high ground commanding a noble view, is a structure called Kemeys' Folly. It was erected by George Kemeys, the last direct descendant of an ancient stock. When he had built it he brought his uncle to it and said : "See, from hence I can overlook eleven counties." "Sorry, George," said the old man, "that when here, eleven counties can contemplate your folly."

It is fortunate that Newport has become the thriving centre of business, and that population has condensed there in place of Caerleon, which is now but a village in the midst of mounds that cover the old city ; for here great numbers of relics have been dug up belonging to the period when it was a flourishing Roman town, and there are more still hidden under the earth.

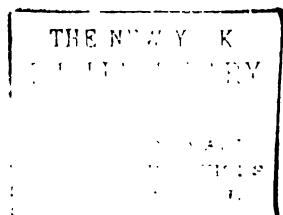
Close to the river is a mound, probably thrown up by the Saxons, on which stood later a Norman castle, built out of the ruins of the amphitheatre and baths and villas.

Giraldus, who wrote in 1188, says of Caerleon, that in his time,

"Many vestiges of its former splendour may be seen ; immense palaces, formerly ornamented with gilded roofs, a tower of prodigious size, remarkable hot baths, relics of temples and theatres, all enclosed within fine walls, parts of which remain standing. You will find on all sides, both within and without



LYING ON COLMER'S STONE
From a print, 1805



the circuit of the walls, subterraneous structures, aqueducts, underground passages; and what I think worthy of notice, stoves contrived with wonderful art to transmit the heat insensibly through small pipes passing up the side walls."

He further tells us that there were three churches in Caerleon, one of S. Julius with a nunnery attached, another of S. Aaron, and a third the Metropolitan Church. These also have disappeared, and the only church for Caerleon is outside the walls, Llangattock *juxta* Caerleon.

There is a good little museum in the town, in which are collected such relics as have been unearthed. Among these is a monument that has puzzled and scandalised antiquaries, as it seemed to have been raised by two ladies to Fortune and Good Luck for having rid them of their husbands, Castus and Belisimnus. However, later archæologists have explained the inscription otherwise—the two men vowed a tablet to their deities, but dying before they had fulfilled the vow, their widows piously discharged it for them.

The Roman coins found in Caerleon begin with those of Nero, A.D. 37–68, and end with those of Honorius, 384–423, who withdrew the legions from Britain. But a few Carthaginian coins of a date before the Christian era have also been unearthed. They had in all likelihood been kept as curiosities, or used as charms. It will have been noticed that Giraldus speaks of a metropolitan church at Caerleon, and the story was industriously circulated that this was the seat of an archbishop, and that Dubricius, who crowned King Arthur, was one of those who occupied the archiepiscopal throne here. Later S. David, who succeeded him, removed the seat to Menevia. But this is all fable. There were no archbishops in Britain in those days, and Dubricius never was a bishop in Caerleon, nor David either.

In 1171 King Henry II. arrived in Caerleon on his way to Ireland. Iorwerth ab Owen was then the prince

who ruled over this portion of Gwent, and he had done homage to the King. But when Henry arrived at Caerleon he deprived Iorwerth of his possessions, and placed a garrison of his own men in the castle. He mistrusted Iorwerth, perhaps with reason, and the command of Caerleon was too important to be left in other than sure hands. Then he marched on his way. The progress of the King was noted by the Welsh with more than ordinary interest, for they were deeply influenced by the supposed prophecies of Merlin, who had foretold that "when a freckle-faced prince passes over the Rhyd Pencarn, the Welsh strength will be weakened." Henry was recognised as a freckled prince, and Rhyd Pencarn is three miles from Newport, on the Ebbw River. In expectation of his coming, a crowd of bards and Welsh chieftains assembled at the ford. As King Henry advanced, trumpeters and pipers brayed a salute from the further bank. His horse reared, refused the spur, and for some time declined to enter the water. Now the King had intended to pass at the new ford, not at the old Rhyd, but as his horse would not enter where intended, the King went round and plunged into the Ebbw and crossed by the Old Ford, thus fulfilling the prophecy. Scott, in his *History of Newport*, writes: "There is a tradition that there exists a ford in the river, . . . where Henry II. bathed his freckled face, and removed this accompaniment of fairness in the skin."

Iorwerth had retired in fury when turned out of Caerleon, and when the King was gone on his way he summoned his two sons, Owen and Howel, and his nephew Morgan, together with all the forces he could collect, ravaged the country and retook Caerleon, but could not storm the castle.

Henry was recalled from Ireland in the spring of the following year (1172), and he heard what Iorwerth had done during his absence. However, he was in a hurry to return to London, and he felt in no mood to punish

Iorwerth, so he sent to require him to visit and lay before him his grievances—he also promised him and his friends a safe conduct. Iorwerth and his son Howel accordingly set forth to meet the King; at the same time he sent a message to his son Owen to join the party on the road. Owen started without much preparation, and with but a small number of attendants. He relied on the King's safe conduct, and had no thought of danger; but as he passed the "new castle upon Usk," probably the castle at Caerleon, the garrison sallied, fell on him, and killed him and his attendants. The news reached Iorwerth before he had entered the King's presence. He at once turned back, vowing to revenge himself, and declaring that never after would he believe the word of an Englishman.

That Henry had any share in this crime is inadmissible. It was an act of treachery committed by the garrison, or else, what is more probable, it was done in ignorance that those passing were under the King's protection.

Iorwerth assembled his forces, and attacked the King as he drew near to Caerleon in his progress. Henry was defeated and had to take refuge in the castle, and thence made his way to London.

Iorwerth continued his rebellion, occupied Caerleon, and took the castle, and he and his son Howel succeeded in bringing the whole of Gwent into subjection, except only Chepstow Castle.

Iorwerth was now guilty of an atrocious crime. He was not properly Lord of Caerleon, which had belonged to his elder brother, Owen Wan, who had been dispossessed by Robert de Chandos. On Robert's death Iorwerth seized on the lordship. But Owen, the rightful prince, his own brother, was alive, and might now claim his inheritance. To prevent this, Iorwerth's son Howel seized the person of his uncle, and then, with his father's connivance, frightfully mutilated him.

But this abominable crime was of no advantage to

Iorwerth and Howel, for the Normans and Englishmen speedily wrested Gwent and Caerleon from them.

Iorwerth's wife was the daughter of the Bishop of Llandaff. In those days in Wales priests and prelates were married. Iorwerth died not long after and was buried at Goldcliff. Howel, his son, died in 1178.

The Round Table, as it is called, in a meadow, is really the old amphitheatre.

When Warner wrote his *Wanderings*, 1799, there was a tavern at Caerleon with a sign "which displays a military figure intended to represent King Arthur, and subscribed with the following lines :—

'Twelve hundred years and more are pass'd
 Since Arthur ruled here ;
 And that to me once more he's come,
 Think it not strange or queere.
 Though o'er my door, yet take my word,
 To honour you he's able ;
 And make you welcome with good ale,
 And knights of the Round Table.'"

In the Hanbury Arms, Caerleon, may still be seen an old dog-wheel, by means of which a dog was made to turn the spit.

Alas! we do not now know what a good roast leg of mutton or roast beef means. We have our meat baked in ovens, and the difference is great indeed. How delicious was the joint turned before a roaring fire, duly basted, and dripping on to the Yorkshire pudding in the pan beneath!

Several of the old wheels may still be seen in Wales; there is another at Butter Hill, Maesgwyn, Pembrokeshire. Not so long ago there were eight in the town of Haverfordwest.

The old turnspits were sharp little creatures, and were credited with sufficient intelligence to understand when a heavy dinner was to be dressed. So soon as they saw the big joints on the kitchen table they would sneak off and

hide. They are still employed in small farms for churning. A large wheel is placed in a slanting position outside the house, and this, by means of a crank, turns a churn. The motive power is the dog, which has to pedal the wheel in much the same fashion as prisoners worked the treadmill. A farmer was charged at the Carnarvon petty sessions in 1901 with cruelty to animals for so using a dog. But, really, it is carrying charity to beasts too far when we are not allowed to employ them to roast a joint, and we have instead to submit to the sodden stuff of baked meat. In a book, *A Tour in North and South Wales*, published in 1800, is an illustration of a dog in its wheel. The writer says :—

“ Newcastle, near Carmarthen, is a pleasant village ; at a decent inn here a dog is employed as a turnspit ; great care is taken that the animal does not observe the cook approach the larder ; if he does he immediately hides himself for the remainder of the day ; and the guest must be contented with more humble fare than intended.”

Pitt, in his *Art of Preaching*, alludes to an orator who speaks much, but little to the purpose, thus :—

“ His arguments in silly circles run,
Still round and round, and end where they begun.
So the poor turnspit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loses ground.”

The present bridge over the Usk has taken the place of one of wood that became very rickety towards the close of the eighteenth century.

One night in October, 1772, a brazier's wife in Caerleon named Williams, finding that her husband did not return home in proper time, and suspecting that he was in an ale-house enjoying his *cwrrw da* in the hamlet beyond the bridge, put a candle into her lantern, and started to bring him forth, and force him to return with her.

The night was wild, and a wind was blowing down the Usk, driving before it the outflowing tide, and was charged

with rain. The woman stepped on to the bridge, and felt that it swayed with the wind and outrush of the water. But her wrath against her husband urged her on in despite of the counsels of prudence, so she strode over the bridge. She had almost reached the further end when the alehouse door was thrown open, a gush of yellow light poured over the bridge end, and she saw her husband reel forth, singing a merry song. But as she raised her voice in objurgation, the bridge gave way, and away it went on the waters.

"What a Providence," said the man, "that she, not I, was upon it!"

The woman, with the lantern still glimmering, was swept down on the wreck of the bridge towards Newport. As she approached that bridge, which was of stone, she thought that her frail raft must dash against the piers, and she would be thrown off. However, it shot through an arch, she screaming for help all the while, and waving her lantern.

Happily, a Plymouth sloop, *The Hawk*, was moored below the bridge, and her cries were heard by the men on board, who put off and rescued her from the floating wreck. She was conveyed into the town, a chaise was procured, and she was driven to her home in Caerleon, which she reached with her lantern still alight.

Happily for him, the husband was not there. The bridge having collapsed, he could not reach home that night, so had returned to the tavern, and called for another glass. Some time during the following day he did appear in Caerleon, crestfallen, and with lagging feet. It is a matter of popular belief that Mrs. Williams had carried away with her in her bosom some of the storm that raged on the eventful night, and that on his appearance it was let loose, and that ever after it was liable to break forth again.¹

¹ This is one version of the story. According to another she was beyond the bridge and was returning to Caerleon when the bridge was carried away.

Goldcliff is a knoll rising out of the level of Caldicot, about three miles from Newport, on the east of the mouth of the Usk. It forms a small detached outlying mass of lias above the new red sandstone, at the bottom of which is much pyrites; this having the colour and glitter of gold has given its name to the spot. This pyrites has been mistaken for mica. Popularly it is still supposed to be gold, and it is fabled that the hill covers a bed of untold wealth.

“There is a hill near fam’d Caerleon,
Which if the sun but dart a ray on,
It shines like gold; hence Goldcliff height;
But if there’s gold, ’tis out of sight.”

Owing to the encroachments of the sea, it has been found necessary to face the cliff with stone, and this now conceals the auriferous bed; but stones containing the sparkling particles may be still picked up on the shore.

At Goldcliff from time immemorial there has been an important salmon fishery. The fish are taken in rows of large conical baskets called putts, fixed between upright stakes, and stretching some way along the flat shore.

On the top of the hill was founded a Benedictine priory in 1113, in connection with the abbey of Bec in Normandy. In 1285 Edward I. seized all the alien houses, and this was one of the alien priories suppressed by Parliament in 1414. All the buildings have vanished. Good stone is scarce in the level, and the buildings have been so plundered that of them now nothing remains.

“But,” says Mr. O. Morgan, “in very hot and dry seasons the foundations of the walls of some chambers may be seen, and I myself happened to visit this spot in the month of May, the daisy season, and then I saw the lines of the old walls clearly marked out on the uneven ground on the top of the hill by daisies, which grew abundantly over the foundations of the old walls, whitening the surface, while on the turf which formed the remainder of the hill scarcely a daisy was to be found, and so clear was the demarcation that a rough plan of the buildings might be made.”

Tredegar in Bassaleg or Maesaleg is inseparable from the memory of the greatest poet produced by Wales, Dafydd ab Gwilym, born about 1340. Gwilym Gam the father fell in love with Ardudfyl, daughter of a man of some note in Emlyn, but the parents would not hear of the match, and as she had loved "not wisely but too well," she was turned out of doors at midnight in bitterly severe winter weather. When Gwilym heard of this he posted after her, found her, and both took their way to Glamorganshire, intending to seek refuge in Tredegar, the house of Ifor Hael, a kinsman. On their way the pangs of maternity came on Ardudfyl, in a tempest of hail, and her child, Dafydd or David, was born under a hedge, a seven months' child. Forced to go on, the parents continued their journey and reached Llandaff next day, where the poor mother died, and David was baptised over his mother's body.

Having seen the earth cast upon the face of Ardudfyl, Gwilym, carrying the new-born babe, went on to the house of Llewelyn ab Gwilym, the brother of Ardudfyl, and left the child with him to be reared.

After a time Gwilym married, and as Dafydd or David did not get on well with his stepmother, he left his father's house in Cardiganshire and went to that of his kinsman, Ifor Hael, at Maesaleg, who appointed him tutor to his young daughter. The natural consequence was that he fell desperately in love with the girl, and Ifor packed her off to a convent in Anglesey to be out of harm's way. Thither David followed her, and hired himself as servant at a neighbouring monastery, in the hopes of being able occasionally to see her. There he wrote some of his charming songs.

"Girl of my love, and can it be,
That the luxuriant birchen tree
Of summer has no charms for thee?
That thou dost ceaselessly repeat
The psalter in thy still retreat?"

After some contemptuous lines on the pious exercises of the sisterhood, he urges—

“Haste to the knotted birchen tree,
There learn the cuckoo's piety ;
There in the green wood will thy mind
The proper path to heaven find.”

That proper path to heaven, he says, is to be found, not in passages of the Psalter, but in Ovid's *Art of Love*, which he endeavours to induce her to read, and he advocates a free life in the forests, where woodbines wreath the precipice.

“There, doubtless thou mayst well be shriven,
There absolution will be given ;
Nor is it harder to reach heaven
For those who make the woods their home
Than to the sojourners at Rome.”

However, as he failed to obtain the desired interviews, David returned to Ifor, who certainly was most forbearing with him, probably because he recognised the great poetic genius that was springing to birth in the young man ; and it was during his stay at Maesaleg that he was elected to the chair of Chief Bard of Morganwg.

He paid a visit one Christmas to his uncle Llewelyn, and there met a rival bard, Rhys Meigan.

It was part of the amusements of the time for one poet to be set up as a butt for the others to chaff in epigrammatic verses, and for him to retaliate in the same way. It fell to the lot of David to occupy the unenviable position of butt, and Rhys composed on him such insulting lines, reflecting on his birth, that David, roused to fury, replied in a satirical ode showing such an acquaintance with the private failings of his adversary, and occasioning such roars of laughter at his expense, that Rhys fell down in a fit and expired. That this is a fact seems unquestionable, as it is alluded to by another rival poet at a later period.

When David grew to manhood, he must have been

remarkably handsome, if we may trust a tradition committed to writing in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was then said to have been tall and shapely, with yellow hair that flowed over his shoulders in golden ringlets, and he himself says that in church the girls were accustomed to whisper that he had his sister's hair on his head.

David had an inflammable heart, and he had at least two whom he loved beside Ifor's daughter. One did not reciprocate his affections, and he soon forgot her. The other was Morfydd, the daughter of Madog Lawgam, or Crooked Hand. He tells us in one of his poems that at first she was coy, and when he sent her as a present a bottle of wine, she threw the liquor over the servant who brought it to her. But after a while her heart relented, and she eloped with him to the woods, where their union was blessed by his friend the bard, Madog Benfras, thrush and nightingale acting as priest and chorister.

The relations of Morfydd, disapproving of the union, reclaimed her, and got her formally married to a rich old hunchback, Cynfrig Cynin, much to David's grief and indignation, for he considered Morfydd as properly his wife. There might have been some little irregularity in the union, but their hearts were one, and they had sworn to each other oaths of eternal fidelity.

Thenceforth David poured forth a torrent of scurrilous songs, turning the hunchback and his personal infirmities into ridicule. At length he succeeded in persuading Morfydd to run away with him. The fugitives were pursued and she was brought back to Cynfrig Cynin and David committed to prison till he could pay a heavy fine imposed upon him. In such esteem, however, was the poet held that the people of Morganwg collected among them the fine, paid it, and obtained his release. When a friend asked him as he came out of prison whether he would run the same risk again for the same object, "By God and Glamorgan, I would and I will!" was his prompt

reply ; and this expression passed into currency as an oath in Morganwg.

His passionate love for Morfydd continued and inspired many of his songs. Here is a part of one addressed to the seamew :—

“ Bird that driftest with the spray
 White as wrapt in lunar ray,
 Soaring with aerial motion
 O'er the tossing waves of ocean ;
 Bird of rising pinion fed
 On the fishes of the sea,
 Do not thou disdain or dread
 To hearken to my rhapsody,
 Rhymes of praise to her whose dart
 Rankles ever in my heart.
 Travel, Lily of the Sea,
 Bear to her these words from me !
 Seek that lovely maiden's home,
 Nun that fleetest o'er the foam !
 Court her glance, be courteous, wise
 When on thee she turns her eyes ;
 Say, her poet loves her more
 Than ever poet loved before ;
 Tell that damsel pure and bright,
 Sea-gull, if she meets thy sight,
 Tell her that I must resign
 Life, if she will not be mine ! ”

But if David sighed after Morfydd, many were the ladies who sighed after him. The story goes that on one occasion, having an inclination to divert himself with four-and-twenty of his female admirers, he made an assignation with each, unknown to the rest, to meet him under a certain oak in Tredegar Park at the hour of sunset. Before the time appointed David had ensconced himself among the foliage of the tree. When the ladies arrived, the trick played upon them was speedily discovered, and they were filled with confusion. David, hidden behind the leaves, listened and chuckled, and then, revealing himself, sang :—

“ Among you all, the kindest jade
 Who oftenest meets me in this glade,
 In summer heat, to love inclined,
 Let her hit first, and I'm resigned.”

The effect was to turn the wrath of the ladies from himself against one another, and whilst they were fighting with tooth, tongue, and nail, the poet leaped from the tree and escaped.

The bard survived his relations, his patrons, and his fair Morfydd. His uncle, Llewelyn ab Gwilym, he lost pretty early in life: he had fallen by the hand of an assassin. Ifor Hael and his wife next are said to have died of the Black Death in 1346, but either this is a mistake, or we must thrust back the poet's birth to an earlier date than that generally attributed to it.

The poems of Dafydd ab Gwilym have been published, but only a few have been translated.

To return to Newport.

This was the scene of Chartists' riots in November, 1839. The ringleaders were Henry Vincent, John Frost, Zephaniah Williams, and William Jones. The "Six Points" of the so-called Charter were Universal Suffrage, Equal Electoral Districts, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Abolition of Property Qualification, and Payment of Members.

These points were demanded of the Legislature, and failing thus to obtain them, the supporters of the agitation resolved on bringing about their adoption by force.

John Frost was a native of Newport, and was brought up as a woollen draper. Becoming fairly prosperous, he was elected mayor of the borough in 1804, 1812, 1817, and again in 1836. He was always of a cantankerous, quarrelsome disposition, and possessed a craving after notoriety. When mayor for the last time, he was made a justice of the peace. In 1839, when he became notorious as a political agitator, Lord John Russell entered into correspondence with him on his conduct, as unbecoming a magistrate, and threatened unless he discontinued his proceedings, to have his name struck off from the Commission. Frost replied: "Whether your lordship will retain my name or cause it to

be erased, is to me a matter of perfect indifference." He was accordingly removed from the Bench.

Of Zephaniah Williams little is known, save that he was the keeper of an alehouse at Coalbrook Vale, about twenty miles from Newport. William Jones was the illegitimate son of a Bristol tradesman. He had been an actor, but had settled down, on marrying, as a watchmaker at Aber-gavenny. Henry Vincent was a printer by trade, who stumped the country to advocate the principles of the Charter. His conduct and language were so violent and inflammatory that he was apprehended and committed to prison on a charge of sedition. The arrest of Vincent did not stop the agitation ; it threw Frost and the others mentioned into greater prominence, and made them the leaders. Muskets, cutlasses, and pistols were procured and distributed among the members of the various Chartist lodges, and it was resolved to march on Newport in three columns—one starting from Blackwood, under the command of Frost ; the second from Ebbw Vale, under the leadership of Williams ; the third was arranged to leave Pontypool, headed by William Jones ; and these three divisions were to meet at midnight of November 3rd at Cefn, about two miles from Newport, and thence to march into the town, attack the soldiers quartered there, and break down the bridge over the Usk, so as to stop the passage of the mail. The non-arrival of the mail at Birmingham was to be the signal of the success of the rising in Monmouthshire, and the token for the Chartists of Warwickshire and elsewhere to rise.

Tidings of what was purposed reached the Mayor of Newport, one Thomas Phillips, and he sent for the military from the barracks, under the command of Captain Stack, who arrived at the Westgate with twenty-eight men. The Westgate was an open space commanding the entrance to the town, and here stood, and stands still, a good hotel. The Mayor ordered the soldiers to go round to the back

and enter the stableyard, so as not to cause alarm by their presence. A large number of special constables had been sworn in, and they with Mr. Phillips occupied the inn, and looked out of the upper windows, watching for events to develop.

Meanwhile the columns of Frost and Williams had met, but that of Jones from Pontypool had not arrived. The night had proved wet, and the men at intervals fired off their guns to convince themselves that their powder was dry. The leaders found the utmost difficulty in maintaining a show of order. The Chartist broke into the houses on the way, demanding drink and victuals and to dry themselves at the fires. Some felt their courage ooze away, and their enthusiasm for the cause grow slack, and endeavoured to withdraw. Every man met on the way or found in a house was compulsorily required to join the rabble. The two columns combined were to have entered Newport at two o'clock in the morning, but did not arrive till half-past eight.

The Mayor would not allow the inn door to be shut, nor a soldier to be seen; and when the Chartists poured into the square before the hotel, armed with muskets, pikes, pitchforks, and cudgels, he came down, and standing in the doorway demanded of the leaders what they wanted, and what were their grievances. A shout in response was a demand for prisoners; but it was not understood whether they asked for the surrender of Vincent and other agitators who had been imprisoned, or whether they required that the Mayor and constables should surrender themselves. One of the constables thinking that the latter was required, in a stentorian voice replied, "No, never." Whereupon one of the Chartists fired at him. Happily the bullet missed. Seeing the danger, he stepped inside and slammed the door. The constables made no attack, as they had been specially ordered by the Mayor to act on the defensive only. The discharge of the gun inspired the rabble

with courage, and struck such a panic into the breasts of the special constables that they all ran away and concealed themselves where they could in different parts of the house—one secreted himself in a copper-boiler, from which he did not emerge till the fray was over. Some got over the wall at the back, and escaped to their own homes.

The soldiers were now brought into the hotel, and placed in one room; almost immediately after, the rioters burst in at the front, and others, making the circuit of the house, came in at the rear. Guns were discharged by them and several persons were wounded, among others the Mayor, by a shot in the hip and a slug in the arm.

The condition of affairs was now serious, and Mr. Phillips ordered the soldiers to fire on the mob. This they did, and after a few volleys from the windows, and then down the passage at the rioters who had entered, the affray was at an end; the Chartists fled in all directions, throwing away their arms, and even their outer garments.

Some of the refugees came upon the column of Jones as it was advancing, and the news of the failure of Frost and Williams so dismayed his men that they also took to their heels.

Five Chartists had been left dead before the hotel, and two were secured who were wounded. Two more dead men were found elsewhere—they had staggered away to fall. Finally, the number who died amounted to twenty-two.

The leaders were soon afterwards secured and tried, and the three, Frost, Williams, and Jones, were sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to transportation for life; but in 1854 all received their pardon. Frost returned to England, as cantankerous and violent as ever, and died in 1877 at the ripe age of ninety-three years. Williams died in Tasmania in 1874, and Jones in Launceston, Australia, in 1873.

Mr. Phillips, the Mayor, for his collected and judicious conduct on the occasion of the riot, was knighted.

CHAPTER III

ABERGAVERNENNY

Once a health-resort—Wig-making—The key to Brecknock—The castle—William de Braose—Massacre of Welsh princes—Raglan Castle—Henry, Marquess of Worcester—Edward, Marquess of Worcester—Siege of the castle—Tombs in Abergavenny Church—A saintly dog—Jesse-tree—Llanthony—Roger, Bishop of Salisbury—Partrishow—Monmouth—Geoffrey the Archliar—The Buckstone.

ABERGAVERNENNY, the Roman Gobannium, is very prettily situated on a ridge of drift gravel and pebbles brought down from the Welsh mountains, and at the juncture of the Gavenny with the Usk.

For some reason, possibly because of its gravelly subsoil, Abergavenny enjoyed an ephemeral reputation in the eighteenth century as a health-resort. There the patients drank goats' milk. It may be remembered how Winifred Jenkins wrote in *Humphry Clinker* to her dear friend, Mrs. Mary Jones, from Bath:—

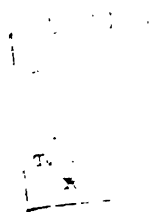
"Chowder (the dog) seems to like the waters no better than the squire; and mistress says, if his case don't take a favourable turn, she will sartinly carry him to Aberga'nny, to drink goats' whey. To be sure the poor dear honymil is lost for want of axercise; for which reason she intends to give him an airing once a-day upon the Downs, in a postchaise."

But Abergavenny has lost its repute as a health-resort for dogs and men, and doctors have long ceased sending patients to it.

Abergavenny also had a period of ephemeral prosperity, as it became a manufacturing place for wigs, deriving the



ABERGAVENNY



hair from the mountain goats and bleaching it. The fashion began to die out in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the Perruquiers sent a petition to King George III. in 1765, setting forth the distress they were in owing to the perversity of people of quality wearing their own hair instead of that of Welsh goats.

The public took this up, and a ludicrous petition to His Majesty was published from the "Body Carpenters," imploring the King to have one of his legs cut off so that he might encourage the manufacture of wooden legs, and that he would recommend this fashion to his loyal subjects.

But the day of the full-bottomed wig, and the peri-wig, the scratch-wig, and the tie-wig is passed beyond recall, and as the fashion passed, Abergavenny sank for a while into the stupefaction of despair.

Abergavenny certainly occupies a beautiful situation, with the Sugarloaf and the Blorengie rising above it, surrounded, as Churchyard sings—

". . . by mountains broad and high,
And some thick woods to please the gazer's eye."

But—it stands in the mouth of a great pass into Wales, that yawns to invite the harmless tourist now, but formerly the Saxon and the Norman invader.

Although supposed to occupy the site of the Roman Gobannium, yet hardly a scrap of Roman remains shows that the Conquerors of the World had a station there. But a Roman road certainly ran through it. It sits, in fact, at the gate of Brecknockshire, on the Usk, and it was by this gate, or mainly so, that the rich valley of Brecknock was entered and pillaged by Saxons first and then by Normans.

It was accordingly a place of considerable importance, and its castle was contested by Welsh and Normans. The earliest Lord of Abergavenny, under William the Conqueror, was Drogo de Baladon. In 1128 it was held by Brian de Insula, but his sons did not succeed as both

were lepers, and it was granted to Milo, Earl of Hereford. Milo was killed by accident whilst hunting in 1144, leaving five sons—but all these died without issue—and three daughters, among whom or their descendants the extensive estates of the family were divided. Bertha, the second of these, married Philip de Braose, and became by him the mother of one of the biggest ruffians of the time who wore a mask of piety. William was a terrible enemy to the Welsh, and his name is scrawled across their history at this period in letters of blood. His long-winded, sanctimonious phrases tired even his amanuenses, who were paid extra for them. On a journey, conversing with his friends or attendants, however interesting might be the subject, did a church or wayside cross come in sight, he stopped instantly, and appeared absorbed in devotion. Whenever he met young children he saluted them, that he might receive their blessing in return, to which he attributed singular efficacy.

In 1172 two chiefs of Gwent, Seissyll ab Dyfnwal and Iefan ab Seissyll, one morning, just as the guard was withdrawn, forced an entrance into the castle of Abergavenny and won it by surprise, capturing the constable with his family and most of the soldiers. But in 1175 Seissyll was persuaded by Rhys ab Gruffydd, King of South Wales, and a staunch ally of King Henry II., to surrender the castle, and then Henry consigned it to William de Braose, Lord of Brecknock. Henry held a court at Gloucester, and to it summoned the Welsh princes, who attended—even those who had committed the worst wrongs—and all seemed to promise peace and goodwill. Crimes were forgotten, old wrongs sank into oblivion, and there was a general shaking of hands.

Henry departed. Then William de Braose sent his canting letters round, inviting the Cymric southern lords and princes to assemble at Abergavenny, and in a grand banquet celebrate the reconciliation. In full confidence

they came in large numbers. A splendid feast was served, and De Braose welcomed all with unction and fair words.

After the cups had passed round, he proposed that thenceforth all the Welsh should be deprived of the right of wearing their arms, and that all present should swear to abandon the right. The proposal staggered the princes, and they did not reply. Then De Braose gave a sign; his men-at-arms rushed in, and a scene of massacre ensued. All but one were slaughtered; their blood was mingled with the wine they drank. Iorwerth, Prince of Caerleon, alone escaped. He hewed his way through De Braose's Norman murderers, and cut a path to the doorway. Among those who were butchered were Seissyll and his son Geoffrey; but De Braose was not content. He desired to obtain the property of his victims as well as their lives, and accordingly he sent his retainers to Castle Arnold, where were Seissyll's wife and younger son—the latter an infant—and had the child first murdered in its mother's arms, and then the mother. He destroyed the house, and then retired to the chapel to thank God that he had secured to himself a large estate.

One might have supposed that King Henry would have remonstrated with or punished De Braose for this black act of treachery; but he did nothing of the kind. He suffered him to lay hold of and retain all his ill-gotten gains. Giraldus indeed asserts what is improbable, that the act of perfidy was done at the King's instigation.

These acts of treachery and barbarity drove the men of Gwent into madness, and Iorwerth of Caerleon and the surviving sons of Seissyll, together with the kindred of the butchered nobles, combined in an attack on the castle of Abergavenny, and levelled it with the ground. This castle is now but a poor fragment in private grounds. "A castle," says Giraldus, "dishonoured by treachery more often than any other in Wales."

A family so tainted with perfidy and cruelty was not destined to flourish. William de Braose was succeeded by his son Philip, who took part with Henry Beaucherk against his brother Robert, Duke of Normandy; but afterwards, when Henry became King, he rebelled, and was disinherited. He left issue two sons, William and Philip—the former succeeded to the inheritance of his mother and father, and kept peaceable possession of it during the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I. But he incurred the resentment of John, and retired with his family to Ireland. When the King went thither, he sent his wife and sons to Scotland, and himself returned to Wales. John got hold of the wife and son of De Braose, sent them to Windsor Castle in 1210, and there had them starved to death. William escaped in disguise to France and died abroad. The lordship of Abergavenny passed from the De Braose family successively to those of Cantalupe, Hastings, Beauchamp, and Neville.

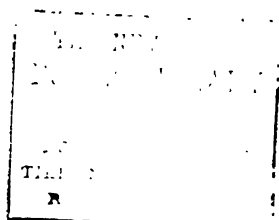
If Abergavenny Castle be a mere fragment, this is not the case with that of Raglan. But this latter castle was not begun till the reign of Henry V., and consequently exhibits the transition of a feudal castle into a baronial mansion.

Henry Somerset, the first Marquess of Worcester and fifth Earl of Glamorgan, was a witty man. His apothegms were published.

On one occasion, when Charles I. was visiting him with a large retinue, the King became apprehensive lest the stores of the garrison should be consumed by his suite, and he empowered him to exact from the country people such provisions as were necessary for his maintenance and the replenishment of his magazines. "I most humbly thank your Majesty," he replied, "but my castle will not stand long if it leans on the country; I had rather be brought to a morsel of bread than that any morsels of bread should be brought me to entertain your Majesty."



RAGLAN CASTLE



Sir Trevor Williams and four other gentlemen of Monmouthshire were arrested for disloyalty, and conducted to Abergavenny for immediate trial; but Charles, who was averse to severe measures, ordered their release without trial. He told the Marquess what he had done. The old man shook his head. "Sire," said he, "you may chance to gain the kingdom of Heaven by such doings as these, but if ever you get the kingdom of England by such ways, I will be your bondsman."

The castle stood a siege in 1646, when the Marquess was in his eighty-fourth year, from this very Sir Trevor Williams and Colonel Morgan. But it stood out, though garrisoned by only eight hundred men. Then Sir Thomas Fairfax came from Bath to superintend the siege in person. It surrendered on the 17th August, when the garrison had been reduced to half the number, and when the mines of the besiegers had penetrated under the walls. It had held out for ten weeks. Fairfax promised favourable conditions, but the Parliament refused to ratify the articles, and the aged Marquess was committed to prison. When he issued forth from the castle, Fairfax remarked that he looked merry. "Aye," said the Marquess, "I will tell you a story. There were once two thieves being taken in a cart to be hanged. One was lively enough; the other shivered with fear, and reproached his companion for being so jocund. But, said the merry man, you thieved without considering the consequences, so now this comes on you unawares. I thieved knowing what the end would be, so I bear my fate without surprise. It is so with me."

No sooner was the castle abandoned than the peasantry of the neighbourhood began to dig in the moats, drain the fish-ponds, and tear down the walls in quest of treasures, which they supposed to be concealed there. The lead and timber of the roofs were carried off for the rebuilding of Bristol Bridge, and the castle served as a

quarry, whence the people removed stone for the erection of their cottages, barns, and pigsties.

Edward, the second Marquess of Worcester, son of Henry, was a man of remarkable ability. He wrote a *Century of the Names and Scantlings of Invention*, which was printed in 1663. He had contrived waterworks during his father's time at Raglan, which were turned on, to play on a commission of Puritans sent to examine the castle for arms. It was from him that the first idea of a steam-engine was derived.

The church of Abergavenny is interesting, though it has gone through a succession of disastrous "restorations." It was formerly a chapel to the Benedictine Priory. The chancel formed the monastic church, and the nave served as the parish church. Now all is thrown into one. The chief interest is in the monuments, which, though mutilated, form a fine series from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Wonderful stories are told relative to some of these. One represents Eva, wife of the last William de Braose; she has a squirrel on her hand; and the tale goes that when trying to catch the lively little creature, she fell headlong into a well and was drowned. Another is a recumbent figure of a man in coat-of-mail, with his feet resting on a bull. From this rose the story that he—probably Sir Edward Neville—was so strong that he took a bull by the horns and tore them out of the beast's head.

Another is of a cross-legged knight, his feet reposing on a dog. Who this represents is uncertain, but the local tradition is precisely that told of Llewelyn and his dog Gelert. I have already shown in my *Book of North Wales* that there is not a particle of truth in this story, which is an importation from the East. I will add here a supplement to this, which is exceedingly curious.

In the thirteenth century lived a Dominican friar,

Stephen de Bourbon, who in his old age wrote a gossiping collection of anecdotes—things he had seen, persons he had met with, stories he had heard. The book was first printed by Lecoy de la Marche in 1877. Stephen was preaching in the diocese of Lyons, when he heard of a S. Gunifortis at Villeneuve, near Villars en Dombes, who was there buried, and to whose tomb pilgrimages were made, and who was invoked by mothers to obtain the recovery of their sick children. On inquiry he learned that this S. Gunifortis was a *dog*, and he was told relative to the creature precisely the tale of Llewelyn and Gelert, or of this knight of Abergavenny. Greatly scandalised, he went to the spot, and found that mothers took their children to the dog's grave, laid their children on it, passed them through a split tree, offered salt and candles, and hung up rags on the thorn bushes around. Stephen dug up the skeleton of the dog, cut down the bushes around, and then burnt the bones, hoping thereby to completely eradicate the superstition. But he was disappointed of his hope, for the cult continues in the Lyonnais, and has spread to Normandy, Picardy, and into Brittany, and subsists to this day. S. Gunifortis is invoked still to give strength and health to little children. But either the name of some fabulous saint was given to the dog, or else the cult of the dog has been transferred to this mythical person. Gunifortis is supposed to have been an Irish saint who, with his brother Winibald and his two sisters, left the Emerald Isle and went to Germany, where the two maidens were martyred. Gunifortis and Winibald pushed on to Italy. There the persecution of Maximian was raging, and Winibald lost his head for preaching the true faith at Como. Gunifortis went on to Milan, where he was shot with arrows, and left for dead. But having recovered, he went on to Pavia, where he died. His day is August 22nd in the Roman Martyrology. It may be

noticed that the names of these Irish brothers are Teutonic.

I do not know that the action of the innkeeper at Beddgelert in setting up a cross above the supposed grave of Gelert is much less reprehensible than that of the poor ignorant people of the Lyonnais in culting the dog as a saint. According to a recent writer, Vayssière, S. Guinefort, Lyons, 1879, the story of the dog is still current, and pilgrimages are still made to the tomb at Romans in Ain.

In the Herbert Chapel are the remains of a noble Jesse-tree that formed a reredos to the altar. Churchyard describes it in 1587 as "a most famous worke in manner of a genealogy of kings, called the Roote of Jesse, which work is defaced and pulled down in pieces." Iconoclasm must have run mad to destroy such a work as this. There are the remains of another, very fine, in S. Cuthbert's Church, Wells, and another, rather coarse in execution, at Christ Church, Hampshire. Jesse lies on the ground asleep, and out of his side grows a tree that bears as its fruit the various members of the Davidian family in succession up to the Blessed Virgin and our Lord.

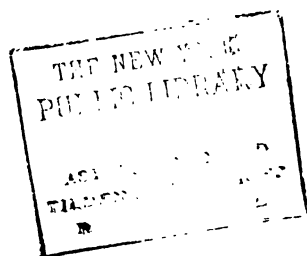
From Abergavenny Llanthony Abbey, in the Black Mountains, can be visited in wild scenery.

"Llanthony! an ungenial clime,
And the broad wing of restless time,
Have rudely swept thy mossy walls,
And rock'd thy abbots in their palls.
I loved thee by the streams of yore,
By distant streams I love thee more."

The words are those of Walter Savage Landor, the owner of the ruins. Llanthony lies in the vale of Ewias, that formed once upon a time a little principality. Through the valley flows the Honddu, and where the abbey was built it was supposed that S. David had at one time possessed a cell. But it was founded as a monastic retreat by William, a retainer of the Earl of Hereford, in

LLANTHONY ABBEY





the reign of the Red King. He was hunting in the vale, and was so impressed by its solitude and its suitability as a retreat that "he laid aside his belt, and girded himself with a rope; instead of fine linen, he covered himself with sackcloth, and instead of his soldier's robe, he loaded himself with weighty irons," and settled in the place. The fame of his austerities reached the ears of Ernesti, chaplain to Maud, the wife of Henry I., and he visited the hermit in his cell, also fell in love with the spot, and became William's companion.

Hugh de Lacy, Earl of Hereford, did not forget his old servant; he founded a priory of Augustinian canons on the site of the hermitage in 1188.

William was brought before the Queen, and a biographist tells a whimsical story of the interview. Queen Maud asked the hermit to allow her to thrust her hand into his bosom. He was a little aghast, but as she insisted, he submitted. She put in her hand and left behind a purse of gold.

During the troubles caused by the contest between Stephen and Matilda the new priory suffered severely, and the religious of it had to fly for safety to Hereford. Then Milo, Earl of Hereford, gave them a house and lands near Gloucester in 1136. In time this daughter house greatly exceeded the parent house at Llanthony in wealth and splendour, with which went laxity of living. "I wish she had never been born," wrote Giraldus of the Gloucester priory; and he describes the situation of Llanthony with enthusiasm:—

"Here the monks, sitting in their cloisters, enjoying the fresh air, when they happen to look towards the horizon, behold mountain tops, as it were touching the heavens, and herds of wild deer feeding on their summits. A place truly fit for contemplation, a happy and delightful spot, fully competent to supply its own requirements—if the stepdaughter, no less enviously than odiously, had not supplanted her daughter."

The present beautiful church has fallen into complete ruin at a comparatively recent period. From a plate engraved in 1780, it would seem then to have been perfect but for the roof. The west front fell in 1801-3, and much of the south aisle and nave in 1837. The church was begun under the art-loving Bishop Roger of Sarum, who greatly favoured it, but it was not completed till the close of the twelfth century.

Bishop Roger visited the priory, and on his return to court told King Henry I. and his queen that he had seen a religious house whose cloister was more magnificent than the King himself could build, though he were to spend on it all the money in his treasury. When Henry doubted this assertion, and told Roger he was romancing, Roger, then Prime Minister, said : "Sire, the cloister is of God's own building—the eternal mountains."

This Roger owed his advancement to be Prime Minister to an incident not very creditable to him. Henry Beauclerk was accompanying his brother, the Red William, on a military expedition in Normandy, when they turned into a little church near Caen to hear Mass. Roger was priest there, and he galloped through the service at such a rate that William and Henry found it was over almost as soon as it had begun. "He's the priest for soldiers," said the brothers, and they invited him to become their chaplain. Thenceforth his fortune was made. He became Bishop of Salisbury in 1107, and was Prime Minister under Henry I.

Llanthony is, as Giraldus is at pains to explain to us, Llanddewi nant Honddu, the Church of David by the stream of the Honddu. The church was dedicated to S. John the Baptist, and the name has nothing whatever to do with S. Anthony.

Whether S. David ever was in this valley is doubtful. If he was, then probably his cell was lower down, at a place now called Henllan, or the Old Church. With a visit



GEOFFREY'S WINDOW







MONMOUTH BRIDGE

to Llanthony should be combined one to Partrishow, lying in a fold of the hills. The church is small and rude, but it possesses, perhaps, the most splendid rood-screen in all Wales, a miracle of dainty decoration, not in very good condition, as much of the tracery in the screen itself has been broken ; but that in the rood-loft is almost perfect. Against the screen are still standing the original two stone altars. The first bears an inscription, "In tempore Gynillyn Meilir me fecit." Cynhyllyn was the son of Rhys the Red, Lord of Ewias in the time of Henry I. Another curious feature is the western chapel, not opening into the nave ; also a holy well. The name is variously given as Patrisho, Patricio, and Partrishow, but occurs in the twelfth-century *Book of Llandâv* as *Merthir Issiu*. Who Issiu Ishaw was is not known. According to tradition he was murdered by a traveller to whom he had extended hospitality.

Monmouth, that gives its name to the county, is planted where the Monnow falls into the Wye. It has produced some famous men, as King Henry V., who was born there on August 9th, 1387, and that arch-romancer Geoffrey, who did more than any man to trouble the sources of British history. He was probably a monk of the Benedictine abbey here, and was subsequently archdeacon of the church. He was patronised by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I., and by Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, both of whom were disposed to encourage literature. He was the friend of Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, who after a visit to Brittany had brought home with him a history of Britain written in the Welsh language still spoken in Armorica, and he asked his friend Geoffrey to translate it into Latin. Whether Walter the Archdeacon was the prime fabricator of this marvellous book, or whether Geoffrey invented it and pretended that he owed it to Walter, is uncertain. It was partly due to the reputation he gained through this work that he procured the

bishopric of S. Asaph in 1152, but he enjoyed his promotion for a brief period only, as he died in 1154. What is supposed to have been Geoffrey's study window is shown in the ruins of the priory. How he must have looked out at that window, biting his pen to get a fresh lie into his head for his *History*, and have chuckled to think that he was gulling the world! I think he wrote the work with a good intent. His dear Wales was suffering cruelly from the inroads of the Normans, and they and the English held the Welsh in little esteem. By his *History of the British Kings* he hoped to inspire these tyrants and oppressors with respect for the people they maltreated, as having a past of much splendour.

In the market-place is a statue of Henry V., and his reputed cradle and the sword he wielded at Agincourt are preserved at Troy House on the Chepstow road.

About a mile from the town on the Kymin is the Backstone, one of the largest and finest logan rocks in our island. In circumference it measures fifty-three feet, and is twenty-four feet high. It consists of the old red conglomerate, and is a natural formation; wind and weather have fretted away the softer portions of the rock, leaving this hard mass poised on its bed, the base measuring only a little over three inches. Near it is a flight of steps that lead to a stone above scooped out forming a rock-basin, also a natural product. For long both were supposed to be connected with Druidical rites.

The Druids are now in discredit. No instructed person at present believes that they had anything to do with rude stone monuments.

The parish church of Monmouth was rebuilt when architecture was at a low ebb, but the fine fourteenth-century tower has happily escaped. More interesting is the Norman chapel of S. Thomas.



THE BUCKSTONE



CHAPTER IV

MORGANWG

Morganwg—The Bro—The Blaenau—Blown sand—Pepiau Clavorauc—S. Dubricius—Conversion of Lucius—The Norman conquest of Morganwg—Descent of families from Einion—Robert Fitzhamon—Mabel his wife—Captivity of Robert Courthose—Castles—Iolo Morganwg.

GLAMORGAN, Gwlad Morgan or the Land of Morgan, acquired this name in the tenth century from Morgan the Old, who consolidated into one principality what had previously been broken up into small principalities. Formerly it had been included in Gwent, and the brothers of Gwynllyw had obtained inheritances in it. Gower and Kidwelly did not pertain to Gwlad Morgan, but were annexed to it, when it was formed into a county.

Italy has been compared to a boot, Oxfordshire to a seated old woman, and Glamorganshire has been likened to a porpoise in the act of diving, with Roath for the mouth, Ruperra for the snout, the peninsula of Gower for its tail, and Blaen-Rhymny and Waun-Cae-Gerwain for the dorsal fins.

It is naturally divided into two parts—the Bro, the lower portion, stretching inland from the sea, and the Blaenau, or the mountainous portion, resting on the Brecknockshire chain. It is from this latter that descend all the rivers of the county. The Bro is undulating, agricultural land, the Blaenau is the seat of mineral wealth, and the coal there raised finds its ports at Cardiff and Swansea. Although the mountain region abounds in natural beauties, the disfigurement of the mines, their

refuse-heaps, the chimneys belching forth black smoke, and the ranges or clusters of mean houses, have deprived it of its attractiveness, and the visitor to Glamorganshire for pleasure will wander over the Bro, whereas the commercial traveller finds the Blaenau more profitable from his point of view.

The lowlands are mainly composed of old red sandstone and mountain limestone, much eroded by water, above which lie beds of the magnesian conglomerate, the new red sandstone and lias.

A curious feature at several points along the coast is the large deposits of blown sand, that seem to have begun to accumulate, or to have become a menace, at the end of the fourteenth century. It has swallowed up much good pasture land, at least three churches, a castle, and a village or two.

Happily, through the *Book of Llandav*, which was written about 1150, and contains charters and grants of a far earlier age, we know something about the succession of the princes in Morganwg, and we find that they were all derived from one Erb, who was King of Gwent and of Eryng, or Archenfield, now in Herefordshire. His son was Pepiau Clavorauc, of whom a strange story is told. He was so troubled with saliva, that two courtiers were constantly employed, one on each side, in wiping it from his mouth. He had a daughter, Efrddyl, and one day when returning from a battle, he told her to wash and comb his head. Whilst she was thus engaged, a suspicion entered his mind that she had committed an indiscretion, and he at once ordered her to be placed in a sack of leather and to be cast into the river. But she was thrown up on the bank. Thereupon he gave orders that she should be burnt alive. She was placed on the pyre, and there gave birth to a child in the midst of the flames, which refused to consume her. Hearing of this marvel, the King sent for his daughter and her infant, and when he had taken the

latter on his lap, the child put up his hand and stroked his face. Thereupon the grandfather ceased to drivel. The child was Dyfrig, or Dubricius; and the infirmity of drivel passed on to the biographer of that saint.

One ecclesiastical fable that attaches to Glamorganshire must be noted. Bede informs us that Lucius, a British king, moved Pope Eleutherius, A.D. 160, to send over from Rome Ffagan and Dyfan to preach the Gospel to his people. And the churches of S. Fagan and Merthyr Dovan in the county commemorate these early missionaries. But the story is apocryphal. Bede quoted from the *Liber Pontificalis*, the "List of Roman Pontiffs," which is brought down to the year 530. But we have the earlier version of the book, and this contains no mention whatever of Lucius. The story was thrust into the new edition for polemical purposes, and Bede, in 731, repeats the story in almost exactly the words of the insertion, but gives a wrong date. Nennius, in the ninth century, has a slightly different account. He states that the Pope was Evaristus (*circ.* 100-9), and that Lucius was called Lleuer Maur, or the Great Light, on account of the faith which came in his time. But this is not all—a snowball as it rolls gathers fresh material, and so does a fable. It was next asserted that King Lucius, whose principality was in Glamorgan, left his country and became the apostle of the Grissons, and lived in a cave near the town of Chur, or Coire, and there he is buried. Thackeray, in the first of his *Round-about Papers*, says: "In the cathedral at Chur, his statue appears surrounded by other sainted persons of his family. With tight red breeches, a Roman habit, a curly brown beard, and a neat little gilt crown and sceptre, he stands, a very comely and cheerful image."

One of the Welsh triads, speaking of the three arch-bishoprics in the Isle of Britain, says that the earliest was Llandaff, of the foundation of Lleuwrwg. But this is very late and wholly untrustworthy.

Actually Lucius never existed at all. He was invented at Rome, and adopted thence in England and by the Welsh on the authority of Bede. That there were two British saints, Ffagan and Dyfan, is possible enough, but of them absolutely nothing authentic is known.

Rhys ab Tewdwr was King of Deheubarth, that composed Carmarthenshire, Pembrokeshire, and Cardiganshire, and he had his palace at Dynevor by Llandeilo. Einion ab Collwyn and his brothers rebelled against him. When defeated, Einion fled into Morganwg, and took refuge there with the Prince Iestyn ab Gwrgant, and incited him to attack King Rhys. As Iestyn doubted his ability to meet him in arms, Einion proposed to go into England and hire the services of some of the Normans there, and he stipulated that if he succeeded, Iestyn should give him his daughter in marriage. Einion had previously served in military expeditions with the Normans, and he had no difficulty in persuading Robert Fitzhamon, the friend of William Rufus, and Lord of the Honour of Gloucester, to undertake what was suggested.

Accordingly Fitzhamon arrived at Porthkerry in or about 1093, and, joining his forces to those of Iestyn, they met and attacked Rhys, then aged nearly ninety, in Easter week, and defeated and slew him near Hirwaun. His son Goronwy was killed as well, and another son, Cynan, was smothered in a marsh between Neath and Swansea. The Norman mercenaries received their subsidy at "Milltir-aur," or Golden Mile, near Bridgend, and started on their return.

Einion then demanded his guerdon—the hand of Iestyn's daughter—but was refused. Full of resentment and rage, Einion hurried after the retreating Normans, who had already embarked, stayed them, and urged Fitzhamon to take the occasion to dispossess Iestyn and to occupy the land himself. Won by his words, the rapacious Normans returned, ravaged the country, slew Iestyn near

Cardiff, and rewarded Einion for his treachery by giving him the hill-lordship of Senghenydd (Caerphilly).

It is remarkable that ninety-nine native estated families in Glamorgan boast their descent from the traitor.

A good many also derive their pedigrees from Iestyn. He was not much preferable to Einion.

"A most abandoned character, dissolute in his morals and oppressive in his government," as Mr. Theophilus Jones says, "yet has this reprobate, for some unaccountable reason or other, been considered as one of the progenitors of the Five Royal Tribes of Wales, and several of his posterity remain in Glamorganshire to this day who trace with much vanity their descent from him, and boast (as an honour) that the blood of such a scoundrel continues to flow in their veins."¹

Such is the story of the end of the native princes of Morganwg and the occupation of Glamorgan by the Normans. Whether the story be true or not it is not possible to say, as there is no contemporary evidence to establish or to refute it. But of one thing we may be pretty certain, some treachery took place in the conquest, for treasons as gross occur at every point in Welsh history.

Robert Fitzhamon established himself at Cardiff. The Welsh were, to a large extent, dispossessed of their lands; those still allowed holdings were on the Blaenau.

Robert Fitzhamon, who died in 1107, left an only child, Mabel, and she was a great catch. Henry I. resolved on marrying her to his son Robert by Nest, as already related. The courtship was conducted by the King himself, and Mabel showed much shrewdness in receiving it.

When the King proposed his son, Mabel told him that the wooing was more for what she had than for herself, and that with such a heritage she could not think of throwing herself away on a man who had not two names, that is to say, a surname as well as a Christian name. Henry admitted that there was reason in this, and said

¹ *History of Brecknockshire*, 1805, i. p. 86.

that his son should be called Robert Fitzroy. Then, with an eye to the future, Mabel asked what their son would be called. The King replied—

“Robert Erle of Gloucestre hys name ssal be, and ys
For he ssal be Erle of Gloucestre, and hys eyrs ywys.”

This contented her and she married Robert. “She was,” says William of Malmesbury, “a noble and excellent woman, a lady devoted to her husband, and blessed with a numerous and beautiful progeny.”

A better Norman ruler for Glamorgan than Robert could hardly have been found. He acted with justice and moderation. He built Bristol Castle as well as that of Cardiff.

The story was told that when William the Conqueror lay on his deathbed he appointed his son William to receive the crown of England, and Robert to become Duke of Normandy. Then said Henry, “And what do you give to me?” William replied, “Five thousand pounds weight of silver.” Henry rejoined, “What shall I do with it when I have no land on which to dwell?” Then answered the dying Conqueror, “Be satisfied. Suffer your brothers to precede you. Your time will come when you will surpass both.” That time did come, but it was helped on by Henry, who fought Robert, defeated him at Tinchebrai on Michaelmas Eve, 1106, and, having taken Robert prisoner, he entrusted him to be kept as a captive by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, in Cardiff Castle. At first the prisoner enjoyed some degree of liberty, being allowed to walk in the neighbouring forests with guards; but having one day seized a horse and attempted to escape, he was conducted back to his dungeon; and Henry is believed to have ordered him to be blinded.

“In Cardiff he a captive lay,
Whose windows were but niggard of their light.”

He died in 1134, after a captivity of twenty-seven years. Henry died in the following year.

Gilbert Crispin.
d. 1071.

Richard FitzGilbert=Rohaise, dau. of Wallis Giffard,
d. before 1090. Earl of Buckingham.

Gilbert=Alix, dau. of Reginald,
Earl of Clare. Count of Clermont.
d. 1116.

Christiana=Richard,
dau. of Ranulf, Earl of Chester. Earl of Clare and Hertford.
d. 1136.

Gilbert=Elizabeth,
Earl of Pembroke. *d.* 1148. dau. of Count de Moulan.

Gilbert,
Earl of Hertford and Clare.
d. 1152.

Maud=Bazel,
dau. of Jas. de Hilaire. Earl of Hertford.
d. 1173.

Richard Strongbow,
Earl of Pembroke and Earl of Buckingham.
d. 1176.

Richard=Amice,
Earl of Hertford and Clare. *d.* 1217. dau. and heiress of William, Earl of Gloucester.

Isabel=William le Mareschal,
Earl of Pembroke. *d.* 1219.

Gilbert=Isabel.
Earl of Hertford and Clare and of Gloucester. *d.* 1230. *m.* 1231.

William,
Earl of Pembroke. *d.* 1231.

Richard,
Earl of Pembroke. *d.* 1234.

Gilbert,
Earl of Pembroke. *d.* 1242.

Walter,
Earl of Pembroke. *d.* 1245.

Anselm,
Earl of Pembroke. *d.* 1245.

Richard=Maud,
Earl of Gloucester, Hertford, and Clare. *d.* 1262. dau. of Earl of Lincoln. *m.* 1238.

2. Ralph de=Joan of Acre=Gilbert, Earl=Alice
Monthermer, dau. of King of Gloucester, d'Angou-
Earl of Gloucester and Edward I. Hertford, lême.
Hertford. *m.* 1290. and Clare. *div.* 1282.
d. 1323. *d.* 1295.

Gilbert,
Earl of Gloucester and Hertford.
d.s.p. 1314.

Eleanor=
1. Hugh le Despenser.
2. William, Lord Zouch.

Margaret=
1. Piers Gaveston.
2. Hugh Audeley.

Elizabeth=
1. John de Burgh.
2. Theobald Vernon.
3. Roger Amory.

The whole of the Bro had been settled by Norman and English adventurers, and owing to the constant frays with the Welsh, were obliged to build for themselves castles. In parts of the county these castles stood so close that one has some difficulty in understanding whence their owners drew their revenues. For instance, "within a radius of six miles from Barry, half the circle being occupied by the sea, were twelve castles; and in the county and mainly in its southern part were from thirty to forty, of which but one, Aberavan, belonged to a Welsh lord."¹

Early in the thirteenth century the earldom of Gloucester and the Marcher lordship of Glamorgan passed into the family of the De Clares by marriage.

This family, descended from one Gilbert Crispin, had the peculiar earldom of Clare, an earldom without territorial jurisdiction, and also the earldom of Hertford without any authority in or over Hertford. But now by marriage with the heiress Amice, all the splendid possessions of the Earls of Gloucester fell to the De Clares, but remained with them for only three succeeding generations, and then were dissipated among heiresses.

"Thus," says Mr. Clark, "came to an end the great house of De Clare, and was closed the second great chapter in the history of the Land of Morgan; the first being its condition under its native rulers, brought to an end by the conquest by Fitzhamon. Descending from Eleanor de Clare, the elder co-heir, the Despensers continued the female line in Glamorgan through various vicissitudes, transmitting it finally to the Beauchamps, whence it merged in the Nevilles, whose heiress, marrying Richard Plantagenet, gave occasion to his becoming Duke of Gloucester; on whose death as Richard III. at Bosworth, the lordship escheated to the Crown, and the independent Marchership came practically to an end."

Few men have done more for Glamorganshire history and traditions than Edward Williams, commonly known

¹ Clark (G. J.), *The Land of Morgan*, London, 1883, p. 35.

as Iolo Morganwg ; and he well merits here to have something said about him.

He was born at Penon in 1747 and died in 1826 at Flimstone, or Flemingstone, about three miles as the crow flies from Llantwit.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century he was a familiar object in the county, known to and welcomed by all, gentle and humble alike ; he walked the country, never rode ; was a man of rather low stature, wearing flowing grey hair that hung over the high coat-collar, and forced up the back of his hat-brim. He was thin-faced, his features angular, his bright, grey eyes singularly intelligent, and liable to kindle with passion, if opposed, and to soften under the influence of poetry. He wore an old blue coat with brass buttons, and his nether integuments were corduroy. He wore shoe-buckles. A pair of canvas wallets was slung over his shoulders, one depending before, the other behind, containing a change of linen and books and papers. He usually read as he walked, with spectacles on his nose and a pencil in his hand, wherewith to annotate what he read. A tall staff completed his travelling equipment.

His father had been a stonemason, and Iolo was brought up to the same trade. He loved books from early childhood, and when working under his father always took a wallet with him containing his books, and would never go with the masons to dinner in a neighbouring public-house, but crept under a hedge or into a quarry, where he could eat his bread and cheese and then read.

On one occasion, when his father was employed on some additions to a parsonage that had been vacated for the purpose, his father said at dinner-time : "Neddy, I suppose you will not accompany us?" And on receiving the anticipated refusal, he said : "Now, boy, be sure you take care of the house and keep out the pigs and poultry." Neddy gave his word to perform due watch and ward, but

on the return of the masons they found him absorbed in his studies, and that he had forgotten the task imposed upon him. Pigs, geese, ducks, and fowls were disporting themselves in all parts of the house ; a calf had possession of the kitchen, and a donkey was taking its ease in the parlour.

His father administered a severe rebuke that offended Iolo's pride, and slinging his wallet over his shoulder, he departed without a word of farewell, and was heard of no more for two or three months, when a letter arrived announcing that he was in London, dressing stones for Blackfriars Bridge. This was in 1769, when he was aged two-and-twenty. From London he went into Kent and worked for a while at Dartford ; but the *heimweh* was on him, and he returned to Glamorganshire before his mother's death, which took place in 1770. She had been a person of better position than his father, and had a cultivated mind. On marrying she had brought with her a little library, of which *The Vocal Miscellany* (1734-8) proved to young Iolo the most delectable of mental nourishment, and gave him his love for poetry.

In 1781 Iolo married. The claims of a young family compelled him to stick to his stone-cutting, and he was mainly employed in cutting inscriptions on tombstones. Then he set up a little shop at Cowbridge, but as his sons grew to adolescence and could continue the manual work, he resumed his favourite pursuits and rambled over the Principality, collecting historical traditions, copying MSS., and possessing himself of many original documents in the Welsh language. He contributed a good deal to the *Myvyrian Archæology of Wales*, but most of his collections were published in 1848 in the *Iolo MSS.* after his death. Edward Williams having been a self-educated man, and being devoid of the critical faculty, gathered right and left, good, bad, and indifferent. He was totally unable to judge of the date of a MS. from which he made



IOLO MORGANWG

extracts, and we may be pretty certain that he was unable to decipher the early manuscripts, for nothing in his collection goes back before the fifteenth century. The *Iolo MSS.* have been spoken of contemptuously by Mr. Skene, who has thrown doubts on the genuineness of the extracts. But this is hypercriticism. Iolo was a scrupulously honest man, but, as already said, uncritical; and, unhappily, he did not always note whence he had made his transcripts. Still, as a good many MS. collections have perished by fire since he worked among them, we are thankful for what he has preserved; though we cannot always judge the value of these relics.

He kept a horse, which became his companion on his journeys, but he could not be induced to mount it. The beast would watch his master's movements, and follow him when he set out on his long walks, and Iolo cheerfully paid the turnpike tolls for the sake of the companionship.

When the French Revolution broke out all his sympathies were with the movement, but the atrocities committed during the Reign of Terror sickened him of his idols, and he became animated with an intense anti-Gallic fervour.

In religion he was eclectic; he had fashioned one for himself—a curious jumble of Christianity and what he supposed to have been Bardic philosophy. He lived at the time when nonsense about Druidism and Bardism was being evolved out of the inner consciousness of the Welsh antiquaries; when Edward Davies, in his *Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, had derived them from the Ark, which was their sacred symbol. Iolo Morganwg declared that pure and primitive Druidism was in fact the patriarchal religion of the Old Testament, further sublimated by an approximation to Christianity in its pacific spirit. He would inveigh fiercely against the stories told of the Druids by Cæsar, Strabo, and Diodorus

as malignant slanders. It is all very absurd, for actually we know nothing whatever about Druidism save what we obtain from these writers. If anyone disputed with Edward Williams the justness of his conclusions, or ventured on a doubt whether he had any premises on which to rear his structure, he was furious, and would exclaim: "You are talking of what you don't understand, of what none but a Welshman and a Bard can possibly understand."

Another delusion of the time was that Madog ab Owain Gwynedd had discovered America, and had in part colonised it. Not a particle of evidence exists that he ever did so, but it became a thing on which Welshmen agreed to insist; and poor Iolo was so convinced that a Welsh-speaking colony was to be found among the North-American Indians, preserving traditions of their descent, that he resolved on going to America to hunt them up. Anticipating that he would have to undergo great exposure and privation during his search, he determined on dispensing, as far as was possible, with the conveniences of civilisation, and with this object took to living wholly in the woods and fields, exposed to all weathers, and sleeping on the ground. The result was a rheumatic attack, which led to the ultimate abandonment of the project. At another time he took up with the vegetarian fad, and persuaded another man to join with him to eat grass like an ox. But the result was so unpleasant that he very quickly came back to wholesome beef and mutton.

At one time, when Iolo was in London, he was brought into communication with a certain Richard Brothers, who was a half-crazy, half-roguish religious zealot. Brothers professed to be visited by angels, from whom he received communications of the highest importance to mankind, and he gave himself out to be the promised Messiah. A great number of people were deluded by him, and he even convinced a Mr. Halhead, M.P. for Lymington. Brothers'

IOLO MORGAN W.G

portrait was engraved with an inscription round it entitled him "King of the Jews" (1795).

Now it so happened that at the time in London were two French ventriloquists whom Iolo had seen, and heard and observed; and he was much struck with the revelations given to Brothers—they seemed to imply that angels were singularly interested in French politics, and very desirous of spreading revolutionary opinions in England. Iolo was not devoid of shrewdness, and questioned Brothers as to whether he had remarked any peculiarity in the formation of the legs of one of the angels who visited him. Brothers was somewhat disconcerted, but he admitted that there certainly was a marked formation of the leg of one of them. "Then," said Iolo, "your angelic messengers are the two French monsieurs who can talk out of their stomachs."

But Brothers could not, or more probably would not, be convinced, and the imposture was continued till, owing to the seditious nature of the "revelations," he was arrested and sent as a lunatic to Bridewell. Edward Williams then wrote to Pitt, who was Prime Minister, and told him that the two French ventriloquists were at the bottom of the whole affair; and Pitt sent for him to receive a verbal account of what he had seen and ascertained.

Brothers had announced to the King: "The Lord God commands me to say to you, George III., King of England, that, immediately on my being revealed in London, I will treat the Hebrews as their prince, and to all nations as their governor, your crown must be delivered up to me, that your power and authority may cease."

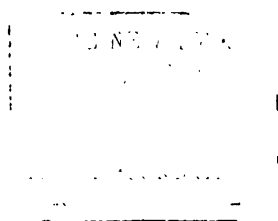
After a short confinement Brothers was allowed to leave Bridewell, but he remained subject to delusions; and in 1748 he published "A letter to Miss Cott, the recorded daughter of King David, and future Queen of the Hebrews."

After the death of his wife, Iolo was attended by

daughter. He was a great sufferer from asthma, which did not allow him to lie down in bed. "Lie down!" said he, "I shall never lie down till I do that in my grave."

An amusing story is told of the way in which he got certain young people out of a difficulty. At Neath some young persons lingered on in the church one Sunday after service to hear the organ, that was being performed on by a lady. She—forgetful of the sacredness of the place—played "The Voice of her I love." The incumbent was indignant and threatened the whole bevy of musical amateurs with prosecution in the Consistory Court of Llandaff. "But," said Iolo to the vicar, "it is a hymn she was playing that is set to the secular tune." "Hymn! What hymn?" Thereupon Iolo produced a copy of verses of a sacred character, and pretended that they came out of a Moravian hymn-book. Actually, he had composed them for the occasion. The vicar was satisfied, and the matter was dropped.

Iolo Morganwg died on December 18th, 1826, and is buried in Flemingstone churchyard.





CARDIFF CASTLE

CHAPTER V

CARDIFF

The seaport of Cardiff—The castle—The Edwardian type of castle—Caerphilly—Henry II. at Cardiff—Legislation on the observance of the Sunday—Llandaff—The cathedral—S. Teilo—The Yellow Death—Multiplication of Teilo's body—Teilo's skull—The *Book of Llandaw*—Llancarfan—S. Cadoc—The question of the salvation of Virgil—Llantwit—Caerworgorn—Slaughter by the Irish—S. Illtyd—Desertion of a wife—The *Laus perennis*—The bell of Gildas—Illtyd goes to Brittany—The town of Llantwit—The crosses—Samphire-gathering—A spy—S. Donat's—Edward II. in Glamorgan—Sir Leoline Jenkins—Mynydd Dinas—Legend—The *Gododin* of Aneurin.

CARDIFF, the *Caer* or fortress on the Taff, the largest town in the Principality, and one of the first seaports in the kingdom, is clustered dense about the castle that commanded the lowest ford on the river, where the Roman maritime road passed from *Caerleon* to *Moridunum* (*Carmarthen*). The castle occupies the old Roman camp, a quadrangular enclosure containing ten acres, and defended by a high bank and a moat. After the Romans left, it became a residence of the Welsh princes of *Morganwg*, and they probably threw up the great mound on which now stands the keep, in imitation of the Saxon burhs. The earth-bank is wanting on the south and the west sides, and is replaced by walls. The residential portion is on the west side. The castle was taken about 1090 by Robert Fitzhamon, and made by him the principal fortress whence he could control *Morganwg*. His daughter married Robert, the illegitimate son of Henry I., and carried it to him, as she was the heiress. It was he, probably, who built the twelve-sided keep on top of

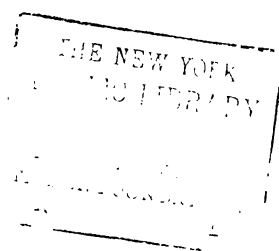
the mound. The tower by the gate is later. There were cross-walls erected also at a still later period to divide the interior into three wards, but these have been pulled down, and the plan of the castle is now much what it was when strengthened by Robert. This was the character of the Norman castles of the time up to the Plantagenets—a keep and a great base-court.

With Edward I. the type was changed. The keep was abandoned, and the castles were formed of concentric rings, with drums or towers defending the curtain that connected them, and with sallyports in the sides, so that the besieged could rush forth and take their assailants in flank.

“The first characteristic of a concentric castle,” says Mr. Clark, “is the arrangement of its lines of defence, one within the other, two or even three deep, with towers at the angles and along the walls, so planned that no part is left entirely to its own defences. A wall cannot be advantageously defended unless so arranged that the exterior base of one part can be seen and commanded from the summit of another. A Norman keep could only be defended by the projection of missiles from the battlements, exposing those who discharged almost as much as those who received them. The employment of mural towers not only added to the massive strength of the wall whence they projected, but when placed within a bowshot distance enabled the defenders, themselves protected, to enfilade the intermediate curtain. By this means the curtain wall, that part of the wall least able to withstand the strokes of the ram, became that in the defence of which most projectiles could be brought to bear. The parts of the lines of defence were so arranged that the garrison could sally from one part, and so harass the attack upon another. Moreover, each part, tower, or gatehouse was so contrived that it could be held separately for a short time. Also, from the concentric arrangement of the lines, a breach of the outer wall did not involve the loss of the place.”¹

The contrast between the Norman and the Edwardian castles may be seen at a glance if Cardiff be compared

¹ Clark (G. T.), *Medieval Military Architecture in England*, i. pp. 158–9. London, 1884.





CAERPHILLY CASTLE

with Caerphilly. This latter castle, the most extensive in South Wales, is reputed to cover, with its outworks, about thirty acres. It stands in the midst of a deep, broad hollow, and it was erected where it is to close a pass down the Rumney by which the Welsh descended from the hill country to ravage Gwent. But as it was completed just when the principal troubles with the Welsh came to an end, it has played no important part in history. It is worth seeing, as it is "both the earliest and the most complete example in Britain of a concentric castle."

But to return to Cardiff. It was in its castle that Robert Courthose was confined, blind, for twenty-seven years.

Cardiff saw Henry II. pass through it on his way from Ireland. He was there on the Saturday in Easter Week, 1172, and on Low Sunday went to hear Mass early in the chapel of S. Piran. As he came forth, and prepared to mount his horse, he noticed a man standing before him with yellow hair, an emaciated face, a long white tunic girded at the waist, with bare feet, and holding a staff in his hand. This man addressed the King in English: "Got holde thee, Cuning!" and then adjured him in the name of Christ to prohibit all trafficking, markets, and fairs being held throughout the realm on the Lord's day, also to forbid all sorts of manual labour on that day, saving what were necessary works.

The King said, in French, to Philip de Marcross, who was holding the bridle: "Ask the clown if he dreamt this." Philip interpreted the King's words to the man, who replied: "Whether I dreamt this or not, mark well what day this is; for unless thou doest what I have said, thou shalt learn such tidings of those thou lovest best as shall trouble thee to the end of thy life."

On hearing this the King struck spurs into his horse and went on towards the town gates, but reining in presently, he said: "Go, call back that good man." The man, however, could not be found.

What he had predicted came to pass before the year was out. Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, his three sons, rebelled against him, and continued in revolt through the rest of his and their lives. It is believed that it was this interview that induced the King to issue the first enactments for the keeping holy of the Sunday that were made in England.

There is but a single ancient church in Cardiff, S. John's, with a fine Perpendicular tower, having open battlements and pinnacles. Another church, that of S. Mary, was washed away by the Taff in 1607. In 1801 there were but 327 houses in Cardiff; now the town is spreading on all sides, though mainly towards the docks.

Llandaff was founded by S. Teilo, a disciple of S. Dubricius. It has been claimed to have been founded by the latter, but there is no evidence to that effect. Teilo was a native of Penally, near Tenby, and he placed himself under Dubricius at Hentland, on the Wye. After having completed his education he left him, and was ordained bishop and settled at Llandaff.

In 547 broke out the terrible "Yellow Death," a plague beginning with jaundice and ending in putrid fever. It raged till 550, and committed frightful devastation in Britain and in Ireland. It was preceded by the appearance of a watery pillar reaching from the clouds that trailed over the land, accompanied by pestilential smells. People sickened and died, and to such an extent that the country was almost deprived of inhabitants. Teilo, at the breaking out of the plague, made up his mind promptly that the right thing to do was to fly. He and many other bishops, the clergy, and a crowd of laity, men and women, escaped by ship to Brittany, but some went to Ireland, where, however, the pestilence raged as fiercely as in Britain. Whether the conduct of Teilo was right or wrong we are not in a position to say, but the course pursued by him was not heroic, though it may have been



LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL

THE NEW YORK
LIBRARY

prudent. He returned from Brittany in 556, and found all the foundations of S. Dubricius deserted. He accordingly seized on them and annexed them to the see of Llandaff, and it is on this account that erroneously Dubricius has been regarded as a founder of Llandaff.

We pass from the push and stir of Cardiff to the



S. TEILO
Stained glass, Plogonnec, Finistère

sleepy hollow of Llandaff. It is refreshing to escape out of the fever of business to the repose of devotion and art, and we get both at Llandaff. At Cardiff, indeed, we have historic associations, but they are jostled out of one's head by the turmoil of traffic. About the old cathedral rests a calm that allows the thoughts untroubled to wander through the past and call up the figures of bygone days.

The cathedral has gone through vast changes. When the Normans arrived the old Celtic church was but forty feet long, and Bishop Urban, in 1120, commenced rebuilding it. Urban's church proved to be the nucleus, and all additions are excrescences.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the church was ruinous. The see had been so impoverished at the Reformation that, as Holinshed informs us, "the late incumbent thereof, being called for not long since by the Lord President in open court, made answer, 'The Taffe is here, but the land is gone.'" At the end of the seventeenth century Bishop Beaw wrote that after deductions made, of his incomings nothing more was left but what would "defray the charges of the quantity of vinegar, pepper, salt, and fire spent in my house"; and the prebends were worth only two pounds apiece annually. In 1730 a sum of seven thousand pounds was expended in making the cathedral watertight, by a Bath architect, who converted it into a quasi-Italian temple, "a very neat and elegant church"—which was thought "exceeding fine" within, and to be "a very stately and beautiful room."

Bishop Harris, who then held the see, had gained his promotion by the publication of a book on fashions, entitled: *A Treatise upon the Modes. Or, a Farewell to French Kicks*, and he set up to be a man of taste. He wrote of the "restoration": "We propose to take down the two steeples which at present serve as a western front to the two aisles, for they are very ruinous, and to raise a tower over the front of the nave, and then to finish with a rustic porch." And one of these towers proposed to be removed had been erected by Jasper Tudor, the uncle of Henry VII. Happily, funds failed, so Jasper Tudor's tower was not demolished, and there was no money to build the "rustic porch" or the new tower, which, from the plans, appears to have been designed on the model of a pepper-box. Part of the south-west tower was, however, demolished.

There is something absolutely astounding in the incapacity of minds in the Georgian period to see that there was beauty in mediæval architecture, and to suppose that there was in the wretched structures then erected.

Smollett puts into the mouth of Matthew Bramble what everyone thought at the time, when he makes him thus speak of York Minster:—

“I know not how to distinguish it, except by its great size and the height of its spire, from those other ancient churches in different parts of the kingdom which used to be called monuments of Gothic architecture; but it is now agreed that the style is Saracen, rather than Gothic; and I suppose it was first imported into England from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the Moors. Those British architects who adopted this style don't seem to have considered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country possessed by the Moors or Saracens was so exceedingly hot and dry that those who built places of worship employed their talents in contriving edifices that should be cool; and for this purpose nothing could be better adapted than these buildings—vast, narrow, dark, and lofty . . . like subterranean cellars in the heats of summer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more preposterous than to imitate such a mode of architecture in a country like England. The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot but be displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety and proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a science; and the long slender spire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a sharp stake rising up through his shoulders. There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the Assembly-room, which might be converted into an elegant place of worship.”

All this is very amazing to us, and yet when we look at modern villas starting up round our towns erected by jerry builders and by retiring tradesmen to be their homes, we see at once that the sense of architectural beauty is as absent from them as it was from Matthew Bramble.

To return to Llandaff Cathedral.

Bishop Ollivant was enthroned in 1849; and he thus described the scene:—

“I had to walk through the western half of the cathedral, which was a roofless ruin, until I came to a cross-wall dividing it from a Grecian building at the east. On knocking for admission, I was received by the parish schoolmaster with a fiddle and six national schoolboys, who walked on each side. And so we marched in procession to the Eastern Chapel.”

In 1838 the precentor had surrendered his salary, so as to form a nucleus for a proper restoration. There had been no dean since 1120 till now, when Dr. Bruce Knight was appointed, and he energetically set to work to collect funds, and finally the work was begun in 1844, and the Italian temple was swept away; but the complete restoration was not accomplished till 1869, including the rebuilding of the tower that the “restorers,” Bishop Harris and his Bath architect (Mr. Moor), had pulled down.

At Teilo's death, the date of which is not fixed, but which took place about 580, three priests were present, so runs the tale, one from Llandaff, where he was bishop; one of Llandeilo Fawr, where he died; and one of Penally, where his ancestors were buried. Each desired possession of the body, and the contention grew sharp between them, and was only terminated by the oldest of the three exhorting his brethren to leave the decision to God. They then retired to rest, and next morning when they entered the room where lay the dead saint, lo! his body had become three, perfectly identical in every particular, and each priest was able to carry off a Teilo to his own church. The origin of this silly story is self-evident. It is an attempt made to account by a miracle for the existence in three places of bodies reputed to be those of the saint.

At Llandeilo, under the Precelly Hills, is a holy well of the saint. In the farmhouse hard by, Mr. Melchior, the tenant, preserves the brain-pan of the skull that was shown and used before the Reformation as that of S. Teilo.

He is the hereditary guardian of the relic. Unhappily for its genuineness, the open sutures prove that it must have been the head of a young person, and as Teilo died at an advanced age, it could not have belonged to him. Moreover, a part of the superciliary ridge remains, and this is of slight elevation, so that it seems almost certain to have been a portion of a young woman's head. Patients drank water till quite recently from the well out of the reputed skull, and many cures are recorded.

The *Book of Llandav* is our chief authority for the early history of the diocese, and it has a strange and somewhat romantic history. It was written by Galfrid, brother of Urban, Bishop of Llandaff, about the year 1150, but he did not finish it; and later writers have made some additions. It contains grants made to the see, with the legends relative to these grants. Apparently the original donations had been entered on the margin of a Book of the Gospels, and Galfrid took these, and told what was held to have occasioned the grants; but, at the same time, he carefully entered the names of all the witnesses, which he copied from the original text. Consequently we have in it, not only valuable records of places and names, but also a good deal of story. Out of the mass of notes Galfrid tried to compile a list of the bishops of Llandaff, but he made sad blunders in so doing, for he took the names of those bishops who had foundations previous to Teilo, scattered about Gwent and Ergyng, and which Teilo laid hold of after the cessation of the Yellow Plague, and which then had been abandoned and lay desolate, and ranged them in his catalogue as though they had been prelates reigning at Llandaff.

Previous to 1619 the MS. *Book of Llandav* remained in the cathedral. Bishop Godwin (1601-18) found and left it there. Bishop Theophilus Field, some time between 1619 and 1627, lent it to John Selden, the antiquary. It was in Selden's library at his death in 1654, when it went with

his library to "the publique library at Oxford." In 1659 John Vaughan, of Trawscoed, got the loan of it for Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, who made a transcript of it, which is now at Peniarth. Robert Vaughan returned the original to John Vaughan, who, however, did not send it back to the Bodleian Library. On his death it passed, possibly through marriage, into the hands of Robert Davies, of Llannerch, near Denbigh. He died in 1710, and from him it passed to his descendants. His great-grandson, John Davies, died in 1785 without issue. His Welsh estates were then divided between his two sisters, and this MS., among others, came then to Gwysaney, where it now is in the possession of Mr. Davies-Cooke.

The MS. is strongly bound in oak boards, and has on its cover a fine bronze figure in high relief of Christ in glory, with His right hand raised in benediction. This figure has been strangely supposed to represent S. Teilo, a palpable blunder.

The *Book of Llandav* has been twice published. First edited by W. J. Rees in 1840, but this was from the transcripts, as the editor had not access to the original. A far superior edition is that of Drs. J. Gwenogfryn Evans and J. Rhys, a diplomatic reproduction from the twelfth-century original MS. at Gwysaney, published at Oxford in 1893.

In the cathedral is an emaciated figure on a tomb. There exists a local legend to the effect that this was erected by a young lady. She had been engaged to a youth, who deserted her for another more lovely than herself. She pined to death, and desired that this figure might be set up in the church before the marriage of the man who jilted her, in the hopes that the sight of it might embitter his pleasure, and induce her rival to consider how transitory is not life alone but beauty also.

One of the most interesting and delightful excursions that can be made from Cardiff is to Llancafarn and to Llantwit, two old monastic foundations of the Celtic

Church that were confiscated by FitzHammon and granted to the abbey of Gloucester. Llanccarfan lies in a green valley, with wooded hills descending to it. The church has a massive tower, and is eminently picturesque. In it, over the altar, is what I suppose to be unique in England and Wales, the original carved oak reredos, formerly richly coloured and gilt. It is elaborately sculptured, and only lacks the figures in the niches to make it one of the most beautiful relics of ecclesiastical wood-carving of the fifteenth century.

A large and perfect camp occupies a height above.

Catwg or Cadoc, who founded Llanccarfan, was a son of old Gwynllyw, King of Wentloog. He was born about the year 497, embraced the religious life, and studied in Ireland. He came back to his native land, and wandering about in quest of a site where to settle, decided on Llanccarfan. All the bottom of the valley was then a swamp, and he made two foundations, one in the marsh and the other in high ground above it at Llanveithin, over against Garnlwyd, where S. Dubricius was wont to stay occasionally. The prince of that portion of Gwent at the time was his uncle Paul, and he readily ceded to his nephew as much land as he needed. "Then," we are told, "the holy man threw up a great mound of earth and made therein a beautiful cemetery, in which the bodies of the faithful might be buried around the temple. The mound being completed and the cemetery finished in it, he made four large paths over rising grounds about his cell."

The mound was a circular, oval, or quadrilateral embankment, enclosing within it an area, in which stood the wattle church and the hovels of his monks.

From these humble beginnings Llanccarfan swelled to be a mighty monastery. Cadoc

"daily fed a hundred clergy and a hundred soldiers and a hundred workmen and a hundred poor men, with the same number of widows. This was the number of his household,

besides servants in attendance and esquires and guests, whose number was uncertain, and a multitude of whom used to visit him frequently. Nor is it strange that he was a rich man and supported many, for he was both an abbot and a prince."

Probably on account of the outbreak of the Yellow Plague in 547, Cadoc escaped along with his monks to Brittany; they settled on a little island in the land-locked sea of Belz, in Morbihan, and built a causeway, connecting it with the land, constructed out of blocks of granite brought from the neighbouring moors. We have a curious instance of the way in which biographers magnified the achievements of their heroes, in the *Life of S. Cadoc*, by Lifris, son of Bishop Herwald, of Llandaff. He intimates that the "bridge" built by Cadoc was a mile long, and with arches cemented with mortar. Now this causeway still exists, though it has been repaired since. It is precisely 306 feet long, and has no arches in it at all. A pretty story is told of Cadoc whilst in this island by De la Villemarqué from a Breton ballad.

Cadoc had been brought up by his master Tathan to love his Virgil, and he could not endure the thought that the beloved Mantuan should be in hell. He took the occasion of a visit from Gildas to discuss the question. Gildas, characteristically, maintained the harsher view. Then Cadoc opened the volume to show to his grim companion the prophecy of the Coming of Christ in the Fourth Eclogue. Suddenly a rush of wind caught the volume and carried it into the sea. On returning to his cell he sighed, and said, "I will neither eat nor drink till I know whether Virgil has been saved or not." And he laid himself to rest on his stone bed.

During the stillness of the night he heard a voice from afar saying: "Pray for me! Pray that I may sing the lovingkindness of the Lord."

Then, convinced that this was the voice of his loved

poet, he rose and spent the night in prayer for him. Next day he recovered the lost volume.

A few strips of iron cover some scorings on the causeway called the Slide of S. Cadon. Here he is said to have slipped, either in attempting to recover his Virgil or in pursuit of the devil.

After a few years in Brittany, where he left an ineffaceable mark, Cadoc returned to Wales.

In his old age a great longing came over him to leave the busy scene of Llancarfan and retire to some place of rest, and he departed, much against the will of his monks, and was fallen on by the Saxons and killed at a place called Beneventum, the site of which is not satisfactorily determined, about 577.

From Llancarfan we can push on to Llantwit, passing Boverton, probably an old Roman site of Bovium; and this was afterwards known as *Caer Worgorn*, where Theodosius II., probably in 425, founded a college. This was destroyed by Irish pirates. In 1888 a Roman villa was unearthed in a field lying about a mile N.N.W. of Llantwit, that had a tessellated pavement. No fewer than forty-one human skeletons of both sexes and all ages were discovered there. The villa had evidently been the scene of a massacre, for, in every instance, the skull or facial bones had been fractured, and the bodies lay in confused heaps. An attempt at burial had been made in four instances. The mosaic pavement had been broken through and the body laid below at an inconsiderable depth, its feet towards the east, and then enclosed with rude slabs in the form of a coffin.

This, it would seem, was a relic of the raid of the Irish which ruined *Caer Worgorn* for ever. The position of the bodies, so hastily and rudely interred, indicated that they were those of Christians laid to their rest by the hands of fellow-Christians.

Near this scene of slaughter and of ruin Illtyd, who

became a great master of saints and educator of his people, founded Llanilltyd or Llantwit about the year 470.

Illtyd was a soldier in the service of Paul, Cadoc's uncle, who ruled in these parts. He had a wife, Trynihid, a virtuous woman. One day he was out with a party of the retainers of Paul when they rudely demanded food of Cadoc, which, after some demur, he granted to them. The men were fifty in number. Cadoc gave them a barrel of ale and a pig, which they roasted for their dinner.

Misfortune attended the party; they got into a morass and were engulfed. This so affected Illtyd that he resolved on quitting the world and becoming a monk, but he said nothing of his intent to the prince or to his own wife. He quitted the service of Paul and went to the banks of the Dawon, "and it being summertime, he constructed a covering of reeds, that the rain might not fall on their heads, and while their horses were depastured in the meadow, they slept the night away."

During the night Illtyd brooded over what had become his settled purpose.

At dawn he roused his wife and bade her leave the hut and search for the horses. "She departed, naked, with dishevelled hair, that she might look after them." The wind was high in the raw early morning, and the unhappy woman's hair was blown about.

Presently she returned with the information that the horses had not strayed, and, shivering with cold, she attempted to get into bed again. But, to her disgust, Illtyd told her roughly to remain where she was; he threw her garments to her, and bade her dress and be gone.

The poor woman clothed herself and sat down, sobbing, at his side. But steeled against all kinds of pitiful feelings, he announced his intention of quitting her for ever; and resolute in his purpose, he dressed himself and departed for the Hodnant, a pleasant dip, shallow, among low hills,

and watered by a tiny stream. It was well wooded, and seemed to him a suitable spot for a retreat. Having made up his mind to settle there, he went to S. Dubricius, and before him he was shaved and assumed the monastic habit. Then he returned to Hodnant, and Dubricius marked out for him the bounds of a burial-place, and in the midst



S. ILLTYD
Statue at Locildut, Finistère

of this Illtyd erected a church of stone. Here he lived an ascetic life, bathing every morning in cold water, and rising to prayers in the middle of the night.

Hodnant is a sheltered hollow, but commands the low, level country that stretches to the Severn Sea. Above it stands a height crowned by an ancient camp, now called the Castle Ditches.

"Every springtime glowing masses of golden gorse, while in autumn the red and yellow of the bracken, and the olive-green of countless blades of grass" made of Hodnant "a miracle of colour. We hear the dull boom, boom, boom of the angry waves as they break on those foam-fringed cliffs which guard the coast to east and west of the Castle Ditches, just as they were heard by those men who lived, laboured, and taught here centuries ago. We see the white gulls circle round the cliffs as if they were never weary of being on the wing; we see the blue dome above us with the great clouds sailing majestically across; we see the ever restless, ever changing ocean, now blue, now purple, now a mass of molten gold at sunset. All these things we see to-day, and they gladden our hearts just as they gladdened the heart of Illtyd when he rested from his journey, and 'the delightful place that pleased him well.'"¹

In time the monastery founded by Illtyd was replenished with scholars to the number, we are told, of two thousand. The *laus perennis*, or perpetual singing of psalms, was established at Llantwit. The *laus perennis* had been instituted by one Alexander in the East about the year 426, and he established the monasteries of the Sleepless Ones, so called because day and night without ceasing the praises of God were sung in them. Illtyd founded Llantwit about 470, and it is remarkable that the novel Eastern institution should have penetrated to the Celtic monasteries by the end of the century. It never took root elsewhere in the Western Church.

The sea wall erected by the Roman legionaries had fallen out of repair, and Illtyd employed his workmen and disciples in repairing it. In the meantime his poor deserted wife had been living in involuntary widowhood in a little retreat. At length an irresistible longing came over her to see her husband again; and leaving her retreat she sought him out. On reaching Llantwit she saw a man working in the fields, lean, and with a dirty face; and going up to him recognised Illtyd. In her delight at meeting him once more she endeavoured to engage

¹ Fryer (A.C.), *Llantwit Major*, pp. 9-10. Lond., 1893.

him in conversation ; but he turned his back on her and refused to answer her questions. He refused her the common kindness of a hospitable lodging, and she went away sorrowful, "looking as pale as if she had suffered from a fever." They never met again. All our sympathy is with dear Trynihid. I feel that if I had known Illtyd, I should then and there have horse-whipped him.

However, in those days they had their notions, and we have ours. And certainly Illtyd, by the line he adopted, became an amazing force for good in the land. Presently he got across with Meirchion, King of Glamorgan, who annoyed the monks so much that Illtyd deemed it expedient for their good that he should retire, as personally obnoxious to the King. He went to the banks of the Ewenny, famous for its "gwyniad," a salmon-like fish of delicious flavour. Then he found a cave and settled in it.

Whilst there he was one day sunning himself outside, and watching the travellers who went by the Roman road over the Ewenny and Ogmore, when he heard the tinkle of a little bell, and presently a man came in sight who carried in his hand one of those bronze, angular bells common in Celtic lands, and it shone in the sun like gold. A bell exercised a peculiar fascination on a Celtic saint, and he requested the man to let him look at what he carried, and sound it himself. His eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his ears drank in the rich tones of the bell. He inquired whether it was for sale.

"Oh, no," replied the man ; "I am taking it to David in Menevia. It has been fashioned by his fellow-pupil, and your old disciple, Gildas, and he sends it to David as a present."

Reluctantly the saint surrendered the bell, and the man went on his way. But when David heard the story and knew that Illtyd had handled the bell and admired it, "Go," said he ; "take it to my old master from me."

After some four years' retirement Illtyd returned to his monastery, and thenceforth remained unmolested.

Hearing that a famine was afflicting Brittany, as there was abundance of corn in his granaries, Illtyd ordered vessels to be laden with as much as could be gathered together, and along with these corn-ships he sailed to Armorica. He probably landed in Léon, in the Aber Ildut, that bears his name to the present day. But he put forth again, and coasting round the north of Léon, entered the Jaudy and floated up with the tide as far as La Roche Derrien. What the natives especially needed at the time was seed-corn, and with this he provided them.

Having discharged his object, he returned to Morganwg, and there, being advanced in years, he died about the year 537.

The little town or village of Llantwit is still very picturesque, but it was so to a far greater extent a few years ago.

"These quaint cottages and inns, many of them built in the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, with their small windows and low, broad doors, with their low roofs, often of thatch, with their gardens of old-fashioned flowers and of vegetables at front and sometimes also at back, are utterly different from the conventional sameness and formality of modern streets, and recall ages more simple and spacious than our own. Man has placed them in all positions and at all angles; it seems more by accident than design that narrow passages have been left which we call streets by courtesy. There are many of these passages for so small a town, and it is easy for a stranger to wander round and round in them as in a maze, picking his way amid mud and puddles, amid ducks and chickens. Llantwit is a paradise for poet and artist, who would revel in its beauties and attractions, though it must be confessed that its cottages are frequently white-washed or yellow-washed externally, according to a very ancient custom of Glamorgan. There are relics of ancient greatness on every hand; the ivy-covered ruins of 'The Old Place' stand on the outskirts, and close to the square is the ancient town hall with its bell, bearing the inscription *Sancte Illtute, ora pro nobis*, and locally, but falsely, supposed to be the very bell that the saint used to carry with him on his wanderings. The little square

contains the base of the old town cross, which, someone will tell you, marks the place where S. Paul preached to the heathen Britons.¹ A little way off are some remains of the mediæval monastery, including a gate-house and a curious pigeon-house of the thirteenth century."²

The church consists of two parts, the old church, which is actually the newest part, and the new church to the east of it, and which is of the thirteenth century and possesses a stone carved reredos, but with the niches empty. The old church is now used as a storehouse or museum for the inscribed stones that have been found about Llantwit.

One of these is the cross raised by Samson "apati," i.e. the abbot for his soul, and those of Iuthael the King and of Arthmael. This is of the latter part of the eighth or early in the ninth century. Another has the name of Illutus on it and "Samson Regis." A third is a cross erected by Howel for the soul of Rhys his father. This is a ninth-century cross. Howel, son of Rhys, was a king of Glewissig who placed himself under the protection of King Alfred about the year 884.

This western portion of the church was for parochial purposes, and the eastern portion for the monastic services, but at the dissolution the parishioners invaded the "new church" and took possession of it. A similar arrangement was at Ewenny.

The story of the finding of the Cross of Samson, Arthmael, and Iuthael is sufficiently curious to be told.

A tradition existed at Llantwit that "long, long ago" there lived in the village a young man commonly called Will the Giant. At the age of seventeen he was seven feet seven inches high; but, as is usually the case in premature and preternatural growth, he fell into a decline, of

¹ Really Paul of Léon, a disciple of S. Illtyd at Llantwit, and not Paul the apostle.

² Newell, *Llandaff*, p. 28. London, 1902.

which he died. His great desire, expressed on his death-bed, was that he might be laid at the foot of a certain cross raised to some kings of Morganwg. Accordingly his grave was dug beneath it, but no sooner was the coffin lowered than the cross fell on it, and some of those standing by narrowly escaped being struck by it as it fell. As the stone was too large to be easily removed, the earth was heaped over it and the coffin of Will the Giant.

Iolo Morganwg, when a boy of twelve or fourteen, heard the story from a very old man, a shoemaker, living near Llantwit, and in 1789 he made a search for it, and succeeded in uncovering it. The stone was then raised and placed on the surface, where it lay prostrate till 1793, when it was set up near the porch, but has recently been removed and placed in the western church.

On the cliffs of the coast grows much samphire, its brilliant green striping the ledges. The taste for samphire as a pickle has declined, and it is not now collected to the extent it was in the days of our grandmothers. Then samphire-gathering was profitably conducted on this coast, as there was a ready sale for the pickle in Cardiff. It was a dangerous pursuit. The way in which it was gathered was by thrusting a crowbar into the sod at the top of the cliff, fastening a rope to it, and thus descending by the rope to the ledges. On one such occasion the gatherer was a young man. He reached a ledge which, retiring inwards, was some feet out of the perpendicular, and over which the brow of the cliff beetled considerably.

Busily employed in gathering samphire, and attentive only to this object, he allowed the rope to slip from his hand, and after a few oscillations it became stationary at the distance of four or five feet from him. Above was the rock seventy feet in height, whose projecting brow would defy every attempt to ascend it, and below was a sheer descent of a hundred feet, to jagged rocks, over which the surge was breaking. Being young, active, and resolute, he

leaped boldly into space, happily clipped the rope, and speedily swarmed up it to the top of the cliff.

The same story is told of a fowler at S. Kilda, and it is by no means improbable that the same accident may have occurred at different times to different persons in different places.

An amusing incident happened near Llantwit at the time of the Directory, when there was commotion in Ireland and expectation of a French descent on the Welsh coast.

A gentleman was taking a walking tour through Glamorganshire, making sketches. He passed through Llantwit, and was eyed with suspicion. However, this mistrust would not have broken into action had not an old woman posted over from S. Donat's Castle breathless with the news that a fierce-looking fellow, with a pack on his back and a huge staff in his hand, had been taking plans of the castle, and had been pumping her for information respecting it; and that he was now lurking somewhere among the corn-fields; that she had every reason to hold him to be a spy and an Irishman. This sufficed to set Llantwit in a flame. Men, women, boys, and girls to the number of seventy or eighty armed themselves with muskets, pitchforks, and staves, and took the road to S. Donat's. The corn at the time happened to be high, and it was natural to suppose that the object of their search was concealed in it. Regardless of the crops, the whole mob swept the wheat-fields, dashed through the oats, and prostrated the barley, but without success. At length one, gifted with peculiarly keen eyesight, pointed out an object in the midst of a wheat-field which he affirmed to be a man. Another corroborated the assertion by vowing that he saw it move. The village schoolmaster, acting as officer in command, deployed the forces, despatched a contingent to right, another to left, to outflank the enemy and cut off retreat, whilst the main body, armed

with firearms, marched forward, trampling down the corn, till it arrived within a hundred yards of the object, when a tremendous volley was discharged upon it. Down tumbled the unfortunate victim, and forward rushed the valorous troop to secure their quarry; when to their unspeakable mortification they found that it was an old scarecrow that had been allowed to remain in the field.

Meanwhile the stranger, having finished his sketches of S. Donat's, and quite unaware of the commotion he had caused, sauntered on his way to Pyle.

S. Donat's Castle well merits a visit. It was built by Sir William Stradling, and for six centuries was the seat of that family. The last, Sir Thomas, was killed in a duel in 1738 at Montpelier, by a certain Tyrwhitt, in a brawl arising out of a love-affair. The body was brought home to be buried in the church of S. Donat's, and the story goes that his old nurse, in viewing the corpse, protested that this was not the body of Sir Thomas, as it lacked marks with which she was familiar.

Archbishop Usher resided at S. Donat's for some time during the Commonwealth. The old picture-gallery was destroyed by fire on the night on which the body of the last of the Stradlings was taken there for burial.

Llantrisant is an ancient borough. The station is at some distance from the town, and is a junction for several branch lines from the main artery of communication with the south-west. A fragment only of the castle remains, dating from Henry III. and Edward I. It was the head of the lordship of Miscoin, a great part of which was in the hands of the native owners, until the last of them, Howel ab Meredydd, was expelled by Richard de Clare, 1229-62. In this castle Edward II. sheltered for a while. The story of Edward in Glamorganshire has recently been told with great detail and in most interesting form by Rev. John Griffith.¹ All we will do now is to summarise the narrative

¹ Griffith (J.), *Edward II. in Glamorgan*. Cardiff, 1904.

of the fatal journey of the King leading up to the final tragedy.

Upon the most frivolous pretexts, Charles IV. of France had seized on the Agencis and threatened the whole of Guienne. Acting on the suggestion of his queen, Edward sent her to Paris to negotiate with her brother. The treaty which she made was so humiliating for England that the Privy Council refused even to discuss it. Another suggestion was immediately made from the French court, that if Edward would bestow Guienne on his eldest son, the Prince Edward, now aged thirteen, the homage of the prince would be accepted by Charles in lieu of that promised by his father.

The feeble King was completely in the hands of the Despensers, who had incurred the general hatred of the barons. These men—father and son shrank from going to Paris, where they knew that the Queen would arrest and probably execute them, even if they went with the King himself—eagerly adopted this advice ; knowing that if the King went and they were left behind, the barons would rise against them.

Prince Edward proceeded to Beauvais, and performed homage ; but he was now in the hands of his mother, and she, defying the reiterated commands of her husband, absolutely refused to send him back, and herself to return to England. She had with her Mortimer, her paramour ; and she intrigued with the barons against the King, and prepared an army for the invasion of England, under the pretence that her object was to remove the Despensers from the councils of the King. Towards the close of September, 1326, Isabella landed at Orwell in Suffolk with a small but well-appointed army, and the disaffected hastened to her standard.

The King and his favourites lost their heads, and fled from London, to take refuge on the estates of the Despensers in South Wales.

The King sent the elder Despenser, Earl of Winchester, to hold Bristol, but the garrison mutinied against him, and he was delivered into the hands of his enemies and executed.

Edward reached Gloucester on the 10th October ; thence he pushed on into Glamorgan. He boasted that he was a Welshman, having been born at Carnarvon, and he trusted that the men of the Principality would rise as one man to maintain his cause. But the iron rod of English rule had oppressed Wales too long to make them take up his cause ; and finding that he had little to hope for in Wales, he took ship at Chepstow on October 21st with intent to escape into Ireland. He was now deserted by all save the younger Hugh le Despenser, his Chancellor Baldock, and two knights. He tried to reach Lundy Isle, but so strong was the race round its headlands that he failed to land. Drayton sings:—

“ But when he thought to strike his prosperous sail,
As under lee, past dangers of the flood,
A sudden storm of mixed sleet and hail,
Not suffered him to rule that piece of wood.”

He tossed about for a week on the rough waters of the Channel, and finding that he could neither land on Lundy nor reach Ireland, he attempted to get to shelter under the walls of Bristol. But on October 26th, Bristol had gone over to the side of the Queen, and the elder Despenser had been done to death.

The news reached the King on his reaching the mouth of the Avon, and the younger Hugh must have heard the tidings as his own death-knell. At the same time Edward learned that he had been virtually stripped of his kingly authority, and that his boy-son had been proclaimed guardian of the realm.

Then he put to sea again, and crossed to Cardiff on the 26th in the evening, or on the morning of the 27th. From Cardiff the King fled to Caerphilly Castle. Malkin, in his

South Wales, gives an account of the siege by the Queen's forces :—

“After a long siege the castle was taken, in consequence of a breach having been effected by means which it requires some faith to credit on the testimony of local traditions and manuscripts. According to some accounts, a battering-ram was worked by a thousand men, and suspended in a frame, composed of twenty large oaks. The breach was made in the depth of a dark night, and King Edward escaped in the habit of a Welsh peasant. . . . The Spencers were taken in their castle, where prodigious quantities of salt and fresh provisions were found. In one of the towers, every apartment was crammed full of salt. Under this tower was a furnace for smelting iron, hot masses of which had been thrown by engines on the besiegers, who, when they had got possession of the castle, let out the fused iron from the furnace and threw water upon it. This occasioned a most dreadful explosion, that rent the tower in two, and destroyed the salt. What stands of the tower at present is that which overhangs its base.”

We must remember that for what follows we have only local legend.

Edward, disguised as a peasant, escaped to the parish of Llangynwyd, about twenty miles distant, where he is said to have hired himself as a cowherd to a farmer, who retained him only a few days and then, finding him an awkward fellow, dismissed him.

The King, according to another tradition, concealed himself all day in the branches of an oak tree near the house, and retired to the farm buildings for the night. The old tree stood till some years ago, and went by the name of Cadair Edward (Edward's Chair).

However, what appears to be the truth is that Edward did effect his escape and reached Margam on November 3rd, and thence to Neath, where he met Rhys ab Gruffydd, Lord of Dynevor, who informed him that he had no chance of gaining adherents in Wales.

Thence the King fled again to Penrhys, a small monastic cell on the ridge dividing the two Rhondda valleys.

He seems to have travelled, under the guidance of a monk of Neath, together with the younger Hugh le Despenser, his Chancellor, and a few more, over the mountains.

A price of two thousand pounds, an enormous sum for that time, had been placed on the head of Hugh le Despenser. Queen Isabella had sufficient decency not to put one on that of the King, her husband, but such as would betray him into her hands knew well that they might calculate on a reward.

On the 16th November the King and his party left Penrhys for some reason, and were captured on their way to Llantrisant: the highway which passes Pant y Brad (the Hollow of the Betrayal) is the old highway to the Rhondda, the only way the King could have proceeded to Llantrisant. There is a sharp turn of the road at Pant y Brad, and

"It appears," says Morgan, "that the enemies were beyond the turn, and so out of sight of the king and his escort. Suddenly Edward II. found himself in the trap. Whilst the enemies and a band of soldiers were trying to secure the king, Spenser, the Lord Chancellor Baldock, and the Earl of Arundel succeeded to gallop away, as it appears, along the road to Gwaun y Pant, and the last two went down the valley of the Elwy; but both were captured below Llantrisant."¹

The monk who had guided the party had betrayed them. Pant y Brad, the Hollow of the Betrayal, is a place on the main road between Tonyrefail and Llantrisant. Those who captured the King were Henry, Earl of Lancaster, William Lord Zouch, and Rhys ab Howel. Edward was at once conducted to Llantrisant Castle.

The rest of the story is well known. The unfortunate monarch, hurried from place to place, was at length transferred to Berkeley Castle, and Mortimer, the Queen's par amour, now supreme, sent secret orders to the keepers

¹ Note to Morgan's *Hanes Tonyrefail*, pp. 69-73.

to despatch him. It was believed that red-hot iron was thrust into his intestines, inserted through a horn; and although all outward marks of violence were prevented by this expedient, yet the shrieks of the agonised King filling the castle proclaimed to all within hearing that he was being done to death in a most inhuman manner. He died on September 21st, 1327.

At Llantrisant was born Sir Leoline Jenkins, the "second founder" of Jesus College, Oxford. His parents were people in a humble position in life, but they sent him to the Grammar School at Cowbridge. Thence he removed to Oxford at the age of sixteen, and in 1641 was admitted Fellow of Jesus College. As he was staunchly attached to the Royal cause, he took up arms for Charles I., but as that cause declined, he retired to his native Glamorganshire, where he acted as tutor to Sir John Aubrey, at Llantryddid, and in his house became intimate with Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. After this the misfortunes of the times compelled him to quit the country, and while in exile he wandered through France, Germany, and the Netherlands. At the Restoration he returned, and was elected first a Fellow and then Principal of Jesus College. His knowledge of civil and maritime law qualified him to become assistant to the Judge of the Admiralty, and on the death of Dr. Exton he was appointed sole judge. In 1668 he further became Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, and was knighted in 1669, in consequence of his having succeeded in a commission to the court of France to recover the effects of Henrietta Maria, which had been seized on the occasion of her death by Louis XIV. After this he became a member of Parliament, an ambassador, privy councillor, and Secretary of State. He was even spoken of as likely to succeed Sheldon as Archbishop of Canterbury, though he never took Holy Orders. He died in 1685, and is buried in Jesus College Chapel.

that fought at Catraeth, only three besides himself escaped with their lives, says the author.

The Welsh Triads assert that Aneurin the Bard was treacherously killed by Eiddyn ab Einygan, who dealt him on the head one of "the three atrocious axe-strokes of the Isle of Britain."

Stephens, in his posthumous edition of the *Gododin*, while rejecting the identification of the two Aneurins, tries to make out that the bard was the *son* of Gildas. This he thought would "remove all the chronological difficulties which beset the authorship of the *Gododin*." But the Welsh genealogies, which give the sons of Gildas, do not mention an Aneurin. It is quite true that he had a godson of the same name as himself, but he was an Armorican prince, son of Tryphena, daughter of Weroc, Prince of Vannes, and of Conmore, Count of Carhayne and Regent of Domnonia. This godson became a monk at Ruis in the Morbihan, and possibly ended his days at Glastonbury, but he cannot have been mixed up with, and fought in, the battles in the north of Britain against the Scots.

CHAPTER VI

MERTHYR TYDFIL

Welsh lack of initiative—Early condition of Merthyr—Anthony Bacon—John Guest—Introduction of the use of coal—The Homfrays—Trevethick—Richard Crawshay—Wilkins the banker—Joseph Bailey—William Crawshay—John Josiah Guest—Lady Charlotte Guest—The *Mabinogion*—Pwyll and Arawn—Gellygaer—King Charles I.—David Morgan.

A FEATURE in the Welsh character that has stood in the way in the great struggle of life, but one not without its special charm, is the turning of the face to the past. The Welshman loves to dream of the glories of the race in remote times, to think over the exploits of the national heroes, to treasure traditional poems, to harbour resentments for long-past injuries, and to inherit and keep alive old prejudices. On the other hand, the Saxon has his foot on a ladder, and looks ahead and pushes upwards, never content with the rung on which he stands. As to the past—he values it so little as not to give it a thought.

One consequence to the Welshman is that his ambitions are limited to his parish, his farm, and his chapel. If he has several sons, the cleverest he ordains to be a petty lawyer in a little Welsh town, the second to be a minister in a dissenting conventicle, and the third to become a parson in the Church, so that he may be provided for in a little mountain vicarage. His ambitions reach no further.

I was talking to a quarryman who had been out of work owing to the Penrhyn strike for three years. "I have seven children," said he, "and for three years I don't believe they have had their bellies full a single day."

I said: "Why did you not migrate to South Africa? That is what our Cornish miners did when the mines were shut down. They go, remain away three years, come home with their pockets full of money, buy a bit of land, build a house, remain with their families for a couple of years till all is spent, and then go out again to refill them."

He shook his head. "Africa is a long way off," he said. "I will wait till the strike is at an end, or we starve."

It seems to me that Merthyr Tydfil and its neighbouring busy towns exemplify what I have said. Great fortunes have been made there, men have forged ahead from nothing to greatness. They have won for themselves titles of nobility whose fathers were common labourers. But these men were not Welsh—they were Saxons from the east.

There is a tale of S. Cadoc, that as a boy he brought fire in his gaberdine to a smithy where he worked, but when he left he hid it in the mountains, lest the hated Saxon should find it. The fire he found and hid was coal, and he hid it, as events have shown, not for his compatriots, but for the Saxon to find and use and build up his fortunes out of it.

Here is a picture of Merthyr as it was, from the pen of its historian, Mr. C. Wilkins:—

"In its early days it was simply a shepherds' hamlet, with an old church and an ale-house close to the churchyard wall. There was little to give the place note, and its life was as quiet and unchanging as that of most hamlets. One day passed like the one preceding it, and its red-letter days were those of funerals.

"They say that Charles the First journeyed on the mountain road to the east, and turned his melancholy eyes towards the cluster of houses in the hollow and wandered on; and that Cromwell's troopers invaded the valley, and destroyed some distant iron-works, and stabled their horses in the church on the occasion of the marriage of one of the Puritan soldiers. And then the hamlet went to sleep, and drowsed on through the years, year after year. Perhaps it might have slept itself away, and left only a few ruins of shepherds' huts and cottages, but for some traveller from a distant place, who came looking about him—and

made a great discovery. The hamlet was like one of the places mentioned in Scripture, 'whose stones are iron.' The traveller found these in byways and in the bed of a mountain stream, and means were discovered to subject the stones to a great heat, so that the metal flowed forth. Then came the building of little furnaces, followed by greater ones, and forges, and, as the works grew, the news spread, and people came from all parts of the island and settled down, and increased and multiplied, until the hamlet of the shepherds was transformed into a great town."¹

That man from the east, the traveller, was Anthony Bacon, a man of northern extraction, a successful merchant in London, and when he arrived in Merthyr it was, in 1763, in a chaise drawn by mules. He was the first to invest capital in the iron trade. Seeing the prospect of great wealth in this neglected corner of the world, he leased the Cyfarthfa estate, about eight miles in length and five in width, for ninety-nine years at £300 per annum.

But some beginnings of the iron trade had been made before this. In early times farmers had produced iron with charcoal in little "bloomeries," holes dug in the soil, and the blast was made by means of portable bellows. The refuse-heaps remain, and show that the works were on a very small scale—hardly over a ton of iron was smelted at a time.

A Mr. Lewis set up a small furnace in 1758 at Dowlais, and looked about for a man to act as his ironmaster, and found one in John Guest, a petty freeholder, who, at Brosley, in Staffordshire, combined the trades of brewer, small farmer, and pedlar in coals. The Staffordshire iron-making had been in repute for long years, but all the iron was smelted with charcoal. By degrees the water-wheel had been introduced to work the bellows, so as to maintain the blast. John Guest's little trade at Brosley was not sufficiently remunerative to keep him attached to the place,

¹ *Kilsanos*, pp. 30-1. Cardiff, 1894. Mr. Wilkins has also written a *History of Merthyr*, a *History of the Coal Trade of Wales*, and a *History of the Iron, Steel, and Tinplate Trades of Wales*.

and when he received Lewis's offer he mounted his old grey mare, took his servant, probably a cousin, Ben Guest, behind him, and in due course arrived in Merthyr and undertook the new furnace at Dowlais.

After plodding on in the old fashion for a while Guest heard of the use of coal in place of the charcoal that was rapidly becoming scarce, as the timber was cleared from the hillsides in its manufacture, and he resolved on giving coal a trial. John Guest brought some of his relations to Dowlais—his sister, Mrs. Onions, a couple of brothers, and nephews, who worked as puddlers and moulders in the works. Then other Brosley workmen followed, and the output of iron increased considerably. He died in 1785, and was succeeded by his son Thomas. Mr. Lewis had hitherto retained an interest in the Dowlais furnace, and so had a man called Tait, who was a traveller for the firm. The Guests were all Wesleyans, and John and his son Thomas acted as local preachers.

Such was the origin of the Guest family now with Lord Wimborne as the head.

Anthony Bacon had appeared in the valley, as already stated, in 1763, and he started the Cyfarthfa Works, at first using charcoal. Three days a week the men ceased from ironmaking and went to cut wood; but as the wood began to fail Bacon as well as Guest was driven to try coal; and in 1767 coal was brought out of the mountain by shafts, not very deep, extending only till a fault was encountered, when it was abandoned and another shaft opened.

But the great difficulty with the output was, how to get it away. The roads were infamous. They were mere tracks over the mountains, or cartways deep in mud, that formed quagmires, and if metalled, were so with boulders and unbroken stones.

Bacon got the neighbourhood to unite in a subscription to make a road to Cardiff, and it was completed in 1767.

When the American War broke out Bacon was able to get substantial orders for cannon. Charcoal hammered iron was found to be the best quality for cannon. All went well for three years, and then Bacon was suspected of supplying the Americans as well as the British Government, and the contract made with him was cancelled. Anthony Bacon finally retired, and left large fortunes to his children.

He is best remembered as having introduced the Homfrays from Stewpony, near Stourbridge, where they had a little iron establishment and forge. They arrived at Merthyr in 1782, and were placed in charge of the Cyfarthfa Works. But the connection lasted for two years only, and then ensued a quarrel and a separation.

The three young Homfrays obtained Penydarren, a dingle near Morlais, which they rented for £3 per annum, and persuaded a gentleman of means named Forman to finance their undertaking. They resolved on building a furnace, but owing to the quarrel with Bacon, could not ask him for models and measurements. Besides, they believed that a better pattern was to be had at Stourbridge, so they sent a couple of men thither to bring back the desired particulars. These men, having obtained the measurements by means of sticks, tied them in a bundle and set out on their return. On the way they put up for a night at a wayside inn, and forgot to take their bundle upstairs. In the morning it was gone. The maid had lighted the fire with the sticks. So one of the men was forced to return to Stourbridge to take the measurements afresh.

The Homfrays found the Merthyr people unskilled in ironworking, and when Cort's patent puddling furnace came in they had to send into Staffordshire and Yorkshire for workmen, who for long lived to themselves, objects of mistrust and dislike to the old Welsh mountaineers.

Homfray was the first to introduce the iron horse into the valley. Early in the last century tramways were being

used, and there was one from Pen-y-darren Works to the Navigation, nine miles in length, whence iron was despatched in boats to Cardiff.

Now Trevethick appeared on the scene. He was a Cornishman, who had for some time been engaged in bringing a steam locomotive into notice, and for this purpose he visited Merthyr. Mr. Homfray was almost at once convinced that this was a great discovery, and he made a bet of £1,000 with Richard Crawshay, of whom more presently, that he would convey a load of iron by steam-power from his works to the Navigation. Crawshay had doubts, bordering on certainties, that this could not be done, and he accepted the bet. Trevethick set to work to construct his steam-engine there and then. The cylinder was upright, and the piston worked downwards, and every movement was attended with a great deal of noise. On February 14th, 1804, the trial was made. All Merthyr turned out. The trams were loaded with iron and a certain select number of passengers.

"Trevethick was ready for the start. The engine only breathed heavy, deep puffs. Its screaming capacity had not been originated; that was to come years after by the hand of Adrian Stephens. The signal was given; everyone looked at the stern-faced, hopeful Trevethick; a jet of steam burst forth, the people yelled, the wheels moved, and as the whole mass, with the crowd of workmen perched on it, slowly glided away a hoarse shout burst forth that assured Homfray he was master of the situation and that Crawshay was a thousand pounds poorer. All down the tramway went the excited spectators, one tumbling over the other in their eagerness to keep pace with the engine, and everything went smoothly until the bottom of the village was gained, and then, in passing under a bridge, the stack of the engine not only carried it away, but also came to grief itself, and the engine was at a standstill.

"Trevethick was equal to the emergency, and though no one was allowed to help him, he soon rebuilt the stack, and away it went at the rate of five miles an hour to the Navigation, fully establishing the claim of the inventor to carry iron down. It was

unfortunate for Crawshay that he did not stipulate a return journey, for this the driver could not do, and every effort on the part of Trevethick failed, on account of gradients and curves, to bring the empty trams back again."¹

The Homfrays did not confine their energies to the Merthyr district; they built the first furnace at Ebbw Vale, the first at Sirhowy, and the first at Tredegar. Samuel Homfray married the sister of Sir Charles Morgan, of Tredegar Park. He lived in some style at Penydarren House; his servants were put into buff and red liveries. Next in order come the Crawshays, the greatest of the Iron Kings.

Richard Crawshay was a farmer's son at Normanton, in Yorkshire. As a boy of sixteen, in 1757, he quarrelled with his father, saddled a pony, and started for London to seek his fortune. After twenty days on the road he arrived in town, sold the pony for fifteen pounds, and went in search of work. He found it in the iron warehouse, in York Yard, of a Mr. Bicklewith. His duty was to sweep out the office, to put the desks in order, and make himself generally useful. His diligence, integrity, and perseverance gained him favour. One of the branches of his master's business was the selling of flat-irons, and it was found that the washerwomen who came to buy them managed to steal a couple when they purchased one. So Richard was set to watch and detect them. Step by step he advanced; then, like an earlier Richard, he married his master's daughter, and when old Bicklewith retired he remained as master of the cast-iron warehouse. Then he put into a State lottery and won £1,500. His opportunity was come. He had heard of the Welsh ironfield, and of what Guest and Bacon and Homfray were doing there, so he started for it. Anthony Bacon had retired, and his successors, Tanner and Bowser, unused to the business, had lost money. Crawshay bought Cyfarthfa, took in a

¹ *History of the Iron, Steel, and Tinplate Trades of Wales*, pp. 132-3.

couple of partners who had money, and speedily brought it into a flourishing condition.

Malkin, in his account of South Wales in 1803, stated that Crawshay's works had become the largest in the kingdom. Another traveller, in 1804, wrote: "Mr. Crawshay has four blast furnaces at work, with others of smaller size, accompanied by ranges of forges and mills, and they have lately been further improved by the addition of an immense water-wheel, 50 feet in diameter, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth." He adds, "One thousand hands are employed at the works, which are the largest in the kingdom—perhaps in the world."

Crawshay was a solidly built man, resolute, with a small-pox marked face, and to the last retained his broad Yorkshire pronunciation.

His banker was Wilkins, of Brecon, who became an M.P., and was a resolute antagonist of Pitt. Pitt was accordingly determined to ruin him. He found that Wilkins's bank was that which received the Revenue collection. The money was allowed to accumulate, none was called for until there was a considerable sum in Wilkins's hands, and he had invested it. All of a sudden the money was ordered to be remitted instant. Wilkins was in dismay. He had it not by him; and he told Richard Crawshay of the predicament in which he was. "Dom it, mon!" exclaimed the iron-master. "They shan't break thee," and he advanced him £50,000, and informed the Government that another sum of the same amount was ready if required.

Unlike the Guests, who were Dissenters to the heart's core, Crawshay was a staunch Churchman, and once he put £10,000 into the hands of the Bishop of Llandaff, to be spent as needed in the diocese.

One day in 1806 Wayne, the furnace-manager at Cyfarthfa, and Knowles, the sub-manager, were sitting in the evening outside a little tavern at Quaker's Yard, when

a boy, shoeless, ragged, and with a famished look in his face, saluted them, and asked if they would direct him to Mr. Crawshay.

"Why what on earth can you want with him?" asked Mr. Wayne.

"He's my uncle," replied the boy.

This was Joseph Bailey, afterwards Sir Joseph Bailey, Bart., High Sheriff of Worcester and Brecon, and grandfather of the present Lord Glanusk.

Joseph Bailey, of Wakefield, a man in very humble life, had married Susanna, the sister of Richard Crawshay, who had presented him with two sons, Joseph and Crawshay. The tidings of the success of their uncle reached the boys, and Joseph started off on foot and walked all the way from Wakefield to Merthyr, getting food at the doors of charitable people on the way, and sleeping in the hedges or behind ricks.

Richard Crawshay at once took the lad into the works. Joe started at the lowest step of the ladder, and by indomitable perseverance pushed his way upwards, and when his uncle died, he was left two-eighths in the Cyfarthfa Works. Richard was succeeded by his grandson William, a man of the same iron stamp; and Joseph Bailey felt that the scope for his exertions was narrowed, and he and Wayne entered into arrangements with the Blaenavon Iron Company, which had started two furnaces and had small ironworks at Nantyglo. Before long Wayne withdrew, and Joseph was joined by his brother Crawshay. They did not, however, get on well together, and the younger left and acquired Aberaman. Crawshay Bailey was at one time deeply overdrawn at the Abergavenny Bank, and every Saturday it was a question whether the cheque for the payment of the workmen should be honoured. One Saturday the crisis came. The bank managers were hesitating over the cheque, doubting whether to allow him any longer to overdraw his account,

when a man rushed in from the works with the news: "Mr. Bailey has struck the famous seam of black band." "Tell him," said the manager, at once producing the gold required; "that he may draw upon us for any amount he may need."

This was the turning-point in the fortunes of the Baileys, and wealth flowed in apace.

Richard Crawshay was a rough, plain man, a thorough Yorkshireman, with a Yorkshireman's sound common-sense. One day he was conversing with Mr. Benjamin Hall about the workmen. "They must be kept under, or one loses all control over them," said Hall.

"Dom it!" exclaimed Crawshay, flaring up. "They shall not be kept under. They are men as much as we. Every man in my employ shall have his piece of beef and his pint of ale for his dinner every day."

Nelson once visited Cyfarthfa. It is said that Crawshay—no Little Englander he—had the tears running down his cheeks at joy in welcoming the hero of Aboukir.

Gripping him by the arm, he led him forth before a crowd of workmen, and shouted, "Here's Nelson, boys! Shout, you beggars!" and shout they did.

Richard Crawshay died in 1810.

"Though he had been one of that eccentric class who are alternately stern and kind, there was not a man or woman in the village who did not mourn his loss. His workmen, poor, honest souls, cried bitterly; a master was gone whose voice had scared them often, but whose hand had as often relieved them. So great was their faith in his generous nature that it remained for many a year a tradition in the place that, had Richard Crawshay lived, he would have paid all the workmen's debts. Simple souls! Richard was a shrewder man than to do any such thing; he knew the benefit of self-reliance too well."¹

The son, William Crawshay, never resided at Cyfarthfa; he became a great West India merchant, and was reputed

¹ Wilkins, *History of Merthyr*, p. 205.

the richest man in England. The works were carried on by the grandson William, a very remarkable man, a great inventor, and a clear-headed man of business. In 1825 this William Crawshay built Cyfarthfa Castle, at a cost of £30,000. The castle contained 365 windows, answering to the number of days in the year; and the common superstition was at the time that thereby the castle had become forfeited to the Crown.

It is remarkable that the Crawshays, indisputably the greatest men of Merthyr, who did more for the place than any others, never rose to the honours that fell to the Guests and Baileys.

We will now go back to the Guests.

Of the early history of this family little is known. A William Guest was hanged in 1767 for coin-clipping. John Josiah was born in 1785, the grandson of the local preacher and petty ironfounder, John Guest. Thomas Guest, his father, was also a local preacher, and Tait, who had been a commercial traveller, was his uncle. In 1817 he married a young woman named Runkin. The story goes that one day when John Josiah and she were riding to chapel she suddenly turned her horse's head about. "Josiah," said she, "I can't go to meeting while so many of your workmen are breaking the sabbath." From that date all Sunday work, except what was absolutely necessary, was discontinued.

The Runkin wife died after nine months, and Josiah was set free to look after another of more distinguished family who could help him up socially. As he was wealthy he managed to secure the hand of Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, and so infuse a little blue blood into the very plebeian ichor of the Guests. John Josiah, as a help to social respectability, became a Churchman. He stood at the General Election of 1835, but was beaten, although his noble wife appeared in the meetings and harangued in his favour. But his marriage and his wealth helped him to

obtain a baronetcy in 1839. After the death of Sir John Josiah, Lady Charlotte Guest married a Mr. Schreiber. She was a remarkable woman. To her we owe a translation, not always accurate, of the *Mabinogion*, that famous collection of mediæval, Arthurian, and other romances, collected in the *Red Book of Hergest*, a MS. of the fourteenth century.

The collection is of high importance, as it contains, disguised under a chivalrous form, some of the pagan myths of the early Cymry.

The *Mabinogion* may be divided into two parts. One relates to Arthur and his knights, and this is the latest. The second records the doings of other heroes. Mr. Stephens, in his *Literature of the Kymry*, says :—

“Those of the non-Arthurian class appear to be the earliest in point of time. They make no mention of Arthur at all, and treat of personages who lived much earlier. In the earlier tales of Kymric origin the machinery is invariably supernatural. The *Mabinogion* of Pwyll, Branwen, Math, and Manawyddan are evidences of this; the marvellous and moving power is seldom, indeed we may say never, personal courage, but invariably magic. Nothing could be more remote from Kymric conception than knight-errantry. The spirit of adventure has no place in our national character, and whenever that appears in our literature we shall not greatly err in assigning it to a foreign origin. It is not easy to fix a date for these tales; perhaps they are not in their present form older than the twelfth century, but they were evidently in circulation years, if not centuries, before. There had been for hundreds of years traditions floating, and therefore when the general awakening took place it was a natural desire that these should be connected, arranged, and written. This was the origin of the *Mabinogion*, tales written to while away the time of young chieftains, to be repeated by the fireside, and ultimately to react very powerfully upon the national literature and character.”

One of the most puzzling questions to solve is, whence a story of a special character drew its origin. There is one of these in this collection which offers us this puzzle.

Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, was out hunting one day, and

lost the field. Then he heard another pack in full cry, their note different from the bay of his own hounds, and they were running in a different direction. On looking up a glade, he saw the hunted stag closely pressed, and whipping off the strange hounds, he laid on his own pack, which quickly pulled down the quarry. Then up rode a strange huntsman on a grey horse, clad in grey woollen homespun, who rebuked the King for his discourtesy in the matter of the stag.

The Saxon reader would suppose that this was the prelude to a pretty fight. Nothing of the sort. King Pwyll receives the rebuke with humility, apologises, and asks the stranger his name. He is informed that Arawn, King of Hell, is before him; and Arawn proceeds to tell him that one Somersshine has proved an intolerable nuisance to the Land of Darkness, and proposes that Pwyll shall slay the obtrusive luminary.

Pwyll is most complaisant; he is ready to oblige Arawn if shown how the little commission may be executed.

Thereupon the King of Hell suggests that he and Pwyll should change bodies and positions for a twelvemonth, so that when Somersshine shall assail the Realm of Darkness, Pwyll may meet him instead of Arawn. In the meantime Arawn will occupy the throne of Dyfed.

Pwyll accordingly goes to Hell, where he is most agreeably entertained by the wife of Arawn, who, we may presume, was ignorant that the King arriving there was not her husband except in bodily presentment. Her name was Midnight Maud. After a most pleasant holiday in Hell, and after having smitten King Somersshine, Pwyll returns to Dyfed and exchanges forms with Arawn. He inquires what his subjects think of his rule during the past year. "Never did you rule better, with more equity and success," was the reply; "and we hope you will continue to do as well in the years that follow." Somewhat abashed at the response, King Pwyll promises to do his best.

There is a reminiscence of this story or myth in the legend of Arthur Bendragon as told by Geoffrey of Monmouth. According to him, Uthyr put upon him the body of Gorlois, Earl of Cornwall, and by this means introduced himself to the Castle of Tintagel and to the Countess, and in this manner became the father of King Arthur. But we have something very like it in the old Norse lays of Sigurd, and the *Nibelungen Lied* reproduces it. There Sigurd or Siegfried changes bodies with Gunther, King of the Burgundians, and in his form passes through the wall of fire and wins Brynhild (Brunhild) for Gunther. Still closer is the mediæval tale of King Robert of Sicily, that Longfellow has versified in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. In that it is moralised. The King

"On S. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, 'Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles.'"

He asked the meaning of the words, and when told that they signified the putting down of the mighty from their seat and the exalting of the humble and meek, he is full of scorn.

"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne !'"

The King fell asleep, and when he awoke he was a beggar in the street ; for an angel had taken his form, and for a year and a day ruled in his place.

There is, of course, a reminiscence in the story of Nebuchadnezzar. But the Jews had a more exact parallel in a tale of Solomon. The Indians and Persians have also similar stories ; and indeed it would be difficult to say where the tale has not penetrated ; perhaps it would

be more correct to say, where it has not arisen in similar forms out of the same conception of the migration of souls.

One Jewish form of the tale may be given here as a specimen. There was once a Roman Emperor named Lupinus who hated and persecuted the Jews. Then by the instrumentality of the angel Sariel the soul of the Rabbi Chaniah passed into the body of the Emperor, and that of the Emperor into the body of the Rabbi, for a period of six months. During these six months the Rabbi in the form of the Emperor exerted his newly acquired authority to cut off the heads of 6,000 Roman knights and senators. And the false rabbi was taken up and burnt as a Jew.

The story has been traced through many transmigrations by Varnhagen in his *Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn*, Berlin, 1884.

I have given but a brief and meagre sketch of the rise of Merthyr. And it is deserving of consideration, in that it shows that it is the energy and determination of the Saxon which pushes to the forefront—looking ahead and aiming at success, and not with the face turned over the shoulder contemplating the dreams of the past. And the other truth it brings home to us is that wherever he goes every man of probity, energy, and talent can thrust himself from the meanest condition of life into the forefront, can obtain wealth and a title if, along with energy and talent and probity, Luck comes to his aid.

It may be said of every man, that at one moment in his life Luck holds the golden plum above his lips. But it is not every man who snaps and secures it. He waits to determine whether it is a plum or a tennis ball, and whilst he is making up his mind, it is whisked away, and the chance never returns.

An interesting trip may be made from Merthyr or from Cardiff to Gellygaer, the station for which is Llancaiach.

Gellygaer was a Roman station on the road from Cardiff to Bannium, and numerous fragments of Samian ware, of urns, bricks, and glass are turned up there. By Gellygaer Charles I. passed on his way from Cardiff to Brecon. On June 20th, 1645, he was at the former place, and in his itinerary is the entry: "Dined with the governor at my own expense." The governor was probably disloyal, for Charles next day appointed in his room Sir H. Stradling, and remained there seven nights longer. As no item of expense appears for them, it would seem that he had lived that week at the governor's expense.

The next entry is: "Aug. 5. Dinner, Glanyach." There he does not seem to have been cordially welcomed by the Pritchards, to whom it belonged, and he pushed on up the Cefn to Gellygaer, and so over the ridge, past the little chapel of Gwladys, the mother of S. Cadoc, to Brecon, whence he wrote to Prince Charles, advising him to quit the kingdom and take refuge in France.

At Gellygaer is an old house, now a farm, Penygraig, dating from Stuart times, once the residence of David Morgan the Jacobite, and confidential adviser of the Young Pretender. When the latter arrived in Scotland and summoned all his adherents to join him, David Morgan at once left Penygraig. It is said that he stopped on his journey to get his horse shod at Efail Llancaiach, where still stands a smithy, and said in Welsh to the smith, "You are against me now, but when I return you will be with me." David Morgan accompanied the army in its march to Manchester, with a white cockade in his hat, and riding a bay horse beside the Prince. It was stated at his trial that he had paid the hotel expenses for Charles Edward on the way. Then came the critical hour when the Prince, David Morgan, and the army arrived in Derby, December 4th, 1745, followed by wild excitement in London. The consternation was so great that the day when the news reached the Metropolis was called "Black

Friday." The King, it is said, ordered all his valuables to be placed in his yacht, and made every preparation to return to his beloved Hanover. But next day news arrived that Charles Edward and his Highlanders, instead of advancing on London, were in retreat, and the sense that this fatal decision had ruined his chance of winning the crown lay heavy on the Prince's heart. Hitherto he had generally walked at the head of his men, now mounted on horseback, "for his spirit was heavy; he could not walk, and hardly stand, as was always the case with him when he was cruelly used."

Eventually David Morgan and sixteen other leaders were taken and brought to trial, and on July 15th were placed at the bar, on the 18th tried and condemned, and on July 22nd hanged, drawn, and quartered. David's wife is said to have travelled to London to cast herself at the feet of the King, with a view to obtain a pardon. There was one daughter born to Morgan, Mary, who died unmarried.

CHAPTER VII

GOWER

Early population of Gower—The Romans—Possessions of Llandaff in Gower—S. Kenneth—His son Ufelwy—Conference with Augustine—The Flemings—Limestone caves—Smugglers' caves—Spritsail Cave—Loss of a Spanish galleon—Doubloons—The Bulwarks—Battle—A man in a chimney—Wrecks—A ghost story—Worm's Head—Arthur's Stone—Burials in dolmens—Incineration—Castles and churches—The story of Elidor—The underground world—The formation of sand-dunes.

WHATEVER may have been the early population of Gower, it must have been considerably influenced by the Romans, who had their stations at Nidum and Leucarum and their lead mines at Caswell and Oystermouth, and as the Roman tenure of Britain lasted nearly three hundred years, they must have to some degree stamped on the people their culture, and left in their veins some of their blood. But Gower, situated as it is, surrounded by water on all sides but one, offered too tempting a place for landing, ravaging, or occupying to be left to a peaceable development of the seeds of civilisation left in it by the Romans. The boats of Saxons, Danes, and Irish descended on Gower, and if these people did not settle in it they swept it with fire and sword.

With the Norman Conquest came the greatest change that ever happened to the population of Gower. Harry de Beaumont "established himself there, and brought there Saxons from Somersetshire, where they obtained lands, and the greatest usurpation of all Frenchmen was his in

Gower," so says the *Brut Tywysogion*. And since then Gower has been English in population.

Before that, S. David and S. Teilo had churches in Gower; indeed the church of Llandaff had considerable possessions there, but the very names of those they had as given in the *Book of Llandav* have vanished from the maps, and we can but conjecture where they were situated. The great saint of Gower, however, was not David or Teilo, but Cennydd or Kenneth. He was a son of Gildas the historian, and if the story in his legend be true, his birth was a very scandalous affair indeed. About 1315 John of Tynemouth got hold of a MS. life of this Kenneth, but it was so old and corroded that only the early portion was legible; this he copied, and this is printed in Capgrave's *Nova Legenda Angliæ*. It is unfortunate that the MS. was in this condition, as all the early portion of Kenneth's life was enveloped in fable, and precisely where the historical portion began, there the MS. failed.

According to the legend, his birth having been disreputable, he was cast into the river Llwchwr by his mother in a basket, and was washed up on the coast of Gower, where seagulls nursed him and provided him with a bell; into this receptacle a hind shed her milk, which he sucked from it. He grew up a cripple, with one leg twisted up and attached to his thigh. He lived an eremitical life; nevertheless he married and had a family. In after years he seems to have migrated to Brittany, where his father Gildas was in great repute as Abbot of Ruys, and there he founded a religious establishment called Languidic. He



S. CENNYDD
Statue at Plumellin,
Morbihan

is represented in statuary in Brittany, but without the crippled leg. He was the father of Ufelwy, who became Bishop of Llandaff, and according to Welsh tradition was one of those who met S. Augustine and rejected his overtures.

"Augustine began by brotherly admonition to urge the Britons to make Catholic peace with him. Ecclesiastical and formal unity having been secured by whatever action might be necessary, they were to take a joint interest in spreading the gospel among the heathen people. And here Bede interposes an explanation of the need for some action to secure Catholic peace. The Britons, he says, did not keep the Lord's Day of the Passover at the proper time, but from the fourteenth to the twentieth of the Moon, and very many other things they did contrary to ecclesiastical unity. The Britons held their own firmly. The disputation lasted long. The British firmness produced its natural effect upon men like Augustine. They began by praying the Britons to take their view; they went on to exhorting them; they ended by scolding them. And not to any of these methods and tempers did the British give any heed. To the last they preferred their own traditions to all that they were told of the agreement of all the Churches in the world. This brings us to the last weapon in Augustine's armoury, scolding having been the last but one. I accept the story as given by Bede, but withhold an expression of opinion as to Augustine's part in it. Augustine proposed that some afflicted person should be brought before them, and each party should try to heal him by the efficacy of their prayers.

"The Britons consented, but unwillingly, and a blind man was brought. The British priests did what they could, but they could do nothing. Then Augustine knelt down and prayed, and immediately the man received his sight. Thereupon the Britons confessed that Augustine's was the true way of righteousness. But, they said, they could not commit themselves to a change from their ancient customs without the consent and permission of those whom they represented. They asked that a second conference should be held, when more of them would come."¹

Here we have given by Bede a partisan version of the story. It is amusing to compare with this the account

¹ Brown, *Augustine and his Companions*.



THE MUMBLES

SEE NEW
LEADER

given by an Irish early writer of a similar conclave held at Old Leighlin in 630, when an admonitory letter to the bishops of Ireland from Honorius I. was read to them. S. Laserian, Abbot of Leighlin, strongly advocated the introduction of the Roman computation of Easter according to the Papal letter. But S. Fintan Muna vehemently opposed this, and he appealed to the judgment of God. He asked to have a house set in a blaze, and that one of the Roman party and one of his Celtic adherents should go into the flames. The Roman emissaries and those who favoured the Latin Church shrank from the ordeal.

In a little chapel near Quimperlé, in Brittany, is a fifteenth-century statue representing Ufelwy, the son of Kenneth, as a fair young man with flowing hair, because he spent his youth only in Brittany, and returned in vigorous manhood to South Wales.

Gower has not mountain scenery to attract the visitor, but it possesses breezy, heathy downs, a fine coast, and some interesting churches. A week may well be spent in the exploration—which must be done on foot or on a bicycle, as there are no trains to carry the traveller from place to place.

The peninsula has been fortunate in having been well investigated and described—East Gower by Colonel Morgan, and West Gower by Mr. Davies.¹

The Flemings have been supposed to have settled in Gower as well as in Pembrokeshire, for the dialect in both is the same, and both are non-Welsh, and, indeed, a Gower man will not marry a Welsh woman. The Gower folk are thought to derive their pronunciation of adjectives ending in *ous* like the French *euse*, from their contact with the Norman invaders and other Frenchmen settled in the peninsula.

One main feature of interest in Gower is the limestone

¹ Morgan (W. Ll.), *Antiquarian Survey of East Gower*, 1859. Davies (J. D.), *A History of West Gower*, 1877-94.

caves, that were full of remains of prehistoric beasts and men, and later formed lurking-places for smugglers. Many of these have been explored, but by no means all. In them were also concealed the lightermen of Cheriton, Llanmadoc, and other parishes in Gower when the pressgang was about. A good watch was kept from the top of a hill, and so soon as a man-of-war's boat was observed coming to shore, the intelligence was conveyed to the inhabitants, and all the young men, seafaring or otherwise, disappeared like scared rabbits into these holes, where they amused themselves with various sorts of games to pass away the time until the pressgang retired.

A few hundred yards behind Rhosilly Parsonage may be seen the remains of a smugglers' hiding-place, of very ingenious character. At the back of the rectory is Rhosilly Down, rising some 600 feet above the sea. From this ridge a little stream flows, and about half-way between the source and the foot of the hill the brook runs through a débris of stones of various sizes. This is actually the remains of a cellar constructed in smuggling days under the bed of the rivulet. There was a slight jump in the side of the mountain, and over this the water shot in a short cascade. The smugglers, with great ingenuity, taking advantage of this, excavated here a large underground cellar, and when it was finished led the stream over the top of it, and made the entrance, which was closed with a few large slabs, immediately under the waterfall. When they desired to enter and fill the cave with new goods, or to discharge its contents, they turned the stream aside. This hiding-place remained undiscovered, till some years ago, after heavy rain, the structure was burst abroad by the force of the water.

Spritsil Tor cave was discovered accidentally in 1839 by a quarryman who prized off a large drift of limestone and broke into the cavern. He called another quarryman to him and both entered, and were surprised to observe the

remains of a fire and an old leathern hat, like a "wide-awake" of the present day. Lying near the fire they found what they thought to be an arrow-head, made of some "poisoned metal," and shaped like a sailor's needle, and from six to seven inches long. The men were very puzzled to know how people could have got into the cavern, but in the course of a few days the mystery was explained, for continuing to prize off the drift, a large flat slate which overhung the old mouth of the cave slipped down, and on clearing this away, together with a quantity of sand, the real entrance was discovered. This cave was thoroughly explored in 1849 by Colonel Wood, of Stouthall, after it had been subjected to a previous investigation in 1839 by Colonel Wood along with Sir Henry de la Beche.

Great interest has for many years existed in Gower relative to the wreck of a Spanish galleon, supposed to have been that conveying to England the dower of Catherine de Braganza. The tradition remained that the vessel had gone down in Rhosilly Bay, and it was a saying among the people that treasure was there for him who would dig for it.

One day in 1833 four men of Rhosilly, having observed that there had been a great shifting of the sands after a gale, went to the beach to seek for the hidden treasure, and lit quickly on a quantity of dollars; but the tide rose and overflowed the place. However, they continued digging till the water became too deep. To mark the spot they stuck a quarryman's bill in the sand, with a string tied to it and a bit of cork for a buoy; but on their return next day the mark was gone, and it is supposed that no one ever struck upon this particular spot again. The affair, however, soon got wind, and a number of people flocked to the sands from the neighbouring villages, and much quarrelling and fighting ensued. A large number of dollars was found, all of silver, dating from 1625-39.

An earlier discovery of dollars here was made in 1807, when, as *The Cambrian* newspaper of March 7th in that year recorded:—

“The tides of late having receded much further than usual, the wreck of a vessel has appeared, which was lost there about fifty years ago, and a cask of iron wire was last week recovered. A short distance from the same spot about 12 lbs. of Spanish dollars and half-dollars, of the date 1625, have been found amongst the sand.”

In this account it is supposed that the wrecked vessel was from South America, and was called the *Scanderoon Galley*.

Tradition also asserts that another treasure vessel was wrecked higher up the Burry River, and that she was laden with gold. It is certain that a number of doubloons and gold moidores were found rather over a century ago in Blue Pool Bay, near the Three Chimneys, in some crevices of the rocks, and more were found about sixty years ago by two men, and these were Portuguese coins.

There is an interesting encampment called the Bulwarks in Llanmadoc parish on a hill-top, where bronze celts have been found.

The people have a legend about it, that a bloody battle was fought between the men holding this fort and another body of men on Arsin Down, that Tankin was the name of the leader of the men on Llanmadoc Hill, and that he was slain, and “they fought till they were over their boots in blood.” The dead were buried in the mounds that strew the moor.

But a future explorer must be cautioned not to draw ethnological conclusions from every skeleton found there; for during the incumbency of the Rev. Watkin Knight, who was rector of the parish 1773–95, a maid, in trying to light the kitchen fire one morning, found the smoke pouring into the room, and she jokingly remarked, “There must be a man in the chimney!” And a man was actually

found there, smothered, stuck fast. The men who pulled the body out on to the thatched roof of the rectory shouted down to Mr. Knight whether they should put a noose round his neck and lower him thus or roll him down. "Roll him down," said Mr. Knight, and the body flopped at his feet. A consultation was held. It was decided that it was the corpse of a would-be thief, and so it was carried up the hill and buried in the midst of the ancient camp.

A sad occurrence took place in Broughton Bay on the night of January 27th, 1868. Eighteen vessels bound from Llanelly had left the port, unaware of a heavy ground sea that was running. On reaching Whitford Lighthouse two anchored, the rest stood out into the open, when the wind on which they relied died away; the flood tide set in against them. The result was that they drifted helplessly, some against the rocks, some against each other; and in all sixteen vessels were totally lost, and most of their crews perished. This happened during the night, and in the morning from Whitford Sker to Burry Holms the shore was strewn with seamen's clothes, broken spars, shattered hulls of stranded vessels, sails, carpenters' tools, vast quantities of coal, and corpses.

A remarkable and somewhat mysterious occurrence took place in connection with this wreck. The circumstance is related by the Rev. J. D. Davies, rector of the parish. The choir happened on that evening to be practising in the church,

"When suddenly an indescribable scream of terror was heard in the churchyard, as of one in the last extremity of mortal fear. I immediately ran out to see what was the matter, and saw a young lad, whom I knew very well, standing in the middle of the walk, not far from the porch, with his face not only blanched, but actually distorted with fright. 'What is the matter, my lad?' I asked. 'Oh!' he replied, 'I saw a man without his hat come and look in through the window.' I brought the poor terrified lad into the church, where he remained some little time before he came

to himself. It was currently believed that what he saw was the apparition of one of the poor seamen who was drowned, as it was just about the time when the wreck took place."

Holme Island and Worm's Head form the two horns of Rhosilly Bay. On the former are the ruins of a chapel. Worm's Head is a magnificent pile of rock, on the north side rising perpendicularly. There are three masses of crag, united by a causeway, extending over a mile out to sea, and running up in needle-like pinnacles. In the furthest rock is the Blowhole, a narrow cleft about a foot long and three-quarters of an inch wide, on the hillside opposite to the seaward mouth of the cavern. The noise made by the wind driven out through this aperture when the waves rush in below is astounding, and can be heard, it is affirmed, seven miles off. The country people call the Blowhole the "Rhosilly Barometer."

By far the finest bit of coast scenery in Gower is on the south, that on the north is not interesting; and the finest of all the headlands is Pwlldu.

Arthur's Stone is a far-famed dolmen, and indeed has been reckoned as one of the wonders of Wales, but it is not the largest or finest in the Principality. It stands on Cefn Bryn, commanding a magnificent prospect. The capstone is about 14 ft. long, 7 ft. 2 in. in depth, and about 6 ft. 6 in. in breadth. At one time it was much larger, but pieces have been broken off for millstones, for which they are unfitted, being composed of "pudding-stone." One very large piece, 30 ft. in circumference, was taken off by wedges, but not completely; those who began to mutilate the stone abandoned the task, but wind and rain completed what they had begun. The capstone stands on four supporters. There are several upright stones, but they do not touch the cap.

This is noticeable in most dolmens. The explanation is this. These structures were family or tribal mausoleums. The supporters were first planted. Then earth and stones

were piled up around them on the outside, and finally the capstone was levered on to its place. So long as some of the uprights held it in position, that sufficed. Where the others failed to sustain it, the gaps were filled in with a walling of stones placed horizontally. Then the whole was buried under a huge cairn of stones and earth. I have seen a fine dolmen excavated in the Department of Corrèze, where this filling-in was *in situ*. But most of the superincumbent matter has been removed from our dolmens, with the result that only a few of the uprights are left sustaining the coverer.

After the cairn and its inner chamber were complete, the dead were introduced by an opening at one end. It would seem that in the earliest age the dead were not burnt. Then on the anniversary of death or of interment, or on some solemn *jour des morts*, a feast was held on the cairn, and the bones of the deceased were drawn out, scraped and cleaned, no doubt fondled by the relatives, and then replaced, not always in correct anatomical order, for sometimes a right foot is found placed to a left leg. The marks of scrapings remain on the bones. But after cremation came in, this custom was abandoned; the funeral feasts, however, were doubtless continued.

How remarkable is the differentiation between the beast and man! The brute seems to be totally indifferent as to its dead—mate and parent and offspring. It forgets them wholly. The carcass of its nearest and dearest is by it totally disregarded. But among the races of man this is not the case. The memory of and care for the dead remain. Love continues. A few years ago I was present at the clearing out of a prehistoric cemetery in Cornwall. All the bodies had been buried in a crouched position, with the chin upon the knees, in graves fashioned out of slabs of slate, with slate coverers. There were tiny little tombs of babies newly born, with the skulls finer than egg-shells. The father and mother had loved these poor mites, and

had built for them diminutive dolmens not more than eighteen inches long. And there was also among the hundreds of graves one of a mother hugging the skeleton of her babe. She had died in childbirth, and the babe also had died. And the husband and father had put round his wife's neck a chain of what must have been then regarded as priceless, beads of amber and coloured glass. To me, these graves told infinitely touching tales of human love strong in death. All these people had the boat-shaped heads of the earliest sojourners in our isles, though the interments were later than the Stone Age, as was shown by the presence of amber and glass. But they were savages. They lived by the sea, feeding on mussels and oysters. But they loved—as no brutes love. They loved after that death had deprived them of their dear ones.

When the change of fashion came in, and bodies were burnt instead of being laid in the dolmens and cairns as they died, we do not know. Although the necropolis in Cornwall to which I refer was comparatively late, the new fashion had not reached these people. In the dolmen I have spoken of in Corrèze, we find an instance of division of opinion in the family as to how the deceased was to be consigned to the tomb. Some desired to be in the fashion, and have her—it was a lady—burnt; others were conservative, and pleaded for the old custom of carnal interment. So they split the difference. They cut the good lady into halves and burnt the upper portion of her, and put the ashes in a pot, but left unburnt all her body from the waist downwards, with her bronze anklets about her feet; and they placed the urn with the ashes where the upper portion of the body had been.

There are two more dolmens on Rhosilly Down, called Swine's Houses; and there are several planted stones or minihirion in Gower.

Castles are numerous. Oystermouth is one of the finest in Wales. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "you may pack

all the Scottish castles into one in Wales." Pennard, Penrice, Oxwich—rather a fortified mansion than a castle—Weobley, Loughor, etc. But Wales is the land of castles. Of churches, the finest are Llangennith, Cheriton, with embattled towers between chancel and nave, and no transepts; Llanmadoc, very much restored, with low gabled tower; Rhosilly has a fine Norman doorway.

Giraldus tells an odd story in describing his journey through Gower with Archbishop Baldwin. He gravely relates that

"A short time before our days, a circumstance worthy of note occurred in these parts, which Elidor, a priest, most strenuously affirmed had befallen himself. When a youth of twelve years, and learning his letters, in order to avoid the frequent whippings administered by his tutor, he ran away, and concealed himself under the hollow bank of a river. After fasting in this situation for two days, two little men of pigmy stature appeared to him, and said, 'If you will come with us, we will lead you into a country full of delights and sports.' Assenting and standing up, Elidor followed his guides along a path, at first subterraneous and gloomy, into a most beautiful country, adorned with rivers and meadows, woods and plains, but obscure, and not illuminated by the full blaze of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark, on account of the absence of the moon and stars. The boy was brought before the king in his court; who after an examination presented him to his son, who was then a boy. These men were of the smallest stature, but were well proportioned. They had fair complexions, and luxuriant hair falling over their shoulders like women. They had horses and greyhounds correspondingly small. They ate neither flesh nor fish, but lived on a milk diet, made up into messes with saffron. They took no oaths and detested lies. They had no form of public worship, being strict livers and reverers of truth.

"The boy frequently returned to our hemisphere, sometimes by the way he had first gone, sometimes by another, and made himself known to his mother. As he was desired by her to bring a present of gold, he stole, whilst at play with the king's son, the golden ball with which he was wont to divert himself, and brought it hurriedly to his mother. But as he reached the door of his father's house, his foot tripped on the threshold, and falling into

the room where his mother was sitting, two dwarfs pounced on the ball and departed, regarding the boy with contempt and scorn.

"On recovering from the effects of his fall, confounded with shame, he returned by the usual track to the subterraneous road, but could not find it any more, though he searched for it on the banks of the river for nearly a year."

With this story may be compared that told by William of Newburgh, who died in 1208. He relates that near Woolpit in Suffolk there are deep ancient trenches, and that out of one of these came, in harvest-time, two children, a boy and a girl, whose bodies were of a green colour, and who wore dresses of some unknown stuff. They were caught and taken to the village, where for many months they would eat nothing but beans. The green hue gradually faded off them. The boy soon died. The girl survived, and married a man of Lynn. At first they could speak no English, but when they were able to do so they said that they belonged to S. Martin's Land, an underground world, where, as they were watching their father's sheep, they heard a noise like the pealing of the bells of S. Edmund's Bury monastery. And then all at once they found themselves among the reapers at Woolpit. Their country was a Christian land, and had churches. There was no sun there, only a faint twilight; but beyond a broad river lay a land of light.

These tales of an underground world, found also in Germany, are very curious and puzzling. They have probably some foundation. It is possible that the underground people were the primitive inhabitants, Silurians and others, driven to inhabit caves and recesses of the woods and mountains. The Norse tales of Trolls who lived in huts like tumuli almost certainly refer to Lapps.

Sometimes these remains of an ancient population enticed away children belonging to the superior race which

had occupied the land later, and sometimes some of their children were caught. Imagination magnified the tales and invested them with marvellous incidents.

To right and left of the Gower headland stretch the tracts of sandy flats and dunes that extend from Porthcawl to Oystermouth on one side, and that fill the lap of Carmarthen Bay and choke Burry inlet on the other. Kenfig, once a town with a castle and municipal body, is now buried under the sands. It has been asserted that for the formation of sand-dunes an essential requisite is an inclined shallow shore, so that the sand can blow readily up the slope. But this is not the case. In many places sand-dunes are formed on the tops of cliffs, but this is because near the bit of high land they cover there is a bay in which the sand lodges, where it whirls into eddies of wind, and whence it is carried on to the high land. At St. David's the dunes lie on land raised above the beach by cliffs, but the source whence they are derived is Porthmawr. Where the rocks rise abruptly from the sea, the shore there cannot be the direct feeder to the elevated sand-dunes. They must be supplied, replenished, and given their impulse for a forward march from some near cove where the sand dries between tides.

It is also asserted that dunes are formed by great gales. They generally owe their origin and growth to prevailing steady winds. In commenting on the sand-drifts of Cyprus, Sir Samuel Baker says :—

“Many people upon observing sand-dunes attribute the most distant limit of the sand to the extreme violence of the wind ; but this is not the case. It is the steady prevalence of moderately strong winds that causes the extension of sand-drifts. The wind of to-day deposits the sand at a certain distance from the shore. The wind to-morrow starts the accumulated sand from that dépôt to form a new deposit about equi-distant ; and thus by slow degrees the dunes are formed by a succession of mounds, conveyed onwards by an unchanging force ; but the maximum power of a gale would be unable to carry thousands of tons of heavy

sand to form a hill range at the extreme distance from the original base of the material. At Hambantoffe, in the southern district of Ceylon, there is an extraordinary example of this action, where during one monsoon a range of mounds is formed which might be termed hills; when the monsoon changes, these by degrees disappear, and according to the direction in the wind, a range of hills is formed in an exactly opposite direction."

The axis of the sand-waves is at right angles to the force of the wind. These sand-billows march forward surely every year, unless arrested by vegetation. There is, in fact, a constant battle being waged by the herbage against these moving hills; and the planting of *Arundo arenaria* is a necessity to arrest them, and prevent their overflow of the good pasture and corn land further in. At Kenfig the tenants of the farms that adjoin the sand-waste are compelled by their contracts to plant annually a certain quantity of this useful rush. In the Landes of France and on the Baltic shores of Danzig and Pomerania, the maintenance of zones of pines has to be provided for the same purpose.

The rivers are incessantly engaged in carrying down into the sea the detritus of the mountains and the earth they have filched from the plains, and the ocean in revenge is ever occupied in throwing up over the land, wherever convenient, the chewed rock which it has taken from the cliffs and has mumbled to powder.

The most favourable conditions for the formation of these littoral dunes are where the sea periodically lays bare extensive stretches of sand, which are dried by the sun, whereupon the particles obtain great mobility, and the wind easily transports them to great distances, often with considerable rapidity.

The travelling sand may be arrested by quite a small object, a bush or a large stone, and will gradually grow in dimensions till a hill has been formed. And the banks of sand will at times be cast over the mouth of a stream or

river and deflect it from its course and form lagoons. Kenfig Pool is created in this way—the drainage of the mainland is arrested and cannot discharge itself into the sea.

The river Adour formerly flowed into the Bay of Biscay at Vieux Boucau, but the sand choked the mouth, then it broke out further south at Cap Breton, and then, that also becoming choked, in the fifteenth century it tore its way directly into the sea at its present mouth, some twenty miles south of its ancient embouchure, leaving its old bed as a chaplet of lagoons buried in forest.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TOWY VALLEY

Carmarthen—Merlin—Sir Richard Steele—The Towy—The coracle—The voyage of S. Brendan—The five pilgrims—Llangendeirne—Llandilo—Dynevor Castle—Howel Dda and his laws—The tribal system—Llandyfeisant—Careg Cennen—Garn Goch—S. Cadoc—Myddfai—The physicians of Myddfai—Roman roads—Cynwyl Gaiio—The gold mines—The five sleepers—Inquisitive Gwen—Inscribed stones—Treble—Mynydd Mallaen—Twm Shôn Cati's Cave—Rees Pritchard and the Welshman's Candle—The Rebecca riots.

LLANDILO is a better centre for a visit to southern Carmarthenshire than is Carmarthen itself.

Carmarthen is not in itself an attractive town. It does not lie on the main artery of traffic. It has a castle pared down to a stump, which has lost all but the bases of its towers, and therefore fails to be picturesque. Nor does the town contain anything else of commanding interest. It is the Roman Moridunum, and it is the reputed birth-place of the prophet Merlin. But Bassaleg by Newport contests with it this honour. Nennius, who is the best authority, gives Campus Electi, which is Maesaleg, now Bassaleg; but Geoffrey of Monmouth says that the place was Carmarthen.

The story is that Vortigern was about to build a castle near Snowdon, but could not lay the foundations, as they sank as fast as laid. Then he inquired of his Druids, and they bade him seek for a child who had no father and sprinkle the ground with its blood. He sent a deputation in quest of such a child, and they came, according to

Geoffrey, to Carmarthen, where they watched some boys at play with a ball. A quarrel ensued, when one shouted to the other, "You fatherless brat, no good will ever come to you." On this the messengers questioned the boy's mother, and she admitted that she was ignorant as to who the father was. So they carried off the lad. I have told in my *Book of North Wales* the sequel to the tale.

The boy grew up to be the enchanter Merlin. Geoffrey of Monmouth gives us his prophecies relative to the future of Britain, couched in enigmatical terms. But it is not difficult to interpret the vaticinations, which agree fairly well with history up to the date when Geoffrey wrote, but are wholly wrong as to all that followed, as is the usual way with such pseudo-prophecies.

The Ivy Bush Hotel was the house of Sir Richard Steele, in which he composed several of his dramas. He had a dwelling at Ty-gwyn in the neighbouring parish of Llangunnor, which he acquired by his marriage with a daughter of the Schurlock family; and he lies buried in a vault in S. Peter's Church, Carmarthen, but with no inscription over him to his memory as he desired. "Let no stone," said he when dying, "record the memory of one whose labours entitle him to more lasting fame; my name will be remembered by posterity."

In his old age, living on the wreck of his fortune, his mind failed. He kept two menservants to carry him about the town in his open chair, and his great delight was to assemble a parcel of boys to divert him by their scrambles for coppers. When the streets were very dirty he would throw ha'pence, which he carried on such occasions in his hat before him, into the deepest mud, that he might see their scuffles to secure them, and besmear themselves in so doing.

At his burial his body was conveyed with considerable pomp from the house where he died to the church for interment. To increase the solemnity this was performed

at night with five-and-twenty attendants, each carrying a lighted torch.

"All women," says Thackeray, "are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them. Congreve the Great, though he can himself pay splendid compliments to women, yet looks on them as mere instruments of gallantry, to fall, after a certain time, before the arts and bravery of the besieger, man. There is a letter of Swift's, entitled, 'Advice to a Very Young Married Lady,' which shows the Dean's opinion of the female society of his day, and that, if he despised man, he utterly scorned women too. Addison laughs at women equally: but, with the gentleness and politeness of his nature, smiles at them and watches them, as if they were harmless, half-witted, amusing, pretty creatures, only made to be men's playthings. It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty."

A fine monument in the church is that of Sir Rhys ab Thomas, the great assistant to the Duke of Richmond against Richard III. But of him more hereafter. The tomb was in the Priory of the White Friars, but at the dissolution it was moved to the parish church, but *not* his body. It is traditionally believed that when the workmen removed the monument they opened the grave and found it empty.

There was formerly in the church also the alabaster monument of Sir Howel y Pedolau, whose mother had been the nurse to King Edward II. Howel was so strong as to be able to break or straighten horse-shoes with his hands. This monument was wantonly destroyed in 1791 by some masons engaged on the repair of the church. According to the agreement, they were to provide materials for a cornice of plaster of Paris, and finding that the monument was of gypsum, they broke it up and burnt it, so as to provide themselves with plaster.

The old priory was also utterly destroyed, not by ignorant masons, but by Lord Cawdor, about the same

time. It was very extensive, but he gave orders that it was to be demolished and the area of the church dug up, and a leadwork to be established on the site. Lead was procured to be smelted there from Lampeter and Llangunnor.

Above Carmarthen at Abergwili is the junction of the Gwili with the Towy, meeting at an obtuse angle. The former river rises in the high ground that forms a continuation in this county of the Precelly range, beyond which, at no great distance from the springs of the Gwili, flows the strong stream of the Teifi, whereas the Towy drains the western flanks of the Brecknockshire mountains.

The Towy is throughout a lovely river, and its entire course is past scenes of the highest beauty and interest.

"There is a grace in green fields, and grazing of kine,
Burly oak and tall elms and brave wheat, waving fine.
But I love the lusty hills and the rusty moors of Wales,
And Towy roaring deeply in his deep-clept dales.

"There is a grace in green meads and a river winding still,
And elmy slopes and orchards, cottage, farm and mill.
But, oh! the fox-glove and the bracken, and whistling mountain
sheep,
And Towy folding all his arms in deep pools asleep.

"There is a grace in smooth fields, ragwort and yarrow,
And red kine and white kine, plough and horse and harrow.
But, oh! the buzzard and the raven in the lusty hills of Wales,
The lusty hills, the rusty hills, and in Towy's deep vales.

"There is a grace of the lowlands, the lowlands rich and fine,
Holding in the sunshine as a goblet holds the wine.
But, oh! the lamb beside the rowan, and the grey rock-face and
steep,
Where Towy breaks in thunder, and his laugh is hoarse and deep."¹

On Towy may still be seen the coracle, the wicker-work boat covered with hides, in which the fishermen plied their trade. These are but the last relics of the boats so constructed that in the early British times were often very large indeed, and in which they braved the seas, crossing

¹ Blank verse lyrics by a Colonial professor.

from Ireland to Wales, and from Wales to Brittany, and in which, indeed, they ventured as far as Iceland. When S. Brendan started on his voyage over the Atlantic he had three of these, and each contained twenty men. He took with him provision for forty days, and fresh skins, and butter wherewith to grease them. Each coracle had three sails of hide and three banks of oars.

The three boats made for a point where the summer sun sets, and started on March 22nd. A favourable wind lasted for twelve days, after which they rowed till they were exhausted. Presently a wind sprang up, and they were carried along by it without knowing in which direction they were drifting. At the end of forty days Brendan sighted land lying due north, very rocky and lofty. On nearing it he and his fellow-travellers saw only precipitous cliffs, with streams spilling over them into the sea. They coasted along for three days, and on the third discovered a port, into which they thrust their vessels.

The description accords remarkably with the appearance of the south-west coast of Iceland, and there can be little doubt that this was the land Brendan saw, and that he entered the great Faxa Fjord.

The Britons brought over even horses in these wicker-work coracles. S. Samson obtained two steeds and a chariot when he was in Ireland, and conveyed them across in such a boat to South Wales.

The lightness of these nut-shells of vessels made them dance on the waves, and the displacement of water was slight. They skimmed over the surface at a pace incredibly rapid.

It was not till Brendan prepared for a second voyage that his foster-mother advised him to try to build a ship with planks. That was, as near as we can determine, in A.D. 525.

Before ascending the Towy Vale to Llandilo, I should like to say a word or two relative to a ruined church at



CORACLES ON THE TOWY



Llanfihangel Abercowin. It is situated at the juncture of the Cowin with the Taf before the mouths of Taf and Towy meet to kiss. This church was abandoned in 1848, when a new and ugly edifice was erected to serve in a more commodious spot, and since then the old building and the graveyard have been given over to be pillaged by such as needed stones. Cattle were turned into God's acre to browse where they listed, and tread under foot the memorials of the dead.

Now in this churchyard are five strange tombs called the Graves of the Five Pilgrims. The legend goes that five holy palmers arrived here in poverty and distress, and so famished that they slew each other, and the last survivor buried himself in one of the graves which they had prepared, and with his failing strength drew the covering-stone over him, but had not sufficient power to do so completely, so that ever since it has remained askew. The popular tradition is that one of these palmers was a mason, a second a glazier, and a third a ropemaker, but this is due to the kind of ornament on the tombstones, which has been so interpreted. Before they died, the five pilgrims prayed that so long as their graves were respected no vipers might appear in the parish and molest the inhabitants and their cattle. And it was so till 1848, when, with the desecration of the churchyard, poisonous serpents began to swarm. The present vicar, the Rev. W. Davies, has railed round the sacred spot, and has done what lay in his power to preserve what remains of the old church. And lo! at once the vipers vanished from Llanfihangel.

The estuary of the Towy is very beautiful ; Llanstephan Castle stands up boldly above the sands and sea.

The castle is attributed to Uchtryd, Lord of Merioneth in 1138, and it was at that date certainly in the hands of the Normans, but it was wrenched from them in 1143 by Meredydd and Cadell, sons of Gruffydd ab Rhys, Prince of South Wales, and they held it for long.

At Llangendeirne, a church on the Gwendraeth creek that flows into the Towy at Kidwelly, a curious discovery was made a few years ago when the church was being restored. It was discovered that beneath the floor were the skeletons of 497 men laid in layers five deep closely packed; all had apparently been thus buried in tiers simultaneously. There were no women's or children's bodies among them, and no signs of wounds on the skulls or limbs. All were full-grown men. They had been laid without any covering save a few box-leaves scattered over them. Nothing whatever is known on the subject of the burial of nearly five hundred bodies at one time together.

The church is dedicated to S. Kentigern, the apostle of Glasgow, who spent some years in Wales when driven away from his church in Scotland. It is possible that there was an early monastery here founded by Kentigern, and that the bodies are those of monks swept off by the Yellow Plague in 547.

Llandilo lies delightfully on a slope above the Towy, and near the town is Dynevor, the ancient seat of the kings of South Wales, or Dyfed; and the present owner, Lord Dynevor, is a lineal descendant of these kings. The modern mansion is ugly and uninteresting, but it is situated in a beautiful park; through which can be reached the ruins of the old castle occupying the summit of a rock above the Towy. The remains are carefully protected from dilapidation.

The castle was circular, and was fortified by two towers, one square and the other round. The Welsh princes, its owners, had learned from the Normans how to build.

The first castle on this spot was erected by Roderic the Great (Rhodri Mawr), who was killed by the Saxons in Mona, or Anglesey, in 843. He was King of all Wales—Gwynedd, Powys, and Dyfed. Unhappily, on his death, the three divisions of Wales were detached, and each of his sons became a king over the several portions. Howel

Dda, or the Good, was the grandson of Roderic the Great ; he was King of Dyfed and Powys, and he is famous for the code of laws drawn up under his supervision. We have not got these, however, exactly as sanctioned by him, but as interpolated by later hands under Norman ecclesiastical influence. Howel summoned the Bishop of Mynyw and the other bishops in Wales, together with the heads of the tribes and the nobles, to assemble at his hunting seat at Ty Gwyn ar Daf, now Whitland, at the close of Lent, and he nominated the Chancellor of Llandaff to collect and codify the ancient laws and customs of the Cymry, and to select such as were most suitable for continued use. Under him were twelve commissioners. After they had done their work, the whole code was read, approved, and ratified by the great National Council, and three transcripts were made of these laws, one for Gwynedd, one for Powys, and one for Deheubarth. This was in or about 926.

The laws of Howel Dda are of extraordinary interest, as they show us what was the original political and social organisation of Wales, and furnish us with the key to the problem—how it was that the Cymry were incapable of combining to resist the Saxons, Normans, and English ; how that the invader could always reckon on breaking up a confederacy for mutual protection, and drawing over to his side one at least of those who had joined in the confederation. The laws reveal to us that the one bond of union that was permanent in Wales was that of the Tribe. The Tribe originally consisted of a number of men who were blood relations, an expansion of the Family, and this Tribe held together for mutual defence under a hereditary head.

But in time, as the Tribe settled on lands within defined limits, it accepted into it such as were not necessarily of the same blood, but were adopted, or who bought their right of admission. All loyalty, all interest even, was

concentrated within the Tribe, and every other tribe was regarded with indifference, if not with hostility. The consequence was that a chief or a tribe was quite willing to deal with an enemy of the Cymric people if he or it thought thereby some advantage might be gained over another chief or tribe living hard by, of the same stock, and speaking the same language, but not belonging to the same tribe.

In Dynevor Park, by the river near the gates, is the pretty little church of Llandyfeisant, marking the spot where was laid a little nephew of S. Teilo who was murdered by a ruffian in revenge for some cattle having strayed into his meadow.

A most interesting excursion should be made to Careg Cennen Castle, the history of which is hardly known. It occupies a limestone rock with a sheer precipice descending from it to the mountain stream of the Cennen, in a most picturesque situation. As it stands on high ground, on rock, in fact, it was unprovided with a spring, so a passage was cut in the face of the cliff, guarded by a wall with slots in it, to a cavern that pierces the crag, in the depths of which a little water is obtained that drips from the roof, and was received in hollows scooped to retain it. The castle consists of a court surrounded by curtain walls, with two square towers on the north side, by the entrance an octagonal, and also a round tower.

On the way back to Llandilo the Maen Llwyd may be visited, an upright stone or menhir, with a bow cut on it.

Between four and five miles up the valley of the Towy stands up Garn Goch, isolated, and crowned by a very remarkable stone fortress, second only to Tre'r Ceiri in Lleyn. The walls are not, indeed, so perfect, but it has special features of interest, notably the fact of obstacles having been placed purposely outside the walls to prevent an assailant from reaching the walls themselves without

difficulty. These obstacles are shaly stones, over which it is very difficult to scramble. The way to the entrance alone is clear, and this entrance is formidably defended by outworks. On a height a little to the south-west is an outpost also fortified and protected in the same way. Cairns have been heaped up within the area to furnish the besieged with missiles to hurl at the besiegers. There are numerous hut-circles within the walls.

As usual with these camps, no provision seems to have been made for water, showing that they were not intended to withstand a lengthy siege; but there is a spring that issues from a marshy spot on the neck of land to the north-east by which the fortress is approached. Garn Goch is interesting as a typical and perfect example of probably early British castrametation. It has not as yet been explored with pick and shovel, but it so closely resembles Tre'r Ceiri that we can hardly doubt that it belongs to the same period. In the latter have been found iron weapons, a superb bronze fibula, plated with gold and ornamented with Celtic decorations of the best period, and Egyptian beads, evidently obtained by trading with the Romans. Tre'r Ceiri belonged to the first or second century after the Christian era.

There is a story told of S. Cadoc that possibly may belong to this camp and neighbourhood.

Below the height on the north is Llangadock, the settlement of S. Cadoc, and it is probable that he had here a monastery in connection with Llancarfan.

Cadoc was absent one day, when a chief named Sawyl, at the head of a lawless crowd, came to the monastery, broke in and carried off meat and drink, but did no further damage.

Cadoc arrived shortly after, and was further informed that the marauders were at a little distance, on a hill-top, eating and drinking what they had ravished from his larder and cellars.

Now after that they had gorged themselves with meat and ale, Sawyl and his rogues lay down to sleep.

Cadoc seized the opportunity to inflict on them a stinging insult. He set his monks to shave half the heads of the drunken men, and then with razors to slash off the ears and lips of their horses.

When the barbers had done their work, Cadoc and fifty of his clerics assumed their ecclesiastical vestments, and marched in procession to the hill to meet and, if possible, to mitigate the resentment of the freebooters.

What happened is veiled in fable. The earth opened and swallowed up Sawyl and his men. That nothing of the sort took place we may rest assured. What probably happened was that the people of the neighbourhood assembled and assumed a threatening attitude, and the bully was fain to decamp.

After this Cadoc sang the *Te Deum*, and blessed the men who had so barbarously mutilated the dumb beasts.

The story is curious and breathes a spirit of early savagery.

Near Llangadock, close to the road to Neath and the river Sawdde, is a tump, in good preservation, one of those mounds on which the Norman conquerors built their timber castles before they set to work to construct fortresses of stone.

About six miles from Llangadock is Myddfai; it is about the same distance from Llandovery. It was the home of a notable family of physicians.

At the close of the twelfth century a Lady of the Lake lived on the Llyn y Van Vach in the Black Mountains.

A shepherd was feeding his flock near the lake one day when the lady rose above the waters, whereupon, with natural Welsh courtesy, he went to the margin and offered her some of the barley bread from his wallet. She replied :—

“Hard-baked is thy bread,
’Tis not such as will catch me.”

Then he groped in his pouch and found some dough and offered that. She replied :—

“ Unbaked is thy bread,
And such shall not catch me.”

Next he produced some that was half-baked. At this she snatched and this she ate.

Then said he : “ You have eaten my bread and now you must become mine.”

She consented on one condition, that he should never give her “ three careless blows.”

Then she called for her cattle, as many as she could summon in one breath, and there rose out of the water five goats, five sheep, and as many horses, and they followed her to the shepherd's house at Myddfai.

With him she lived for many years, and he became rich and had large flocks and herds.

One day he and his wife were invited to a christening, and she lagged over her dressing. He was angry, and struck her with his glove. On another occasion they were invited to a funeral, and at it she wept profusely, because the joy of life to the man who was dead was at an end, and her husband again struck her with his glove. The third blow was dealt because she laughed at a funeral, because the sorrows of the deceased were at an end. Then she departed and returned to the lake, in which she disappeared. But before leaving she imparted many medical prescriptions to her sons, and prophesied that they should become famous physicians.

One of the sons was Rhiwallon, the eldest, and he was house physician to Rhys Gryg, Lord of Dynevor and Llandovery.

In the following century Dafydd ab Gwilym mentions the physicians of Myddfai, who had received grants of land in the place. These lands continued in the possession of their descendants. In the church are monuments of

David Jones, surgeon, who died in 1719, one of these hereditary medicine men, and of his son John Jones, surgeon, who died in 1739.

Dr. Morgan Owen, Bishop of Llandaff, who died at Myddfai in 1645, was one of the family and inherited some of the property. The last representative of it was Rice Williams, M.D., of Aberystwyth, who died in 1842. A good many of the medical receipts and apothegms of this family of physicians have been preserved. Of the latter, here are some :—

A cold mouth and warm feet will live long.

Good are a salmon and a sermon in Lent.

Suppers kill more than the Physicians of Myddfai can cure.

A light dinner and less supper, sound sleep and a long life.

Take enough of bread, but little of liquor.

If thou desirest to die, eat cabbage in August.

A dry cough is the trumpet of Death.

The Roman road from Caerleon went to Abergavenny (Gobannium), followed up the Usk to Brecon, then crossed the mountains and came down to Llandovery, where it crossed another road leading from Carmarthen to Builth, and then traversing the green basin through which flows the Cothi, it mounted the Twrch, and entered the valley of the Teify above Lampeter. The road may be distinctly traced in many places. The basin of the Cothi, at the lower end of which lies Talley Abbey, is rich and picturesque. The abbey itself is not architecturally interesting, consisting only of the nucleus of walls from which the cut stone has been picked out.

Out of the basin starts up a cone of rocky hill called Pen y Ddinas, at one time doubtless crowned by a fortress, which has disappeared, the stones having been removed to enclose the hill and convert it into a warren. Below it stands Llansawyl, and we may suspect that this was the stronghold of the Sawyl who worried S. Cadoc, and who, instead of being swallowed up by the ground, founded a church near his *dinas* and is honoured as a saint. At the

head of the basin is Cynwyl Gaio, picturesquely planted in a spur of Mynydd Mallaen above the Annell River. This stream deserves to be followed up for the beautiful peeps it affords. About a mile above Cynwyl Gaio is a boulder fallen from the mountain, on which S. Cynwyl is supposed to have stood in ecstasy of prayer. In the river below the water has worn hollows in the rock, popularly supposed to have been made by the knees of the saint when he knelt in the stream. Within the memory of man, the farmers were wont to conduct their cattle hither, gather water from these hollows and pour it over their beasts, to ensure their health during the ensuing twelve months.

Between the Annell and the Cothi valleys lies the disused chapel of Pumsaint, or of the Five Saints; about whom presently.

Here the hill-top has been scooped out, like a volcanic crater, by the Romans in quest of gold. These, the Ogofau, are very interesting. Desultory attempts to find gold there continue. Into the crater open tunnels that were run at a remote period; and in one of these the Five Saints are said to sleep. They were the sons, born at a birth, of Cynyr Farfdrwch, and brothers of Cai, who was sewer to King Arthur. Their great-uncle was Caswallon Lawhir, who drove the Irish out of Mona. The story goes that in a storm of thunder and lightning they took refuge in this adit, laid their heads on a stone pillow and fell asleep, and are there still wrapped in slumber, not to wake up till either King Arthur reappears or till a truly apostolic and spiritual-minded prelate occupies the throne of S. David. They have worn the stone into hollows with their heads, and have turned it three times, till each side was marked by depressions. This pillow they cast away, to take another, and it has been set up near a great tumulus at the entrance to the mines and to Dolaucothi grounds. The hollows are actually mortars in which the quartz was ground for the particles of gold it contained.

An inquisitive woman, Gwen, led by the devil, sought to pry on the saints in their long sleep, but was punished by being arrested in the cave, there ever to remain, save when there is storm and rain, when her vaporous form may be seen sailing about the old gold mine, and her sobs and moans are borne far off on the wind.

In Dolaucothi House are preserved several early inscribed stones; amongst these is the stone of S. Paulinus, to whom is dedicated Capel Peulin in this neighbourhood. He founded a monastery at Ty Gwyn, where he educated S. David, S. Teilo, and other saints. He attended the Council of Llanddewi Brefi, the date of which has not been certainly fixed, but it was held before the outbreak of the Yellow Plague in 547.

I can remember when I was a lad what excitement was caused in the religious world by this stone. It was commonly reported that S. Paul the apostle of the Gentiles had certainly visited Britain, and had founded the Church here, and the evidence was to be seen in the existence of this stone. So do people jump to conclusions on insufficient evidence.

The text of the inscription is "Servatur fidei patriæque, semper amator hic Paulinus iacit cultor pientissimus æqui," very badly spelt Latin, signifying that "Here lies Paulinus, a keeper of the Faith, and always a lover of his country, and a cultivator, most pious, of Justice."

Dolaucothi House was the scene of the murder in 1876 of the squire, Mr. Johnes, by his butler, who was incensed because a public-house on which he had set his heart was not granted to him. The butler, named Treble, went into his master's library, fired a gun at him, and killed him, then rushed to the kitchen with the intention of shooting Miss Johnes. Having failed to do this, he retired to his own cottage, barred the door and shot himself.

The coroner and jury having found a verdict of *felo de se*,

he was buried without religious service on the north side of the church of Cynwyl Gaio.

Now some of the parishioners greatly resented that a murderer's body should lie there, and one night secretly dug him up and carried the coffin by lanes to a remote and abandoned chapel over the border of Brecknockshire, and laid him there in the disused cemetery. Unhappily they met some labourers going in the early dawn to their work, and these inquired, "Whom are you taking to be buried?" "Only a pauper from the workhouse," was the reply.

But the story got wind, and was taken up hotly, first by the parishioners of that parish in which was the disused chapel, then by all who ever had relations laid in its churchyard, lastly by all Brecknockshire, as an outrage committed on that county by the county of Carmarthen.

One morning very early the Vicar of Cynwyl Gaio was roused from sleep by the patter of gravel on his window panes. He jumped out of bed, threw up the sash, and asked who was there and what was wanted.

"Please, sir, I am the sexton. They have brought Treble back again."

"Then have him buried as quickly as you can."

In fact the sexton had found that during the night the people of the Brecknockshire parish had dug up the murderer and brought him back to Cynwyl, and had laid the coffin in its churchyard.

So Treble was buried for the third time.

To the north of Llandovery lies Mynydd Mallaen, and stretches of mountain and moor never explored by the visitor, yet full of charms, whether we cross the fells or thread the numerous valleys, narrow and with precipitous sides. One good road leads from Llandovery up the Towy, and, passing to the north of Mynydd Mallaen, descends the Cothi, and crossing the basin, once the seat of a lake,

following the old Roman road, enables a good walker to return to Llandovery, or if he prefer it, make the round in a carriage, or on a bicycle. Or else, instead of turning to the left behind Mallaen Mountain, he may turn to the right to Capel Ystrad Ffin and visit the cave of Twm Shôn Cati.

Twm (Tom) Shôn Cati is popularly supposed to have been an illegitimate son of Sir John Wynn of Gwydir by one Catherine Jones of Tregaron, and we shall therefore deal with him when we come to speak of that place. Here we will only say that he was a noted robber, and that the cleft in the rock in Ystrad Ffin is held to have been one of his favourite haunts.

A week of fine weather might be spent with delight in exploring the neighbourhood of Llandovery—wilder scenes cannot be found in Wales, and, unlike North Wales, one does not here encounter *char-à-bancs*, motors, and bicycles in drifts along the roads. Here one may be with wild nature away from the tripper. There is a network of the most picturesque glens above Llandovery, which place should be made headquarters; and every day there is something fresh to be seen. The Nant Llyn may be traced up to the lovely lake from which it springs, the great hill shoulders crossed, and menhirs and cairns lighted on unexpectedly; and from these heights what glorious views of the Brecknock Mountains, the Black Mountains, and the heights to the north!

Llandovery was the birthplace and the residence for many years of a man who has left an indelible mark on the religious mind of the Welsh people—this was Vicar Pritchard. Rees Pritchard was born there in 1575, and he became vicar in 1602. He was no credit to his cloth at first, as he was in the habit of spending his evenings at the public-house, where he got so drunk that he had to be conveyed home in a wheelbarrow.

Now it so chanced that the publican had a he-goat that

mingled with those who frequented the tavern. One evening the vicar plied the goat with liquor, which the beast imbibed greedily, with the result that it became drunk and fell down on the tavern floor. Before long Vicar Pritchard himself was in the same condition, and had to be trundled home in the usual manner.

On the following evening he was again at the tavern, and hoped to have the same sport with the billygoat, but the beast refused the drink. "By God!" exclaimed the vicar, "this brute knows what does it harm more than I."

He threw down his pipe and retired to his home and bed, and spent the night in meditation.

The result was that he completely changed the course of his life. He eschewed drink, and the grace of God so worked in his heart that he was changed to a serious and devout man.

He became a great preacher and a most earnest parish priest. He was made prebendary of Brecon in 1614, and then Chancellor of S. David's, under Laud. When in residence at S. David's he was obliged to have a movable pulpit placed in the churchyard, as the nave of the cathedral could not contain the vast numbers that crowded to hear him. At S. Canog's, near Llawhaden, he preached from a rock, for the same reason. Finding that the people were very ignorant, and believing that his instructions would remain longer in their memory if couched in a metrical form, he composed the little poems afterwards collected and published in the *Welshman's Candle*. In this he resembled S. Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, who died in 709. For precisely the same reason, Aldhelm was wont to station himself as a gleeman on the bridge and arrest the attention of the people by singing to them in the form of ballads the great verities of the Christian religion, its doctrines, and moral exhortations, set to familiar strains, accompanying himself on the harp or the rote.

Rees Pritchard died in 1644, but no stone marks the spot where he was laid. Bishop Bull so revered the holiness of the man, and had such a high opinion of the good that he had done, that it was his desire when he died, which was in 1710, that he might be laid beside this apostle of the Welsh in Dyfed, but his wish could not be complied with, as it was not known whereabouts Rees was laid in Llandingat churchyard, a great flood having swept away the portion wherein he was buried. The *Canwyll y Cymry*, or Welshman's Candle, was first collected in 1646-72, and has gone through over thirty editions, besides translations and selections.

How deeply Pritchard impressed the Welsh mind is shown by an incident mentioned by George Borrow, as occurring when he visited Llandovery. Borrow was looking at the old vicarage when,

"Wishing to know what the man (a casual passer-by) would say, provided he thought I was ignorant as to the ancient inmate, I turned a face of inquiry upon him; whereupon he advanced towards me two or three steps, and placing his face so close to mine that his nose nearly touched my cheek, he said in a kind of piercing whisper: 'The Vicar!' Then drawing his face back he looked me full in the eyes as if to observe the effect of his intelligence, gave me two nods as if to say 'He did indeed,' and departed. The vicar of Llandovery had then been dead nearly two hundred years. Truly the man in whom piety and genius are blended is immortal upon earth."

The *Welshman's Candle*, next to the Bible, and perhaps the Prayer-book, was the most popular book in Wales.

Here are a few verses from a somewhat over-long "Advice before going a-wooing."

"Seek out a wife who is quiet and good-natured,
Quiet be her nature, not given to jangling.
Worse than dropping water, worse than a she-bear,
Worse than a viper, I trow, is a scold."

"Seek a wife who is amiable, seek a wife capable,
Seek a wife gracious, consoling,
Bare is the board, and chill is the bed
Where the wife keeps not the house in good order."

"Seek a wife with a sweet smile,
Not too young, neither too old ;
The old are too cold, and kill thee with coughing ;
The young are too giddy, and will jealousy breed."

"Seek one obedient as Sarah,
Seek one that is artless as Rebecca,
Seek one that is loving as Rachel,
Seek one handy as Lemuel's mother."

The advice is spread out to extreme length. Justin gives the same better in Pope's *January and May* in a few words, and perhaps Justin's conclusion is the truest :—

"Good heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves."

Carmarthenshire was the focus of the Rebecca riots that broke out in 1843, and reached their height in 1844, against the turnpike gates. Roads throughout England had been very bad, and the network of magnificent highways cast over France by Napoleon put us to shame. The Government had accordingly improved, widened, and straightened the main roads, and the cost was to be defrayed by those who passed over them, by the means of turnpikes. Bodies of men assembled, disguised as women, with red cloaks, frilled caps, and peaked hats, their faces blackened, under the leadership of a tall man similarly disguised, who was entitled "Rebecca," and his retinue, the daughters, from a strange misapplication of a passage in Genesis xxiv. 60: "And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the *gate* of those which hate them."

Owing to the thinly populated state of the country, the attacks made by these bands on the toll-bars were successful, and for a while were carried on with impunity.

For some months a mob of about six hundred men, many of them mounted, were wont to assemble near St. Clear's, west of Carmarthen, and proceed to the destruction of toll-gates.

The turnpike would be ruthlessly cut to pieces, the house set on fire, and the occupants turned out, often in the depth of winter, to finish their night's rest in the open field, or to seek shelter in some solitary farm-shed on a mountain-top. Unfortunately the rioters proceeded to acts of personal violence, and an old woman, a gate-keeper at Hendy, was brutally murdered.

Not a syllable of information that availed was picked up by the magistrates. The whole of the population seemed to be sworn to secrecy. The contagion spread rapidly into Cardigan, Pembroke, and Glamorgan; nearly all South Wales was in a condition bordering on insurrection. Rewards were offered for information, the military were sent into the districts, but Rebecca kept her own counsel, and proceeded to more daring outrages. The military were harassed nightly by false alarms; Rebecca was like Will-o'-the-wisp, her followers spectral forms. At last a division of the Metropolitan Police was sent to the aid of the soldiers. Matters became worse. The destruction of turnpikes was succeeded by attacks on dwelling-houses, by incendiarism, and threats of murder. A mob of many thousand persons on horse and foot entered Carmarthen in broad day, with the avowed "intention of destroying the workhouse." Had not a detachment of dragoons by forced marches reached the town in time, the mob would have effected its purpose.

A weir on the river Teifi, at Llechryd, a few miles above Cardigan, had long been a bone of contention between the fishermen and the owner. It precluded salmon, with which the river swarmed, from ascending, and so inflicted an injury on the country above. Rebecca in vain insisted on its removal. At four o'clock one morning about four hundred men, under the conduct of Rebecca, provided

with crowbars, pickaxes, and other instruments, assembled at the weir ; and in two hours had completely demolished the structure.

This strange outbreak at length began to die away. Two of the ringleaders, who were caught, made full confessions, and were sentenced to transportation. According to them, a leading magistrate of Llanelly was at the bottom of the whole movement.

There exists a pathetic Welsh poem composed by one of the ringleaders, Dai' r Cantwr (David the Singer), and written by him whilst lying in Carmarthen gaol, under sentence of transportation for twenty years. He was a man with a remarkably sweet voice, and had been leader of the congregational singing at the Wesleyan Chapel at Bridgend, Glamorganshire. He sang his lament, however, not to a Welsh but to a Scottish melody ; and it is impossible by an English translation to do justice to the heartfelt pathos of the original.

CHAPTER IX

LITTLE ENGLAND BEYOND WALES

Southern Pembrokeshire English not Welsh—The Flemings—Dress of labourers in old times—Pembroke Castle—William Mareschal—Extinction of the family—The Helen of Wales—Carew Castle—Sir Rhys ab Thomas—Sir John Perrot—Manorbier—Giraldus—The Archdeacon and his wife—Contest over Kerry—Struggle with the Crown—Llawhaden Castle—S. Aedan—An early Christian cemetery—Narberth—Manawyddan and the mouse—Caldey—Its priory—Stackpool—S. Govan's Head—Chapel and well—The cliffs and sea-caves—The Castle Martin cattle—Sir Thomas Picton—Badajoz—A ghost story.

IT can hardly fail to strike even the most unobservant that on crossing the Tâf, which forms the boundary between Carmarthenshire and Pembroke, he has passed from a Welsh to an English atmosphere. The physical appearance of the people is different; the names of the villages are no more Welsh; and he may walk from, say, Whitland to S. Bride's Bay, west of Haverford, and not hear a word of Cymraeg spoken. But so soon as he reaches the Precelly range of hills, he will find that he is among the Welsh again, with whom English is an acquired tongue.

In fact, South Pembrokeshire is English, North and extreme West Pembrokeshire are Welsh. Where, in English Pembrokeshire, Welsh place-names remain, they have been altered almost past recognition. In South Pembrokeshire we meet with such names as Ludchurch, Loverton, Jeffreston, Williamston, Upton, Rosemarket, Johnston, Haroldstone, Burton. Only as we advance north



TENBY FISHWIVES

THE NEW
PUBLIC
AC
TH

from the coast do we encounter names distinctly Welsh—at first a few, then more, and finally all.

In the time from the coming to the English throne of the House of Anjou this southern portion was the "Englishry," and was sharply distinguished from the "Welsh parts"; and the English kings could always calculate on



FEBRUARY

A peasant. From the Haroldstone Calendar

this Englishry maintaining a stubborn and implacable hostility against the Welshry.

It has been supposed that the Danes and Norsemen, who frequently ravaged the coast, made a settlement here; but there is not historic evidence to show that this was the case. What is certain, however, is that in the early part of the twelfth century, when the sea overflowed a large tract

of the Low Countries, and formed the "deep and the rolling Zuyder Zee," many of the refugees from the drowned lands came homeless and destitute to England, and as Caradoc of Llancarfan informs us, they besought Henry I. to "give them some void place in which to dwell, and he being very liberal with that which was not his own, gave them the land of Ros in Dyfed, or West Wales, where are built Pembroke, Tenby, and Haverford, and there they remain to this day, as may well be perceived by their speech and condition differing greatly from the rest of the country."

The total number of these Flemish immigrants is not known, but apparently they arrived in two or more distinct batches, the second consisting of soldiers from the Low Countries, imported by Henry II. According to Giraldus, these settled in Pembrokeshire "as men loyal to the King. And he placed English among them to teach them the English language; and they are now English, and the plague of Dyfed and South Wales on account of their deceit and lies." It is certainly odd to find Giraldus regard the English as the liars, who should learn the quality of truth from their Cymric neighbours.

The Welsh, often at variance among themselves, were yet united in a common hostility to this detested foreign colony, which had usurped the best land and cut them off from the sea.

This settlement of Flemings was afterwards largely recruited from England, with Normans and English traders; and so it came to pass that an English-speaking islet existed, surrounded on all sides except on the sea-face by Welsh.

Tenby became not only a great place for fishing, but also a seat of the weaving trade.

Whether any Cymry remained on the land as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the colonists may well be doubted. There is a curious MS. calendar from Harold-

stone in the British Museum (Addl. MSS., 22,700) of the fourteenth century, that gives us illustrations of the South Pembrokeshire peasantry at their agricultural tasks; and all are drawn with yellow hair. They seem to have



AUGUST

From the Haroldstone Calendar

affected very odd headgear and to have been partial to parti-coloured garments. A man has a coat one side of which is blue, the other white, and another has one leg red and the other green.

It is worth observing the ancient spade: it was of oak,

and shod with a cutting-piece of steel. I would commend to the modern Pembrokeshire farmer the picture of the good man eradicating the thistles in June. The farm-houses of the olden kind are noticeable for their peculiar chimneys; these are popularly supposed to be Flemish; but this fashion extends far beyond the settlement of these



JULY

colonists from the Low Countries, and a good many may be seen about S. David's. The chimneys are round, tapering upwards, and very wide below over the hearth.

The country is studded with castles, and some of these are extremely fine—as Carew, Pembroke, Manorbier, and Llawhaden. Pembroke is indeed a magnificent specimen, planted on a rock between two arms of a creek, or

"pill," of Milford Haven. Massive walls and lofty towers cluster around a huge donjon seventy-five feet high, with walls nearly twenty feet thick at the base. The building is of various ages; but in its present form it is probably the work of the Mareschals, Earls of Pembroke 1199-1245.

William Mareschal, created Earl of Pembroke in 1199,



JUNE

took his name from the office Marescallare, "to manage a palfrey," and he presided over the household court called thence the Marshalsea. He supported King Henry II. against Becket, and carried the gilt spurs at the coronation of Richard I. He was with Prince Henry Courthose, who rebelled against his father, and died in 1184 at Château Martel in Guyenne. The Prince on his deathbed, stung

with remorse at his unfilial conduct, charged William Mareschal to go in his place as crusader to the East ; but there is no evidence to show that William performed this piece of vicarious piety.

Through the contests of John with the barons, he remained faithful to the King, and attended him at Runnymede June 15th, 1215, when he, the Archbishop, and the Bishop of Ely became cautions for the King.

"It is a remarkable proof of the firmness and moderation of the Earl Mareschal," says Mr. G. T. Clark, "and of the general respect for his character and abilities, that, although a loyal adherent to John, and much in his company during the year of his nephew's murder, and of some of his worst excesses, no man ever attributed any of them to his counsels. Philip of France always exhibited towards him great personal respect, and though opposed to the barons in the field, it is clear that they regarded him, and with truth, as a believer in the justice of their demands, and as one of the very few wise, prudent, and honest persons to whom the King was occasionally disposed to listen."¹

He lived under four sovereigns of very different characters, and was loyal to all, and of all he enjoyed the respect and confidence. After the defeat of Louis at Lincoln in the French invasion, the Prince appealed to his father, King Philip, for aid. The French King asked, "Is William Mareschal alive?" and on being told that he was, he said, "Then have I no fear for my son," showing his confidence in the moderation of this great noble, who, in the event of the capture of Louis, would not have suffered him to be put to death.

William incurred the wrath of the Bishop of Ferns, in Ireland, by taking to himself a couple of manors that belonged to the see. Thereupon the Bishop excommunicated him. The Earl, however, was little concerned at this, and retained them, whereupon the Bishop, it is said, cursed the whole race and predicted its extinction.

This extinction did not then seem probable, as William

¹ *The Earls of Pembroke*, p. 37. Tenby, 1880.

left six sons and five daughters. But, strangely enough, five of these sons became in succession Earls of Pembroke, and died without male issue, and the sixth died leaving no child to carry on the honours of the family.

There is an effigy in the Temple Church which is usually supposed to represent Earl William Mareschal; but this cannot be, as the arms on the shield are not those that were borne by him.

It was from Pembroke Castle that Owen ab Cadwgan carried off the Princess Nest. This beautiful woman was a daughter of King Rhys ab Tewdwr of Dyfed. She had been entrusted as a hostage to Henry Beaucherk, and he seduced her. Afterwards, when King, he married her to Gerald of Windsor, then guardian of Pembroke Castle. Cadwgan held a splendid Eisteddfod in Cardigan at his castle of Aberteifi, and among those who attended was Nest—the Helen of Wales—as she has been called. There Owen saw her and fell desperately in love with her, but he had no opportunity of getting possession of her at his father's court. When she had returned to Pembroke, he went thither with a band of fourteen reckless roysterers, set fire to the castle, which then can have been of wood only; Gerald escaped with his life through a sewer, and Owen carried Nest off into Powys. This was in 1108; eventually he was constrained to restore her. I have told the rest of his story in my *Book of North Wales*. Carew Castle also lies on a "pill" of Milford Haven, and is a stately pile. It was built by Gerald of Windsor, husband of Nest, and castellan of Pembroke, in the time of Henry I., but the west front is Edwardian, and the north front was erected in the sixteenth century.

Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who was born at Pembroke in 1456, landed at Milford Haven in 1485, to attempt to win the crown of England from Richard III. Sir Rhys ab Thomas at the time was Lord of Carew. All his sympathies were naturally with the Welsh aspirant;

but he entertained a conscientious scruple about openly assisting him, for he had sworn to King Richard that no enemy to his crown should enter that part of Wales given unto his charge unless that enemy should "make his entrance and inception over my bellie."

In trouble of mind he consulted the Bishop of S. David's, who was equal to the occasion, and showed him by what means he could reconcile his wishes with his oath. He lay down on his threshold and suffered Henry Tudor to step into Carew Castle over his prostrate body. But, according to another account, he crouched beneath Mullock Bridge whilst the Earl and his retinue passed overhead. His scruples thus satisfied, Sir Rhys rose and was warmly greeted by Henry, who "trusted he might never again see him brought so low." Rhys aided Henry with men and means, and from Carew they marched together to Bosworth Field. In 1497 Sir Rhys captured the pretender, Perkin Warbeck, at Beaulieu in the New Forest, for which service he was made Knight of the Garter.

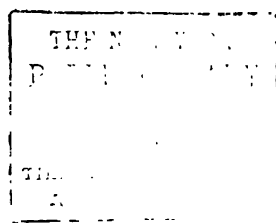
Carew was the scene of the first and last tournament recorded in Wales. It was given by Sir Rhys ab Thomas in 1507, and lasted five days, with much banqueting, jousting, and "*conviviale merrimentes*." Of it was said :—

"One thing is noteworthie, that for the space of 5 dayes among a thousand people, there was not one quarrell, crosse word, or unkind looke that happened betweene them, such care Sir Rice had taken for the well ordering of what he intended in commemoration of the famousse patrone and gloriouse souveraine of the Garter."

Carew passed to the Crown through the attainder of Rhys Gruffydd, and was granted to Sir John Perrot. This man was a son of Henry VIII. by Mary, daughter of the Lord Berkeley and wife of Thomas Perrot, of Haroldstone. She was a beautiful woman, and her husband was old ; and she was one of the many who captivated the lascivious



CANEW CASTLE



Henry. John was made Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Edward VI., but in the reign of Queen Mary he was denounced as harbouring heretics, and was sent to the Tower, but was speedily released. On the accession of Elizabeth he became a prominent figure about court, and was one of the four bearers appointed to uphold the canopy of state over his half-sister, Queen Elizabeth, at her coronation. He was then aged eighteen. Some four years later he fell in love with Lettice, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys. The Queen was very angry, and Perrot had to leave court with his young bride. In 1572 Sir John was given the Presidency of Ireland. Munster was then in a state of rebellion, but he soon reduced it to submission, acting with considerable harshness. He was next appointed admiral of a fleet on the Irish coast, which was threatened by the Spaniards, but after cruising some time, and finding that the enterprise had been abandoned, and that a cabal had been formed against him, headed by Walter Devereux, Lord Essex, he returned to Wales, and took up his residence at Carew. In his native Pembroke-shire Sir John was by no means popular, owing to his blustering manner and his boasting of his bastardy. In 1582 he was consulted as to the best means of quelling the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, and in 1583 he was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, and held the office till 1588. But his rule was so cruel that even Elizabeth, who was not squeamish as to the treatment of Irish and papists, was obliged to interfere. In fact, he was an utterly brutal man, and though a staunch Protestant was foul-mouthed and blasphemous. His favourite oath was "By God's whiskers." It was his coarse language, and that used of the Queen herself, which led to his ruin. The news reached Ireland of the sailing of the Spanish Armada, and Perrot made a speech in the Great Chamber in Dublin, in which he said that the Queen was in a state of "—— fright" through fear of the Spaniard, and that he himself was

now "one of her white boys again." As Mr. Laws says, "The Tudors did not often become hysterical, and when in that state were better left alone; but the expression Perrot used was one so foul that a decent costermonger would not apply it to a street-walking termagant."

The Queen would not forgive this outrage. Sir John was recalled, and he returned to Pembrokeshire and set to work rebuilding Carew Castle, but was presently arrested on a charge of high treason. He had a mortal enemy in Sir Christopher Hatton, whose daughter Elizabeth he had seduced and carried off into Pembrokeshire. Perrot was arraigned before a Special Commission in Westminster Hall, and cross-examined not only as to his words and deeds, but as to his very thoughts, a course allowed by a law afterwards repealed. That was on April 27th, 1592, and he received sentence of death on June 16th following. This, however, was respited by the Queen. "What!" Perrot had exclaimed, "will the Queen suffer her brother to be offered up a sacrifice to the envy of my frisking adversary (Sir Christopher Hatton)?" "By God's death," swore Elizabeth, "they are all knaves." He was condemned to remain a prisoner in the Tower, and there at length, in September of the same year, worn out with worry and anger and impotent resentment, he closed his life.

Now it may be noticed at Carew that, although the Norman work of the castle is sound to this day where not destroyed by violence, the Elizabethan work done under Sir John is tumbling to pieces. The fact is that it is jerry-built. Perrot was a prisoner in the Tower whilst the workmen were erecting the magnificent structure. There was no master eye over them, and they did as contractors do at this day when there is no honest clerk of the works to watch them, in the pay of him for whom the building is being reared.

Manorbier Castle remains, in the words of old Fenton,

the historian of Pembrokeshire, "the most perfect model of an old Norman baron's residence, with all its appendages, church, mill, dove-house, ponds, park, and grove, still to be seen and traced."

It is interesting not solely for its picturesqueness, but as the birthplace of Giraldus Cambrensis, to whose lively pen Welshmen owe so much, and of whom it will be well here to say a few words.¹

"As Demetia (Dyfed) is the fairest of all the lands of Wales," says Gerald; "as Pembroke is the fairest part of Demetia, and this spot the fairest of Pembroke, it follows that Manorbier is the sweetest spot in Wales."

His father was William de Bari, a member of a noble Norman family, that took its name from Barry Island, on the Glamorganshire coast. He was born in 1147, and lived to over the age of seventy, spending the years of his vigorous manhood under the first three Plantagenet kings, Henry II., Richard I., and John. His mother was Angharad, daughter of Gerald of Windsor and the beautiful Nest, and he seems to have inherited the loveliness of his Welsh grandmother, for he tells us that when the Bishop of Worcester saw him as a student he exclaimed, "Can it be possible that so handsome a lad should be suffered to die?"

He was educated at first by his uncle, David Fitz-Gerald, a lazy Bishop of S. David's, who could not speak a word of Welsh, and who allowed every ecclesiastical interest in his diocese to run its own course to ruin. From him he passed to the abbey of Gloucester, and thence to Paris. When of a proper age to be ordained he returned to Wales, and became at once a pretty fat pluralist, holding at once the livings of Llanwnda, Tenby, and Angle in Pembrokeshire, also Chesterton S. Mary in Oxfordshire. He was also prebendary of Hereford and canon of S. David's.

¹ See a delightful book, *Gerald the Welshman*, by H. Owen. London, Nutt, 1904.

If we may trust his own word, he took good care that his duties to the parishioners should be effectively discharged by deputies.

He took up his residence at S. David's, and acted under his uncle, endeavouring as far as possible to supplement his uncle's deficiencies, by looking sharply into the temporal and spiritual disorders in the diocese and correcting them, using his uncle's authority so to do. It was common enough at the time for the Welsh clergy to marry, and the Celtic Church there was very unwilling to accept the Hildebrandine decrees against clerical marriage. Finding that the Archdeacon of Brecon had a wife, he sent him peremptory orders to pack the good woman out of the house.

"I won't," said the Archdeacon.

"Then," retorted Gerald, "out of the archdeaconry you go"; and rather than separate from her, the Archdeacon did give up the benefice, and Gerald got the vacancy filled by himself. In after life he admitted that he had dealt rather hardly by the old gentleman.

Presently a dispute arose between the sees of S. David and S. Asaph as to rights over the church at Kerry in Montgomeryshire, on the borders of the respective dioceses. Gerald heard that the Bishop of S. Asaph was coming, attended by a retinue of Powys men, to consecrate the new church. Gerald at once collected a body of men-at-arms, and by forced marches reached Kerry first, on a Sunday morning. There he found that the church was held by two incumbents, as was not uncommon in Wales, and that both of these sided with the enemy, and had hidden the church keys. After a search the keys were found, Gerald entered and had the bells rung in triumph.

Whilst they were ringing, news reached him that the Bishop of S. Asaph had arrived, and Gerald, leaving a garrison in the church, went to meet him at the church-

yard gate. The whole country-side was gathered to see the fun.

The Bishop pulled out an old book, and proceeded to show from it that he had rights over Kerry. "Pshaw!" said Gerald, "what know I of your old book? You may scribble in it what you like. Produce a charter duly signed and sealed and I will admit its authority." This the Bishop could not do, so he proceeded to argue the point. Gerald, however, knew his man. "A chatterbox," he calls him. They had been fellow-students in Paris, and he kept him talking for some while. Then the Bishop dismounted, put on his mitre, and assumed his pastoral staff. At once forth from the church marched a procession of clergy with lighted candles, and the bells began to clash in triplets.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the prelate.

"I shall excommunicate you," replied Gerald.

"Go and shout your excommunication to the hills, and continue from morn to night. Two can play at that game."

The scene was as scandalous as it was absurd.

Thereupon the Bishop on one side and Gerald on the other yelled excommunications at one another.

At this juncture the mob that had laughed and jeered took up stones and sods and began to pelt the party of S. Asaph, which was forced to beat a hasty retreat and to encamp at some distance.

Gerald had won the day, and as supper-time had arrived he sent, with his compliments, some of his provisions and also "very excellent drink" to the prelate. The Bishop then declared that the Archdeacon was a right good fellow, and they kissed and made friends.

On the death of Bishop David in 1176, the chapter nominated the four archdeacons of the diocese for the vacant see, the King to choose which he would have. But Henry was highly incensed at this election taking place

till he had himself nominated and sent a *congé d'élire* to the chapter, and he promptly declared the election void. He summoned the chapter to Westminster, and compelled them to choose Peter de Leia, Prior of Wenlock. Gerald, who had reckoned on the bishopric for himself, retired in a huff to Paris, where he spent three years. But the canons and the Bishop could not agree; they were at open war, and when Gerald returned to Wales he was appointed administrator of the diocese, and he forced De Leia to disgorge certain lands claimed by the canons which he had annexed.

In 1185 Gerald accompanied Prince John to Ireland, and there collected materials for his two invaluable works on the conquest of Ireland and its topography.

In 1188 Gerald accompanied Archbishop Baldwin of Canterbury in his peregrination through Wales, preaching the third crusade; and he has left us an account of this journey in his delightful *Itinerary*.

The preaching of the crusade was, however, a mere excuse. The real purpose of Baldwin, the Archbishop, was to penetrate into Wales and celebrate Mass at the high altar of each of the four cathedrals in token of the supremacy of Canterbury over the Welsh Church. On the death of Peter de Leia, Gerald trusted that his time had at length arrived when he might mount the throne of S. David. With this object in view he had refused the offer of Irish bishoprics, as also of Bangor and of Llandaff.

A dispute now broke out between Giraldus and the King, and was maintained through five years.

The chapter nominated, on the voidance of the see, four candidates, of whom Gerald stood first. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the High Justiciary for the King rejected all, and bade the chapter choose between the others. The King died before anything was settled, and then in 1199 the chapter, without waiting for the King's *congé*

d'élire, elected Gerald alone. King John declared the election void, and the canons, frightened or discouraged, then elected the Abbot of S. Dogmael's, whom they held to be a *persona grata* with the Archbishop.

Giraldus at once started off to Rome to appeal against the appointment. As in the days of Juvenal—"Omnia Romæ cum pretio," so Gerald knew that at this venal court he stood no chance of being listened to unless he paid for the privilege. He offered the Pope, Innocent III., that he would give all the great tithes of the diocese as well as Peter's pence if he would confirm his appointment. But an emissary from Canterbury arrived, and he also made such liberal offers that the Papal Court saw the advantage of dallying with the matter till both sides had emptied their purses.

The whole controversy was complicated by the claim made by Gerald that S. David's was an archiepiscopal see, that S. David had been Archbishop of Caerleon and had moved the see to Menevia, that S. Samson, who had received the pall and had been Archbishop of York, had brought the pall to S. David's. All this was mere moonshine. There was not a particle of historic evidence to substantiate the claims.

It was not till 1203, when the Papal Court had drained the last penny out of the pocket of Gerald and he was bankrupt, that the Pope issued his award, quashing the elections of both Gerald and the Abbot of S. Dogmael's, and making no reference whatever to the question of the metropolitanship. The chapter proceeded to a fourth election, which was again quashed, and at last the crushed and humbled chapter chose the nominee of the Crown, without making a further struggle to maintain its rights.

The Pope quietly settled the question of the metropolitanship by assuming in his Interdict of 1207 that the Welsh sees were subject to Canterbury.

When Gerald obtained an interview with King John in

the midst of his final struggle, "Ah," said the King, "what would he have done had he secured my support, when he could thus, singlehanded, defy the whole of you."

When the conflict was at an end Gerald retired to his books; he passed a good deal of time at Lincoln, but more with his brothers at Manorbier and at S. David's. He lived to behold that see again vacant in 1214, when again he hoped to be elected, but the Abbot of Talley was chosen, greatly to his mortification.

The date of his death is not certainly known, but it was probably 1223. He was buried at S. David's, where his tomb is pointed out, but doubts have been expressed whether the monument really belongs to him, as its architectural features point to a later date.

Gerald's *Topography of Wales*, as well as his *Itinerary*, will always be turned to with interest. He was impartial in his judgments; after descanting on the great qualities of the Welsh, he added a book on their infirmities and faults, and this was so little to the taste of the Welsh editor, Dr. David Powel, in 1585, that he omitted it altogether.

Llawhaden Castle was a residence of the Bishop of S. David's. It is most picturesquely situated on a wooded hill above the river Cleddau, and is now in a sad condition of ruin, muffled in ivy. The church, which gives its name to the village, is properly Llan-aedan, the foundation of S. Aedan or Maidoc, a beloved disciple of S. David, and afterwards Bishop of Ferns.

The whole of this portion of Pembrokeshire had been held by the Irish till expelled by Urien, son of Cynfarch the Cold, a prince from North Britain, who was obliged to quit his territories on account of the incursions of the Picts. He swept the Irish out, and constituted here a principality called Rheged at the beginning of the sixth century. Having settled the land, he next proceeded to provide for its ecclesiastical organisation, and invited



LYSTEP HEAD

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION
R

EARLY CHRISTIAN CEMETERY 185

S. David to undertake this. David came into these parts, bringing Aedan with him. Aedan was a son of Gildas the historian. David was so partial to his pupil that it excited the jealousy of the steward. David was building, probably at Llanddewi Velfry, and he despatched Aedan with a waggon and a pair of oxen to bring material that was needed from beyond the Cleddau. The steward furnished him, out of spite, with a yoke that did not fit the necks of the beasts; nevertheless Aedan succeeded in his task, and he did more, he discovered a ford across the river, where now stands Llawhaden Bridge.

The steward next bribed one of Aedan's fellow-students to murder him whilst they were together in the forest felling trees. David was privately informed of what was purposed, and starting from his bed, ran with only one foot shod in the direction taken by the wood-fellers, and caught them up at the river, where he sharply interrogated the companion of Aedan and brought him to confess the plot. A cross was erected on the spot, and it is possible that this may be the cross of an early character now standing in the east wall of Llawhaden Church. The Flemings or English Anglicised the name of Aedan into Hugh, and his chapel, with Norman work about it, is at the side of the chancel of the parish church.

An interesting account is given by Mr. E. Laws, in his book *Little England beyond Wales*, of the exploration of an early Christian cemetery at Warren, in Pembrokeshire.

"In 1880 Colonel Lambton drew my attention to a large tumulus close to his house at Brownslade, about half a mile from Warren Church. This we opened. The tump stands in a field known as Church Ways, on the edge of the burrows; it is circular, with a diameter of 75 ft., and rather flat, not being raised more than 8 ft. in the centre. The surface was strewn with bones, mostly human, which the rabbits had thrown out from their holes. We commenced operations on the south-eastern side, and found that this portion of the burrow consists of blown sand, in which skeletons of men, women, and children are packed in

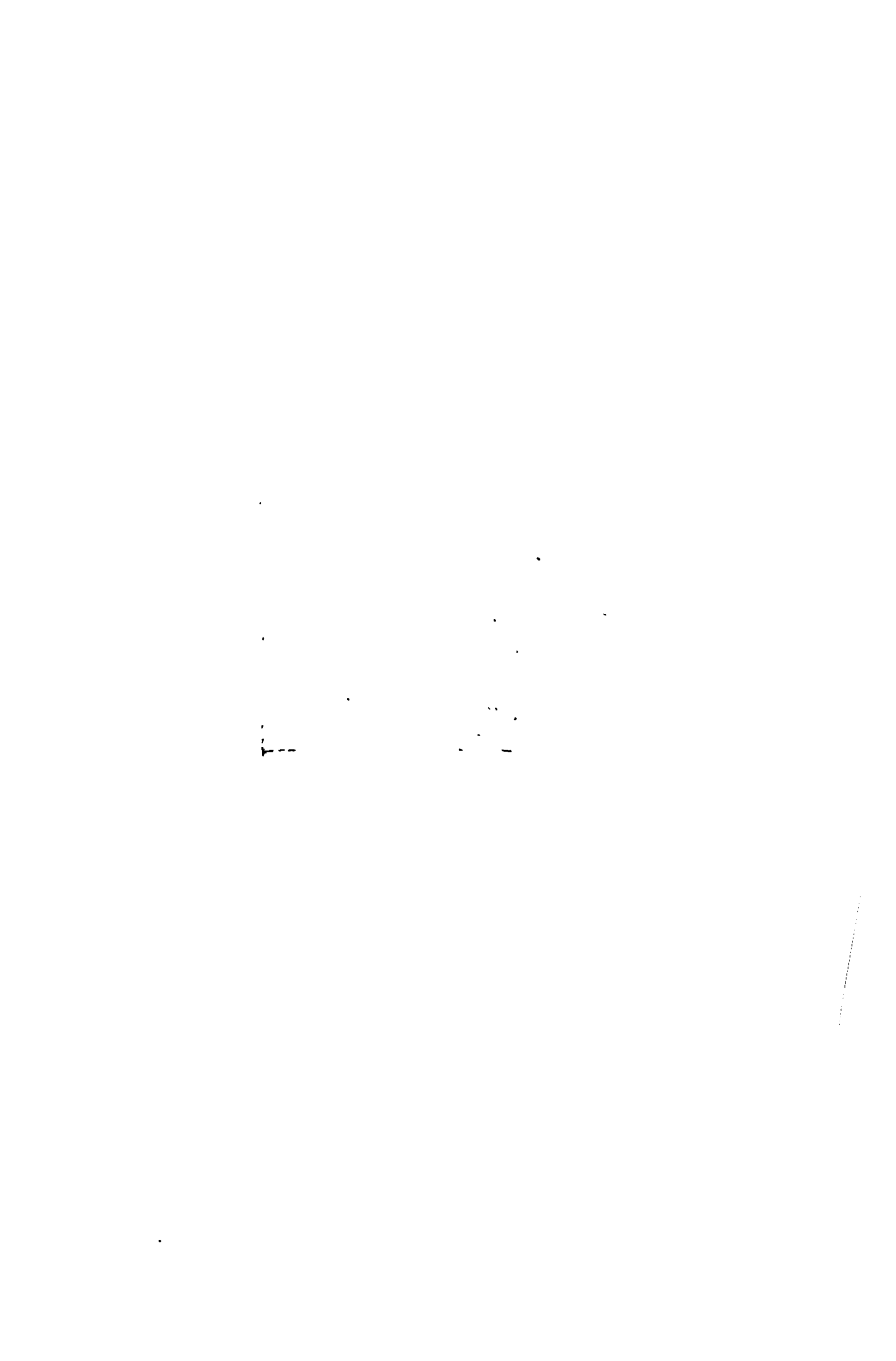
tiers at least three deep, like pigeons in a pie. Some of the bodies were protected by an enclosure of long water-worn stones about the size of nine-pins, but without any covering; others lay in the bare sand; they were all orientated. With these we found a piece of fine bronze, which might have been an ear-ring, and a small brass ring with a rude pattern of spots pounced on it. On the following day a small stoup, roughly hewn out of a block of red sandstone, 14 in. by 8 in., was found in this part of the tumulus. Mixed with human bones were small quantities of bones of oxen (*Bos longifrons*) and sheep and goats, with a few limpet shells and a flint flake; but as these occur in the burrows it might be accidental.

"We then laid bare a place rather to the north of where we had been digging heretofore, and found a skeleton orientated, and surrounded by made ground (clay) and rough, dry masonry, but without any covering. With this body there was a horse's nipper, a calf's tooth, and the jaw of a sheep or goat, with some shells of oyster and limpet.

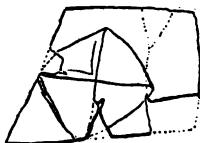
"By this time we had accumulated so many human bones that decency suggested we should proceed to reinterment. For this purpose we selected the centre of the burrow, and had not sunk more than 3 ft. when we struck on a flat slab. It proved to be the covering-stone of a kistvaen, measuring about 4 ft. by 3 ft. In it we found portions of a human skeleton much decayed mixed with charred bones and animal bones, and apparently of an older date than the others, which were all as well preserved as recent bones. In the kistvaen there were bones of ox (*Bos longifrons*), sheep or goat and roebuck; a well-burned, wheel-turned potsherd; and along with these was a piece of chert about the size of half a brick, with a cup bored on each side, the borings being immediately opposite to each other, with a diameter of 2 in., and the same depth, the inside of them being as highly polished as though they had just left the lapidary's hand. Then we came on a block of red sandstone 2 ft. long and 6 in. wide; on it were scratches like V's and Y's. The last and most curious discovery was a flat piece of limestone 7 in. wide by 10 in. long, on which was roughly inscribed a cross within a circle, with a V or arrow-head in one segment. We found nothing more, although we dug down to the sand; still, we discovered that, although the privilege of burial in this mound was so appreciated that in places the dead were laid in four tiers, no interments had taken place near the kistvaen."



THE STACK ROCKS



Hard by the mound were the remains of an ancient chapel, measuring only sixteen feet by twelve feet, pointing east and west, and patched with water-worn stones.



STONE FOUND AT WARREN

The skulls belonged to the Romano-British period, and the number of bodies found would represent some two hundred and fifty persons.

Mr. Laws concludes his remarks with these words :—

“I am disposed to think that this man, buried with Christian symbols in a heathen kistvaen, and who collected such a concourse of early Christian dead around him, must have been one of those early Irish missionaries who were the evangelists of Wales. I say Irish because he seems to have stood on the borderland of heathendom and Christendom, which is the position of Irish missionaries.”

In fact, the whole find shows a people who, having accepted the Christian faith, yet continued their time-honoured customs. They feasted by the open graves of their friends, and occasionally ate horseflesh; and the body in the kistvaen was placed in the squatting attitude affected by the people of the Stone Age. This was not the case with regard to the other bodies; they were laid at length, with their feet to the east. And this man in the kistvaen, so honoured that the people buried their dead around him, was a Christian, as is shown by the cross found with him.

I may mention that the Stackpole Warren was at one time densely populated, for it is covered with relics of the age when flint tools and weapons were employed, and

specimens may be picked up there any day. A beautiful bronze fibula or brooch has also been found there.

Narberth Castle is but a poor wreck, but it occupies a place of some interest, for here was the residence at one time of the kings of Dyfed.

As it fell upon a day, there lived a Prince Manawyddan with his stepson Pryderi and Cigfa, who was the wife of Pryderi, in Narberth Castle. Now it chanced that a sudden darkness fell on Narberth, and when it cleared away Pryderi had vanished, together with all the retainers in the castle, and all the people of the land. So Manawyddan and Cigfa were left alone. As they had none to attend on them and to till the land, Manawyddan himself turned the glebe and sowed corn. In process of time a golden harvest-field waved before him, under the mound of Narberth. But when he rose in the morning to reap, he found that much of the corn was gone; nothing was left but bare straw, every ear had been cut off. So he resolved on watching by night what remained. And at midnight he heard a strange rustling sound, and saw a horde of field-mice coming on. The swarm fell on what remained of the wheat; then Manawyddan sprang from his hiding-place and caught one of the mice that was dragging along a larger ear than the rest, and would not drop it. He managed to secure the mouse, put it into his glove, and fastened the glove with a string.

Then he ascended the mound of Narberth and set up two forked sticks and put a piece of wood across between the forks. Next he took a scrap of twine and made a noose in it, for it was his intention to hang the thief.

Whilst thus engaged he saw a scholar approach, who asked, "What are you at work on there?"

"I am about to hang a mouse," replied Manawyddan.

"Really," said the scholar. "It is most unbecoming for a prince to be strangling mice; I will give you a pound to set it free."

Manawyddan refused, and the scholar went his way. Then he saw a priest riding along the way. The priest asked the same question and received the same reply.

"Sir," said the new-comer, "I do not like to see a man of your rank exercising the hangman's office. I will give you three pounds to let the mouse go free."

"Keep your three pounds towards a bell for your church," replied Manawyddan.

Now just as he was noosing the string round the neck of the mouse, he saw a bishop arrive. The bishop said, "My blessing be on thee, but what art thou doing there?"

"I am stringing up a thief whom I caught stealing my corn," said Manawyddan.

"I will gladly give you seven pounds to let the mouse run free," said the bishop.

"I will not set it free for twice that sum."

"Then rather than that the mouse should be hung, I will give twenty pounds," said the bishop.

"I will not free it for that sum."

"If thou wilt set the mouse free," said the bishop, "I will give thee seven loads of baggage and seven horses."

"Not for that will I liberate the mouse."

"Then," said the bishop angrily, "name thy price." And in a rage he stamped his foot, and his headgear fell off, and Manawyddan saw that this was no bishop at all, but a noted enchanter or Druid.

So he considered for a moment and said, "If I let the mouse run free, I must have my stepson Pryderi restored."

"It shall be so," said the enchanter.

"That is not sufficient," continued Manawyddan; "I must have the spell taken off the land."

"That also shall be done."

"That does not suffice," continued Manawyddan, and he pinched the mouse so that it squealed; "you must swear to me not to put any more spells on the land."

"To this also I agree. Now release the mouse; she is my wife."

"Not yet," answered Manawyddan. "Before I open my hand and let her run, you must swear not in any way to avenge what I have done."

"All this shall be," said the enchanter.

Thereupon Manawyddan opened his hand, and out ran, not a mouse, but a beautiful lady, who went away with the enchanter. The lost Pryderi appeared, and the country ceased to be a desert; it was cultivated and filled with people.

Should anyone doubt the story, there is Narberth Hill, there are the fields waving with harvest, and there are the people occupying the land. But what I think is, that the enchanter played a scurvy trick—he had cleared the land of its original Cymric inhabitants, and now he restocked it with Irish, or later with Flemings, and perhaps the story is an allegorical representation of this great change, for some of the old Welsh Mabinogion do contain a record of historic events veiled, taking a fantastic form of myth.

Narberth was the scene of a peculiarly atrocious crime committed in 1779. In the middle of a night in March of that year the inhabitants were roused from their beds by the glare of a fire that had broken out in a farmhouse near the turnpike. By the time that the villagers had assembled on the spot the house was reduced to a glowing heap. On examining the ruins the remains of the farmer, named Thomas, were found. The old man, charred to a cinder, was seen on a bench in a leaning posture; it was not possible, owing to the condition of the body, to ascertain whether he had been first murdered, or had perished in the flames.

Proceeding in the search, the next victim found was his niece, a fine young woman of about thirty years of age, whose body lay across the feet of a half-burnt bedstead, with a thigh broken and an arm missing. Among the

ruins of another room was discovered the body of a labouring man, much burnt, but with a large wound in the back of his head, from which much blood had issued. A servant-girl's body was next discovered lying at the entrance of one of the rooms, also with deep wounds in her head, and her hair clotted with blood. Her body was not so much burnt as the others. Near her was found a large kitchen spit, half bent, with which it was supposed she had fought the murderers, for there could now be no doubt that the butchery was due to some person or persons who had plundered the house, and then set fire to it to conceal the crime. A man named James Morris, a lazy, worthless character, was suspected; and when he found that the officers were in search of him he flung himself down a coal-pit, where his mangled remains were afterwards found. Then suspicion fell on one Morgan Philips; he was arrested, and finally confessed that he and Morris had committed the crime. He was tried and hanged at Haverfordwest.

From Tenby a boat may be taken to Caldey Isle, anciently known as Ynys Pyr. It is about three miles long, and the inhabitants are exempt from all rates and taxes, as the island is extra-parochial. The adjacent islet of S. Margaret's formed a portion of it till a few years ago, when, in a furious storm, the neck of land connecting it with Caldey was broken through, and now it is difficult of access, but on the top are remains of a chapel and of cottages.

The climate on Caldey is very mild, and palm trees thrive in the garden of the priory, and the hedges are made of fuchsias.

When cattle are brought to Caldey they are made to swim beside a boat from Lydstep. Once a bull was thus conducted, but when it landed it had gone mad with terror, and it raged about the island and produced so much panic that it had to be shot.

On this island S. Dubricius had an early monastery, and Piro was its first abbot. Now Piro may have been, as it is asserted, "a holy priest," but he was much addicted to the bottle. One night he was returning in a condition of inebriation to his cell when he tumbled into the well, and when drawn out was dead. This was about the year 520; Dubricius appointed S. Samson as his successor, and he tried in vain to introduce sobriety and order among the monks. Sick of the opposition he encountered, Samson left the island and retired with a few faithful monks to Stackpole, where he placed his disciples in an old camp that may still be seen, and himself retired into a cave that opens in the side of the headland between the creeks.

In the times of the Norman conquest of South Wales a Benedictine priory was established on the site of the Celtic monastery. This is now marked by a modern villa, but if one passes through the house, a most interesting and complete little monastic building is revealed, with its church on one side of a quadrangle, with a vaulted choir separated from the nave by a solid and ancient wall. The western tower and spire are perfect, but the latter is out of the perpendicular by fourteen inches. The remaining buildings comprise a gate-house, dormitory, a refectory, and kitchen. A curious early reliquary was unearthed in Caldey, a little stone chest on which reposes a recumbent female figure; and this is preserved in the chancel.

There is a chapel at some distance from the old priory with a stone in it bearing a Latin inscription, and also one in Ogam characters. The Ogam runs: "The (monument) of Mael Doborchon, son of —." The Latin reads: "I have provided it with a cross; I ask all who walk in this place to pray for the soul of Cadwgan."

The well into which Piro fell is remarkable for the abundance of water it throws up, sufficient to turn a mill-



LYNDET ARCH



wheel. The water must come from much higher ground on the mainland, pass under the sea, to boil up here.

Stackpole, a house belonging to Lord Cawdor, is in itself ugly and uninteresting, but the grounds are beautiful, and access through them is obtained to the creeks that run like the fingers of a hand out of Stackpole Mere. By



THE PRIORY GATE, CALDEY

a dam the fresh water is retained, and the creek does not resolve itself into a bed of mud when the tide ebbs. It is alive with swans, that are held never to reach the number hundred, but always fall short of it by at least one. Here may be seen on the rocky point between the creeks a cave in the limestone, supposed to have been occupied by S. Samson. A few years ago, when huntsmen were digging out a fox that had taken refuge in it, they came

on a bronze sword. This led to a careful exploration, and human bones were discovered as well as flint tools. The camp where Samson settled his monks is on the further side of the creek.

About a mile and a half from Bosherton, the tower of which is conspicuous from the camp, is S. Govan's Head. The hermitage of the saint is now a chapel, lying below the level of the cliffs in a ravine that offers the only practicable descent to the sea for some miles on either hand. S. Govan was a disciple of S. Ailbe, the uncle of S. David, who also baptised this latter saint. Ailbe made him his cook. Ailbe was resolved to have from Rome a correct form of the Mass, so he sent two of his disciples and his cook to Rome for it. As they were about to start the three said to Ailbe, "Promise us that we shall return safe and sound to Ireland." "I promise it," answered Ailbe.

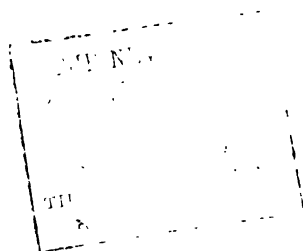
On board ship Govan was so seasick that he thought he must die, and the rest really believed that his end was at hand. What to do with the cook they did not know, and they thought, moreover, that the promise of Ailbe would fail. Govan, from exhaustion, fell into fits of fainting and utter prostration. But after a while he rallied, and said to his fellow-travellers, "You have been guzzling on this voyage and not fasting as was seemly, and it was seeing you eat that upset me."

Govan is known in Ireland as Gobhan, but the Irish *bh* is sounded as *v*. He became eventually Abbot of Dairinis; but according to local tradition he spent his last years in this retreat in Pembrokeshire to which he has given his name. Ailbe, his master, is known in the district as Ailfyw or Elfyw.

The chapel is of the simplest form, consisting of a nave, twenty feet by twelve feet. It has a stone altar and a small tower, and is approached by a long flight of over fifty steps, which, according to the popular story, cannot be counted by anyone both ways alike.



HUNTSMAN'S LEAP



The tale is told that a silver bell hung above the chapel. This was stolen by pirates, but a tempest arose and the vessel was wrecked ; the bell, however, was conveyed by angelic hands to the side of the well, where it was entombed in a rock, which on being struck gave out a metallic sound. Unhappily, this bell-stone has also disappeared.

To the left of the altar in the chapel is a vertical niche with rib-like impressions in its sides. Tradition records



S. SAMSON'S CAVE, STACKPOLE

that once, when the saint was pursued by some of the pirates who frequented the coast to plunder it, the rock miraculously opened and enclosed him till the danger was past ; when it opened to release him the cleft remained unclosed, and the faint impression of a human form continued to be indelibly graven on its sides. Furthermore, says Fenton,

“That niche is of so accommodating a nature as to admit of the largest as well as the smallest man, contracting or dilating to fit its inhabitants ; and if you frame a wish whilst in it, and do not

change your mind during the operation of turning about, you will certainly obtain it ; and therefore it is not to be wondered that the interior of this marble case should bear the finest polish."

A little below the chapel is the Holy Well, covered by a rude roof, now almost dry, whither patients were wont to repair to drink of the miraculous water. But the healing merits of the saint attach as well to a deposit of red clay lodged in an angle of the cliff, due to decomposition of the rock. At the well, says Fenton, "crippled patients bathe their limbs, many of whom come here from the remotest inland parts of the Principality to seek relief, and leave their crutches behind, a votive offering on the altar, such as I perceived there when I last paid a visit to this hermitage." This was in 1801. As late as 1840 crutches were to be seen on the altar, now only sandwich papers and soda-water bottles.

The red clay already referred to was supposed to be good for sore eyes.

Probably the magnificent cliffs that rise out of the sea along the coast of Little England beyond Wales will claim the first attention of a visitor. They are of limestone, shell, and grit, and are pierced with caverns, and drilled into arches.

One magnificent cauldron, called the Devil's Punch Bowl, has been opened within the area of a prehistoric camp by the falling in of the roof. It is nearly two hundred feet deep, bounded by absolutely perpendicular walls, but with an archway to the sea, through which the light penetrates along with the waves. Bocherston Mere is a very small aperture, which, like a widening funnel, spreads out below into a large cavern. During the prevalence of gales from the south-west, the sea, driven by wind and tide in at the arched entrance, is ejected through the upper hole in jets of foam and spray some forty or fifty feet high, like geyser spouts. The limestone naturally pierced with caverns lends itself to be thus riddled

and rent. From prehistoric times its caves have been haunted by beasts and men, and innumerable relics of hyænas, red-deer, elks, even the woolly rhinoceros and the reindeer, have been found in them.

Hoyle's Mouth Cave has proved a happy hunting-ground for amateurs, who have turned the soil over and over till the deposits are now hopelessly mixed. But a great many relics have been found there, from Palæolithic times, through Neolithic to the Mediæval period.

The whole coast has undergone a great change. When the man of the polished stone weapons lived here there was a belt of woodland extending round Carmarthen Bay; that is now submerged. The land has sunk some twelve feet, and tree-trunks are frequently dredged up.

The Neolithic man and he of the Bronze Age have left but one great dolmen or cromlech in this part of Pembroke, and that is at Manorbier, and is supposed by some to give its name to the castle as the *maen* stone of the king Pyr, who was probably the Vortipor (Guortipir), the Demetian prince, so fiercely assailed by Gildas. He was the son of Aircol Longhand, whose palace is said to have been at Lydstep.

Pembroke takes its name from Pen-bro, the headland between the sea and the Milford Haven estuary, the region of Castle Martin that has given its name to the breed of black cattle with long white horns one sees throughout the county; splendid beasts, of the same breed as the white wild cattle of Chillingham. These latter are supposed to be derived from the wild cattle of Scotland, described by Hector Boece as being pure white, with manes like lions. But the Chillingham beasts have no manes; they are white, indeed, with fine horns, long legs, and have black muzzles and ears. It is probable that both the Chillingham and Castle Martin oxen are representatives of the *Bos primigenius*. This was the opinion of the late Professor Rolleston. Chillingham cows sometimes

throw black calves; these are quietly killed and buried, for it is supposed to be a sign that a Tankerville is about to die when such a calf is born. Castle Martin blacks also occasionally throw a white calf with black points; these are vealed, because dealers think a white Welsh beast must have a shorthorn taint. But it is said that some of these are sent to Chillingham to refresh the breed there.

Bos primigenius bones are found in Pembrokeshire caves, and are brought up from the forests sunk in the bay at Amroth; but are not discovered in the kitchen-middens which abound along the coast. In these latter are *Bos longifrons*, and this down to Roman times.

Whether rightly or wrongly, Professor Rolleston and Mr. Laws decided that the *Bos primigenius* was introduced into Pembrokeshire by sea-rovers and migrants from the east, but when is uncertain.

In Welsh story he repeatedly occurs as the superior white beast with black or, more generally, red ears, whose value for paying fines was much greater than that of the little runt. Thus S. Cadoc incurred the resentment of King Arthur for having harboured an outlaw for seven years. The man had committed three murders, and Arthur had been unable to trace him, till at last he found that he was hiding at Llancarfan. Arthur insisted on Cadoc paying a hundred cows as blood-fine, and when Cadoc produced only the little red beasts, he refused to accept them; he would have only those that were white behind and with the points red.

Nowadays, I believe, the red colour is never found on the Castle Martin beasts.

When this Pembrokeshire breed received the distinguishing appellation of "Castle Martin" is uncertain, but it was probably during the renaissance of agriculture in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, either by the first Lord Cawdor or by his agent, Mr. Mirehouse. As beasts these black cattle are certainly fine, but the meat is coarse.

Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo, was a Pembrokehire man, born at Poyston, near Haverfordwest, in 1758. He was made Governor of Trinidad in 1797. Whilst holding this appointment he was applied to by a Spanish magistrate to sign an order for the torturing of a female named Louisa Calderon, and he signed without consideration or inquiry. This act roused a storm; he was brought to trial in 1806 and found guilty by the jury, but a new trial was granted, and he was therein acquitted of moral guilt, but censured for carelessness. The case was this.

Louisa Calderon, a Creole girl aged eleven, lived as mistress with a person named Pedro Ruiz. She was suspected of being privy to the robbery of her master and paramour by a fellow named Carlos Gonzales, and was arrested. She stoutly protested her innocence, and the magistrate had recourse to General Picton, who issued a written order that the girl should be tortured. Now, under Spanish rule, torture had never been used in the island. The unfortunate girl was then brought into a chamber, in the floor of which was planted a sharp wooden spike. In the ceiling was a pulley. The girl's left hand was tied up to it by a rope; her right hand was bound behind to her right foot, so that the big toe of her left foot rested on the spike. In this torturing position, to which she was hauled by a negro, she was maintained for three-quarters of an hour. Next day she was subjected to the same treatment for twenty-two minutes, and was then taken down and put into irons, called the "grillos," which were long pieces of iron, with two rings for the feet, fastened to the wall, and in this situation she was kept for eight months.

When Governor Picton was tried for the barbarity she deposed that before she was subjected to the torture he had said, "If she does not confess who had stolen the money, the hangman shall deal with her."

No advocate was appointed to attend on her behalf, and

no surgeon was sent to assist her. The place of her confinement was a mere garret with sloping sides, and the grillos were so placed that, by the lowness of the room, she was unable to rise to an upright position during the eight months of her confinement. No other person was allowed access to her save the negro who had been commissioned to torture her.

At the first trial of Picton the jury found that the practice of torture had not been countenanced in Trinidad during the Spanish occupation, and that Picton was "guilty." On the second trial, however, he was so far acquitted as guilty solely of carelessness. Certainly he seems to have been let off very easily. However, the expenses of his defence amounted to seven thousand pounds, but these were defrayed by his uncle, General Picton.

The girl when she appeared at the trial is described as being of very interesting appearance, graceful, and genteel. She was dressed in white, with a turban of white muslin on her head. She spoke English but very indifferently, and was examined through the medium of a Spanish interpreter.

The case against Picton had been brought into notice by the Consul, Colonel Fullerton; and in his defence it was attempted to be shown that Fullerton was actuated by personal hostility to the Governor; but the facts were not and could not be denied.

The trial threw a shade upon Picton's career. He had certainly been a successful Governor of Trinidad, which under him had become so formidable a commercial rival to the neighbouring continent that the Governors of Caracas and Guayana had offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for his head. It was not till 1810 that his real military service began, when he went to Portugal to serve in the Peninsular War under Wellington.

He was a stern disciplinarian, and there is doubtless

truth in what Wellington said of him: "He is a rough, foul-mouthed devil as ever lived, but he always behaved extremely well; no man could do better in the various services which I assigned to him." He claimed that but for him Badajoz would never have been taken. His story, as related to his friend Mr. John Fenton, was that Wellington in council ordered his generals to storm the breach. Then Picton burst out with: "May I be shot if you are not going to send us all to defeat. You can't take Badajoz by that breach, I tell you—it will be pure murder to every man of us if you try it. The castle is the key to the position, and unless that be captured not a man of us will ever see the inside of the town." However, Wellington would not listen, and sternly bade him obey orders.

"When the night came for the Forlorn Hope to mount the breach, I and my fire-eaters took our positions as ordered on the flank, carrying our long ladders. We all advanced to the ditch, and the fun began. But I ordered my division to turn off and follow me, and led them straight to the castle. There was no breach in the castle, but my double long ladders had provided for that, and those that would not reach the parapet would use the embrasures for its guns, and I ordered my lads to go as high as they could and creep into them. To show 'em how, I with my own hands helped to rear a long one and to plant it up to the parapet, and mounted to lead the way. I was followed by my rascals like a flock of sheep, and we nearly got to the top when the Froggies found us out, and opened a terrible fire on us. The ladder I was on either broke by the weight of the men, or was toppled over by the French, and we all went down into the ditch in a heap. I was wounded, but got on my legs in a minute and at it again, and we got inside and skewered all the Frenchmen, as they do their own frogs. We raised a British flag on the castle, and drove the fugitive garrison to the rear of their mates who were defending the breach, and gave 'em a few volleys of musketry in their rear, and a little red pepper from our bayonets. I can tell you we were wanted, for the breach was like a knacker's yard. The ditch was filled full of our dead and wounded British soldiers, whose comrades were standing upon the writhing, groaning mass, and rushing at the breach, only to

be swept back. But my lads soon cleared away the French in rear, and our men poured safely through to meet us. We lost two-thirds of all the officers who formed the storming force, and one-half of the men whom they led.

"That was how Badajoz was taken. I captured it by disobeying orders. Wellington knew my disobedience saved his army, but he never forgave me. 'Nosey' is the greatest captain of our day,—but he can't forgive disregard of orders."¹

"Do you see that tree?" Picton once asked the Commissary-General, who had neglected his duty. "If I do not get food for my men by noon to-morrow, I'll hang you on it." The outraged official hastened to the Commander-in-Chief to complain. "Did Picton say that?" asked Wellington. "Then I advise you to get the food, for I know no man more likely to keep his word."

The officers of the old 88th (now the 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers) still wear a black line in their gold lace in mourning for this grand old Peninsula chief.

A curious ghost story is connected with Milford Haven, and as the ghost found its rest at Pater old church, by Pembroke Dockyard, it may be told here. The narrative is from the pen of Captain Alldridge, R.N., of H.M.S. *Asp*, and was communicated by him to the editor of the *Pembroke County Guardian*, and published therein on February 16th, 1901. I cannot give it in full. Captain Alldridge was appointed to the *Asp* in 1850, and on taking possession of her, the Superintendent of the Dockyard warned him that the vessel was haunted. From the time of his taking charge of the *Asp*, he was aware of the strangest and most unaccountable noises in her. At last:—

"One night when the vessel was at anchor in Martyn Roads I was awake by the quartermaster calling me and begging me to come on deck as the look-out man had rushed to the lower deck, saying that a figure of a lady was standing on the paddle-box pointing with her finger to heaven. Feeling angry, I told him to send the look-out man on deck again and keep him there till daybreak, but in attempting to carry my orders into execution

¹ *Pembrokeshire Guardian*, April 14th, 1900.

the man went into violent convulsions, and the result was I had to go myself upon deck and remain there till morning.

"This apparition was often seen after this, and always as described with her finger pointing towards heaven.

"One Sunday afternoon while lying in the Haverfordwest River opposite to Lawrenny, the crew being all on shore, and I being at church, my steward (the only man on board) whilst descending the companion-ladder was spoken to by an unseen voice. He immediately fell down with fright, and I found his appearance so altered that I really scarcely knew him! He begged to be allowed his discharge and to be landed as soon as possible, to which I felt obliged to consent, as he could not be persuaded to remain on board for the night. The story of the ship being haunted becoming known on shore, the clergyman of Lawrenny called on me one day and begged me to allow him to question the crew, which he accordingly did. He seemed very much impressed by what he heard; he seemed to view the matter in a serious light, and said that his opinion was that 'some troubled spirit must be lingering about the vessel.'

"During the years that I commanded the *Asp*, I lost many of my men, who ran away on being refused their discharge, and a great many others I felt forced to let go, so great was their fear, one and all telling me the same tale, namely, that at night they saw the transparent figure of a lady pointing with her finger up to heaven. For many years I endeavoured to ridicule the affair, as I was often put to considerable inconvenience by the loss of hands, but to no purpose. I believe that when the officers went out of the vessel after dark none of the crew would have ventured into the cabin on any account.

"One night I was awake from my sleep by a hand, to all sensation, being placed on my leg outside the bedclothes. I lay still for a moment to satisfy myself of the truth of what I felt, and then grabbed at it, but caught nothing! I rang my bell for the quartermaster to come with his lantern, but we found nothing. This occurred to me several times, but on one occasion as I lay wide-awake a hand was placed on my forehead. If ever a man's hair stood on end mine did then. I sprang clean out of bed: there was not a sound. Until then I had never felt the least fear of the ghost, or whatever you like to call it. In fact, I had taken a kind of pleasure in listening to the various noises as I lay in bed, and sometimes when the noises were very loud I would suddenly pull my bell for the look-out man and then listen

attentively if I could hear the sound of a footstep or attempt to escape, but there never was any, and I would hear the look-out man walk from his post to my cabin, when I would merely ask him some question as to the wind and weather.

"At length in 1857 the vessel, requiring repairs, was ordered alongside the Dockyard wall at Pembroke. The first night the sentry stationed near the ship saw (as he afterwards declared) a lady mount the paddle-box holding up her hand towards heaven. She then stepped on shore and came along the path towards him when he brought his musket to the charge with 'Who goes there?' But the figure walked through the musket, upon which he dropped it and ran for the guard-house. The next sentry saw all this take place and fired off his gun to alarm the guard. The figure then glided past a third sentry who was placed near the ruins of Pater old Church, and who watched her or it mount the top of a grave in the old churchyard, point with her finger to heaven, and then stand till she vanished from his sight. The sergeant of the guard came with rank and file to learn the tale, and the fright of the sentries all along the Dockyard wall was so great that none would remain at their post unless they were doubled, which they were, as may be seen by the 'Report of guard' for that night.

"Singlarly enough, since that night the ghost has never been heard of again on board the *Asp*, and I never heard the noises which before had so incessantly annoyed me.

"The only clue I could ever find to account for my vessel being haunted is as follows. Some years previously to my having her, the *Asp* had been engaged as a mail packet between Port Patrick and Donaghadee. After one of her trips, the passengers having all disembarked, the stewardess on going into the ladies' cabin found a beautiful girl with her throat cut lying in one of the sleeping berths quite dead! How she came by her death no one could tell, and though, of course, strict investigations were commenced, neither who she was nor where she came from nor anything about her was ever discovered. The circumstance gave rise to much talk and the vessel was remanded by the authorities, and she was not again used until handed over to me for surveying service.

"Here ends my tale, which I have given in all truth. Much as I know one gets laughed at for believing in ghost stories, you are welcome to make what use you please with this true account of the apparition on board the *Asp*."

CHAPTER X

MENEVIA

Natural division between Welsh and English Pembrokeshire—Precelly hills—The camps—S. David's—Ad Menapiam—Richard of Cirencester—S. Patrick—Origin of S. David's—Ty Gwyn—S. David—Clegyr Voya—Asser—Bishop Barlow—Bishop Ferrar—The Head and its camp—Ramsey—The story of Drustic—Roche and Lucy Walter—Fishguard—The French invasion—Escape of prisoners—S. Degan—Ogam inscriptions—Brynach the Irishman—Nevern—David Griffiths—Early Methodism—Bendith y Mamau—Crymmych—Moel Trigarn.

THERE is hardly a headland on the Pembrokeshire coast that has not been converted into a cliff-castle by carrying across the throat of land a bank of earth or a wall of stones. To this refuge the people of the neighbourhood fled when the land was ravaged by strangers.

Nature herself drew a bank of formidable proportions across the extreme west promontory of Pembrokeshire, as she has across the throat of the Continental Peninsula to divide the French from the Spaniards. Here it forms the wall of demarcation between the English of Pembrokeshire and the Welsh, and this barrier is the Precelly range.

The height is not great; it nowhere reaches two thousand feet, but the chain is wild, picturesque, and abounds in interest. Furthermore, it is hardly visited by anyone.

Precelly consists of a range of heather-clad moors rising into peaks of rock that are often bold. The natural embankment has its gateway at Trefgarn, through which breaks the Western Cleddau, and through which also runs the road.

But the wall of demarcation was never completed.

Towards S. Bride's Bay it reached no further than the Plumstone, but it threw up a prong of rock at Roche, and man in Norman days built thereon a castle to control the peninsula beyond where the gap existed. Of this more presently.

Precelly describes a crescent. One horn is Carn Ingli above Newport in Pembrokeshire ; then come long, silent moors throwing out a bastion to the east, Moel Trigarn, and then it sweeps south-west to the gap of Trefgarn, and continues thence to Plumstone. It is strewn with prehistoric monuments, circles, dolmens, standing stones, camps, and is crossed by the old Roman road Via Julia, aiming at Porth Mawr and the never-accomplished subjugation of Ireland.

As Fishguard is destined to become a great starting-point for steamers for the south of Ireland in time, Precelly will be glanced at by the passenger flying past, on the line piercing the hills, but whether it will be sought out by the visitor desirous of seeing a very interesting country away from the current of tourists, is another matter.

Newport, one of the least frequented of watering-places, lies under the noble Carn Ingli, the summit of which forms the first of a very remarkable chain of camps that extends along the coast all within signalling distance of one another. There are after Carn Ingli, Carn Gelli above Fishguard, Carn Lawr, Caerog, probably also Penberry by S. David's, S. David's Head, and a camp commanding Trefgarn.

Within the lunar curve of Precelly is Mynyw, the Latin Menevia, a raised undulating tableland, out of which start prongs of rock, and which has some hills on the north, and is cleft by ravines through which two petty streams have cut their way to reach the sea. It is a treeless district, saving in the valleys where they flourish, and the fields are divided from one another and from the road, not by hedges, but by walls of stone.

It is popularly said that from Haverford to S. David's



TREFGARN ROCKS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN
FOUNDATION

■

is fourteen miles over fifteen hills. The road skirts for a while the magnificent S. Bride's Bay, and enters the cathedral city along its one street of ugly small houses, all decently whitewashed, walls and roofs alike, and—but where is the cathedral? It is nowhere to be seen. On proceeding a few steps from the Market Cross, one notices that the "city" is built on the plateau that is cleft by a ravine, and at the bottom crouches the cathedral, and by it the ruins of a noble episcopal palace.

On Menevia, Giraldus says: "This corner of the world lies most remote from everywhere on the Irish Sea. The land is stony, sterile, and infertile. It is not clothed in forests, nor streaked with rivers, nor adorned with pastures. It is just a place exposed to winds and storms throughout the year, and that is all."

The opposite coast of Ireland was occupied anciently by the Menapii. The Romans, who aimed at the conquest of Ireland, ran their road down to Porth Mawr, the little bay of S. David's, and there presumably established a camp, in anticipation of making that their base for attack on the Menapii; and it has been repeated over and over again, that under the sand-dunes, above the bay, lies a buried Roman town called Ad Menapiam. But Ad Menapiam is a fiction due to the lively imagination of a man named Bertram, who sent to Stukeley, the antiquary, in 1747, an Itinerary by Richard of Cirencester, which he pretended to have discovered at Copenhagen.

Richard of Cirencester was a monk at Westminster in the fourteenth century, who wrote several historical works. Bertram pretended to have transcribed from an old MS. his tract on the ancient state of Britain with an itinerary. In the eleventh *iter* from Bath, the Julian road terminates at Ad Menapiam, said to be S. David's. Richard, or Bertram under the name of Richard, pretended that his authorities were several MS. itineraries found by him in England and Rome in 1390.

Bertram, who was Professor of English at Copenhagen, sent his transcript together with a map to Stukeley, with a note to the effect that the original MS. "came into my possession in an extraordinary manner, with many other curiosities. (It) is not entirely complete, yet its author is not to be classed with the most inconsiderable historians of the Middle Ages." Stukeley was delighted, and printed the text in 1757. But it was a fraud, and Bertram palmed off on Stukeley and the learned world a work he had himself fabricated.

Fenton pretends that Roman remains have been found in the sand of the downs above Porth Mawr, but no one else has seen any. Nevertheless, that a camp or station was here, at the extremity of the Via Julia, can hardly be doubted. These downs are covered with the pale yellow or cream-coloured low-growing *Rosa spinosissima*. The black fruit, the cat-hip of country-folk, when ripe is very juicy, and the expressed juice dyes silk a peach colour, or, with the addition of alum, renders it a rich violet hue ; but it has little or no effect on linen.

What the Romans, the Masters of the World, failed to effect, that, from the same spot, was achieved by S. Patrick, in a very different sense.

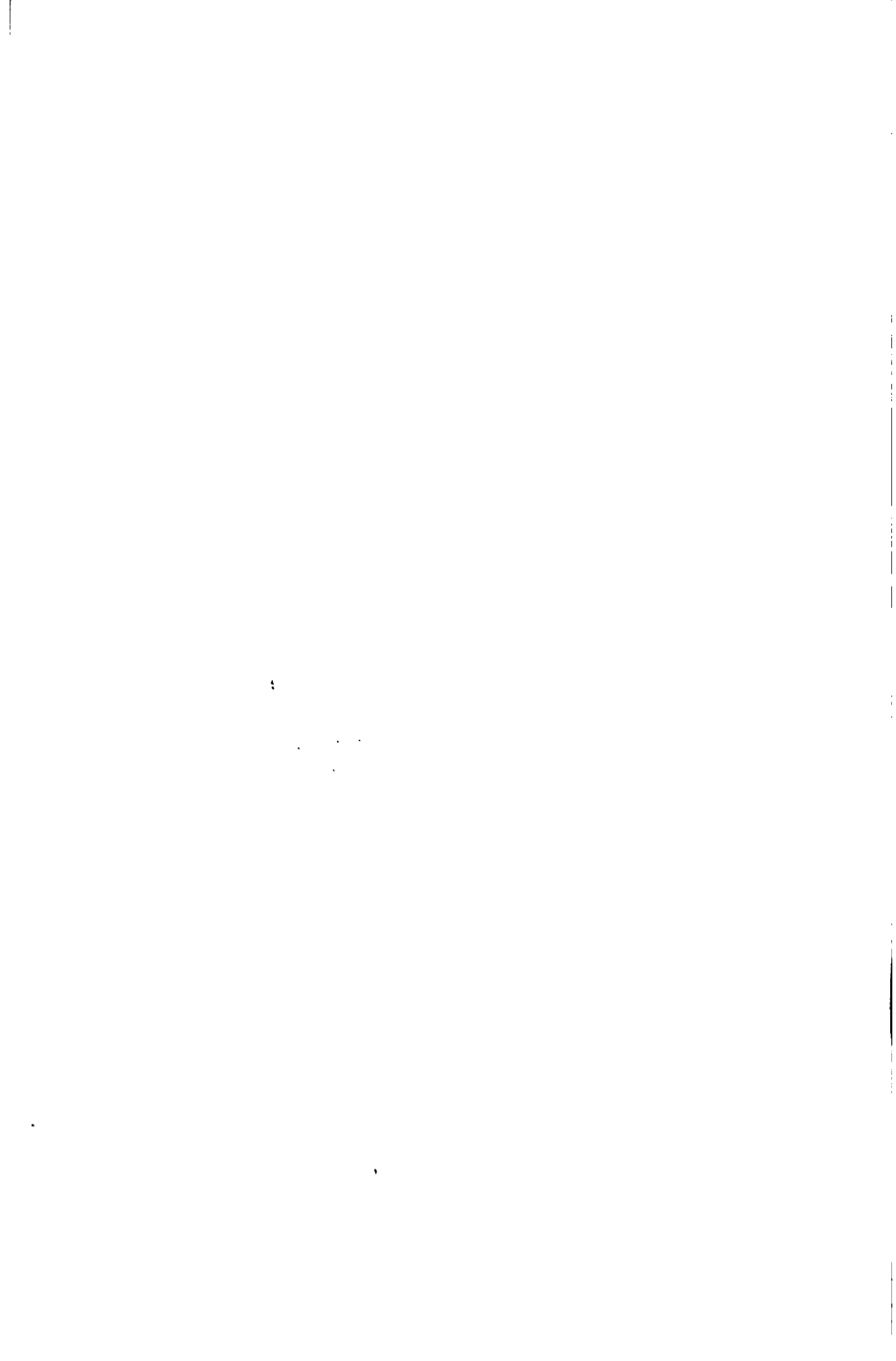
Above Porth Mawr the green turf is folded over the foundations of a chapel, where was Patrick's Chair, whence, sitting on a stone, he looked out west and saw the sun go down behind the Wexford and Wicklow mountains, and where he brooded over the great task to which he was called, and whence he took ship to effect the great object that lay deep at the bottom of his heart.

One cannot but wish that this little chapel should be rebuilt, or that a cross should be set up on the spot to commemorate the great apostle of the Irish.

How strangely incongruous it seems that the cathedral of S. David's, with a see extending from Aberystwyth to Swansea, and east to the confines of Herefordshire, and at



S DAVID'S



one time including in it a portion of that county, a see to which belong four Welsh counties, should be planted here at the extreme angle of the land, fourteen miles from a railway, and only a mile from the coast and the sea that forms the highway to Ireland.

Nor is this all; here, in this wilderness, where every other building is mean to the last degree, where there is not a Norman castle or a Tudor mansion, there should stand a cathedral of which no diocese need be ashamed, one that would be a glory anywhere, and a palace, now, indeed, in ruins, but which, when perfect, must have been far more splendid than Lambeth.

The cathedral is built of the almost purple stone of the neighbourhood, so infinitely sweeter in tone than the wretched Caen stone in general use, which is always cold and grey.

S. David's is a church to be seen once at least in a lifetime, and once seen can never be forgotten. It has a charm altogether its own.

"The effect of Llandaff (or was till its restoration) is a mixture of that of a ruined abbey and that of an ordinary parish church. S. David's, standing erect amidst desolation, alike in its fabric and its establishment, decayed, but not dead,¹ neglected, but not forsaken—still remains in a corner of the world with its services uninterrupted in the coldest times, its ecclesiastical establishment entirely untouched—is, more than any other spot, a link between the present and the past; nowhere has the present so firm and true a hold on the past."²

Now what is the story of this wonderful place? When S. Patrick sailed hence for the conquest of Ireland to the Christian Church, he had noted it, and when, later, he found that the harvest was abundant, it became needful for him to have labourers to work in his field. He either then

¹ It is no longer decayed: the late Dean Allen devoted himself to its restoration. The Lady Chapel, that remained ruinous till his death, has been restored and re-roofed as a memorial to him.

² Jones and Freeman, *S. David's*, 1856.

established or then used Ty Gwyn, the White House near Porth Mawr, as his nursery for missionaries in South Wales, as he used Candidacasa, the White House in Galloway, as his nursery for missionaries for Ulster and Connaught.

Let us look at Ty Gwyn. It is now a farmhouse, white, of course, on the slopes of Carn Llidi. Here the garden covers the graveyard of the ancient college, and the graves, duly orientated, lay there thick, rude graves of slabs set on end and covered with other slabs. Many have been torn up. One I saw employed as a pit, into which the drainage of the cowhouse ran and was gathered. The chapel existed till a few years ago, and was erected of rude unmortared stones, but was pulled down to afford a freer farmyard.

This was the first great college on British soil, this the focus whence Irish Christianity radiated. Here were trained some of the great saints who were the earliest bishops in South Ireland.

It was one of these double monastic schools where girls as well as boys were trained. Here was taught Non, the daughter of Cynyr of Caer Gawch, the prince of this Mynyw, or as it was then called, Pebidiog. One day as he was riding through the plain, Sant, the son or grandson of Ceredig, the northern chief, who had driven the Irish out of Cardiganshire, saw her picking flowers; he carried her off, and by her became the father of S. David. She escaped from him to a cottage on the cliffs just south of the present town. You can see it still. It was afterwards converted into a chapel; the rude stone blocks set in earth that formed the basement remain untouched to the present day. In mediæval times a superstructure was erected on them of small stones laid in mortar. Here S. David was born. Here is Non's holy well close by whence she drew water for her needs.

Presently arrived S. Ailbe, a kinsman, grandson of Cynyr of Caer Gawch, and he baptised the infant David in a spring that may still be seen at Porth Clais. He



S. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL



was the son of Banhadlen, daughter of this old Irish Cynyr.

The story goes that when Non was in labour she laid hold of a stone post, and the mark of her fingers was left on it. The stone was afterwards laid under the altar of the chapel erected over her hut. What is meant by this



CHAPEL OF S. NON

is, that there was an Ogam inscription on the stone which in later ages was not understood, and the strokes were conjectured to be her finger-marks.

A few years ago the chapel of S. Non was cleared out and the altar platform found, and from the midst of it something had been removed—probably this stone—but what has become of it none can say.

In the side of the chapel is a stone marked with an early Celtic cross.

David was educated at Ty Gwyn, and afterwards sent to S. Illtyd.

In his old age Cynyr turned serious, and made over his

land to his grandson for the good of his soul. Now it was the custom among the early Celtic monks to form a sanctuary, and all who took refuge from pursuit for crimes, or all strangers who belonged to no tribe, could fly to this sanctuary, and were then and there adopted into the ecclesiastical tribe.

The disciples of David dug a deep trench and threw up a mound across the promontory, and this remains, the Ffos y Mynach, or the Monks' Dyke, extending from near Solva to Penberry, and may be traced to this day, though much degraded. Every refugee who passed over this line of demarcation became a tribesman of David and enjoyed the privileges of sanctuary.

David had his first monastic settlement near the coast, but the place was exposed to storms and also was liable to be attacked by Irish pirates, so he moved to where is now the cathedral.

It so happened that an Irish freebooter, Boya by name, had a fortress on a prong of rock that starts out of the plain, now called Clegyr Voya. You can trace the defences now. The whole top is banked round, and was originally faced with slabs of rock, but of these only a few remain *in situ*.

One morning Boya mounted the rock above his habitation in the enclosure, and saw the smoke of David's fire rising from the lush meadows in the ravine. He wondered who had settled there, so went to see. David easily satisfied him, and Boya bade him remain where he was. But Boya's wife was a person of different temper, and she was furious at having monks hard by. She endeavoured to goad her husband into resentment, but failed.

Then an idea struck her. She was Boya's second wife, and he had a daughter by his first. The woman invited the girl to go with her into the hazel brake on the slope that descends into the glen of the Alun and let her comb her hair. Whilst the child had her head in the woman's

lap, with her scissors Boya's wife cut her throat, and offered her to the gods, in the expectation that they would drive away the Christian monks, in return for this sacrifice.

This failed, and she sent her maids to bathe in the stream near where the monks were working.

Said Aidan to David: "Look at those naked girls bathing."

"Don't look at them," replied David.

This expedient also failed.

One night a pirate from Ireland entered the creek Porth Liski and attacked Clegyr Voya whilst all were asleep, took it, and burnt Boya and his wife in their beds.

Such is the tale. Now Clegyr Voya has been excavated, and it does not confirm the story of the burning of the place. But that it was stormed and perhaps taken is probable enough, for the area of the fortress was found rained over with sling-stones, many broken where they had struck the rocks. It was also evident that the fortress had been attacked from the side of Rhosson, for the hailstorm of sling-stones had fallen on the opposite side and had struck the rocks on that side.

Among the crags is a hollow that contains water, and is said to fill when the tide rises and to empty when it falls. But as far as I have been able to judge this is a fable.

Some years ago a farmer who lived below the fortress dreamed that a crock of gold was hidden in the camp. So he got together men and they dug. But a storm came on and they had to retreat. He dug on the following day, and again a cloud and a thunderstorm drove him back. On the third day he came on a crock, when such explosions of lightning and thunder and such a darkness came on that he and his men fled. Since then the crock has not been seen.

Probably on account of the Yellow Plague in 547 David and his mother retired to Brittany. We are not told so in

his Life, but then his biographer was possibly aware that running away looked like cowardice, so suppressed the incident. But that he did go there is certain. A church near Landerneau has the ceiling covered with paintings representing his life, and another, Dirinon contains the tomb of his mother, who must have died during the absence of S. David from Wales. She is not forgotten there. When I visited her sepulchre one day I found that a child had placed a wreath of buttercups and forget-me-nots about the head of her recumbent statue.

S. David lived to an advanced age, and died exclaiming, with uplifted hands and eyes, "Draw me after Thee!"

The earliest recorded instance of friendly intercommunion between the diocese of S. David's and the English Church occurs in the reign of King Alfred. One Asser, an ecclesiastic of Menevia, was noted for his learning.

The see of S. David's was plundered, and its clerics much harassed by a local chieftain named Hemeid, and Asser was sent to the court of Alfred to plead for protection at the same time that Asser had heard the appeal from the King's messengers for men of scholarship to visit him. Asser found Alfred at Dene in Sussex, and was received most warmly. The King urged him to "relinquish the possessions he had on both sides of the Severn," and to take up his residence at the court. Asser replied that before doing this he must consult his friends, and expressed his reluctance to quit the place where he had been nursed and educated and where he had been ordained. Alfred suggested that he should spend six months of the year in Wales, and that the other six should be devoted to his services. But Asser refused to agree to this proposal also until he had consulted his friends, and Asser left the court on his way home. But at Winchester he was prostrated by a violent fever, under which he lay in a hopeless state for over a twelvemonth. Accepting this as a sign from Heaven that he was to return to

Alfred, he went back to him and remained with him eight months, and obtained the King's consent to his spending the remainder in Wales. The King then gave him the two monasteries of Angresbury and Banwell and later Exeter, with the "whole parish that belonged to Saxony (Wessex) and in Cornwall." Asser wrote the life of Alfred in 893, when the King was aged forty-five. Alfred lived on to 901, but Asser never completed the record of his life. An Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, died in 909 or 910, but whether this be the same is uncertain; and an Asser appears about the end of the ninth century as Bishop of S. David's. It is possible that for a while Asser held the latter see, and then resigned it for that of Sherborne. But much uncertainty surrounds the matter. Asser is known chiefly through his *History of King Alfred*, but the authenticity of this work has been hotly contested by Mr. T. Wright and as warmly defended by Lappenberg and Pauli. If it had been the work of a forger, certainly this fabricator would have carried on the biography to the death of Alfred. Why Asser should not have supplemented his work at a later period we have no means of judging. Alfred, in the preface to the *Pastorale*, calls Asser "my bishop." What is probably the case is, that the genuine work of Asser has been interpolated at a much later period, and we have only this interpolated edition of his work.

The cathedral nave of S. David's is very fine, Norman, with a marvellous late flat timber ceiling of extraordinary richness and originality. "The arches themselves, and the straight lines which join the principal panels, drip with minute foliations like lacework, in a style of almost Arabian gorgeouslyness."

A great deal has been done for the restoration of the church and the re-roofing and putting into condition for use the Lady Chapel, which was in ruins.

Within the choir is the tomb of Edmund, Earl of

Richmond, the father of Henry VII. This saved the cathedral. That scoundrel, Bishop Barlow, stripped the lead off the roof of the Bishop's palace and also off Llaw-haden Castle in 1536, it is said, out of the sale of the lead to portion his five daughters. He purposed likewise appropriating the lead of the cathedral roof, but Henry VIII. was not one to suffer the monument of his grandfather¹ to be exposed that Miss Anne and Miss Betty and Miss Maggie might have good dowers.

A few words may be devoted to this same William Barlow.

Richard Rawlins was Bishop of S. David's. He had been Warden of Merton College, Oxford, but had been removed "for many unworthy misdemeanours," of what nature we do not know, but probably not very gross, as he was appointed to the bishopric of S. David's, "because he should not be a loser." He had probably mismanaged the property of the college.

In 1532 Henry VIII. created Anne Boleyn Marchioness of Pembroke, the first instance of a peeress created by an English king. This was the prelude to her coronation as Queen Consort, which took place on May 19th, 1534. One of the earliest appointments made by her was that of William Barlow to be Prior of the Black Canons near Haverfordwest. He had been canon of S. Osyth, Essex, and was acting, in 1527, as Prior of Bromhole and Cressingham, Norwich, where he contracted an intimacy with Agatha Welbourne, abbess of a nunnery in Norfolk, and carried her off, and she accompanied him to his priory in Wales. In 1533 William Barlow was instigated by Anne Boleyn and Lord Cromwell to begin an antipapal campaign in the diocese of S. David's. This he did. He was a red-hot reformer, absolutely unprincipled, with no sincere care for anything save his own interests.

¹ Removed thither in 1535 from the Greyfriars, Carmarthen.



THE NAVE, S. DAVID'S

"Dewi's shrine," says Mr. Laws, "at holy Menevia was defended by Richard Rawlins. . . . In his struggle he was supported by the sympathy of every man in the diocese who valued the creed of his fathers, venerated holy things and places deemed sacred for more than thirty generations. William Barlow, the self-seeking prior, was the assailant. Behind him stood Anne, Marchioness of Pembroke, Queen of England, incestuous adulteress. Each champion averred he fought for God's glory and man's welfare. When the struggle commenced there can be no doubt that both the clergy and the laity of West Wales sympathised with their bishop, and were not attracted by the reformer's programme."

Charges were brought against Barlow, and Cromwell deemed it advisable to remove him for a while. He was given the priory of Bisham in Berkshire in 1534. In 1536 Bishop Rawlins died, and to the disgust of the diocese, William Barlow was appointed to the vacant throne. Barlow did not relish being planted in such an out-of-the-world corner as S. David's, and he tried hard to have the see translated to Carmarthen, but ineffectually. In the meanwhile he set to work to purify the cathedral. He wrote to Cromwell:—

"On S. David's day the people wilfully solemnized the feast, certaine relicks were set forthe, which I caused to be sequestered and taken awaye. The parcels of ye relicks are these: two heads of silver plate enclosing two rotten skulls stuffed with putrified cloutes; *item*, two arme bones, and a worm-eaten book covered with silver plate."

We could cheerfully spare the bones, but oh! that book, perhaps an early MS. codex of the Gospels that had belonged to S. David. We must grieve over the loss of that.

Then Barlow ripped off the lead roofs of the palaces of S. David's and of Llawhaden, and, as already said, with the proceeds is held to have enriched himself and his daughters. According to his own grand-nephew, William Barlow had met and fallen in love with Agnes Welbourne in Norfolk. This must have been in or about 1527. So if

this eldest child was born in 1528, it would have been twenty years of age when, in 1548, Barlow was translated to the bishopric of Bath and Wells. There he continued his ravages. At Wells was the glorious Lady Chapel erected by Bishop Stillington. It was the finest Perpendicular building in the West of England, surpassing even Sherborne and Bath. Barlow sold it, lead roof, stones, and all, and of it now nothing remains save some panelled work against the cloister. He did more: to pay for his promotion he alienated many estates of the see to the Protector Somerset. Barlow took good care to save his skin on the accession of Queen Mary by making a bolt for Switzerland. Barlow's five daughters married bishops. Anne became the wife of the Bishop of Hereford; Elizabeth of a bishop of Winchester; Margaret of a bishop of Lichfield; Frances, first of Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, then of Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of York; and Antonia married another bishop of Winchester.

Barlow was succeeded at S. David's by a man of very different character, Robert Ferrar, who was burnt under Queen Mary. He was an honest, straightforward man, and one who did not, like Barlow, regard the see as a milch-cow to be sucked dry for his own personal advantage.

His deadly enemy was Thomas Yong, the precentor, whose peculations he had detected. Yong was determined on his destruction. The most extravagant charges were trumped up against Ferrar, as that he "spent his time in surveying the lands of the See and opening up mines; that he dined at the same table as his servants; that his talk was not of godliness, but of worldly matters, such as baking, brewing, inclosing, ploughing, mining, millstones, discharging of tenants, and the like." It was argued that he was imbecile, because he rode using "a bridle with white studs and snaffle, white Scottish stirrups, etc." In the visitation "he surveyed Milford Haven, where he espied a seafish tumbling, and he crept down to the rocks

by the water's edge, and continued there whistling by the space of an hour, persuading the company (that laughed first at him) that he made the fish to tarry there."

Ferrar's answer was that he dined with his servants because the palace was in ruins, Barlow having unroofed it. He talked of religion to religious men, and of business to men of business. He admitted having whistled to the seal, but meant no harm by it.

But more serious charges were afterwards brought against him before Bishop Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor—that he was married and that he was a heretic.

The Bishop of Durham asked, at his appearance before the tribunal: "You made a profession to live without a wife?" Ferrar replied: "No, my lord, if it please your honour, I never did. I made a profession to live chaste, but not without a wife."

"Well," said Gardiner, "you are a forward knave; we will have no more to do with you. We will be short with you, and you shall know more within this week."

He was offered six articles to sign, and on his refusal was condemned to the stake.

He was burnt in the market-place at Carmarthen on March 30th, 1554. Wood and furze were piled about him, and he was fastened to a post by a chain in the midst. Ferrar stood perfectly still in the midst of the flames until one Richard Gravell with a staff struck him on the head and beat him down, probably out of mercy, to shorten or end his sufferings.

Ferrar was followed in the see by Henry Morgan, who was deprived on the accession of Elizabeth in 1559; and then Thomas Yong, who had taken a leading part in the prosecution of Bishop Ferrar, was appointed to the bishopric of S. David's, and translated to the archbishopric of York in the year following his consecration.

The cathedral was built by Peter de Leia, 1176-98, against whose appointment Giraldus had fought so hard;

but its chief adornment was the work of Bishop Gower in the fourteenth century, who was also the builder of the palace.

S. David's Head is a wind-swept promontory, the extremity of which is so lashed by rain and brine that it can scarce grow grass. It supports a typical cliff-castle, defended on the land side by a wall, once faced, but now a mere heap, ruined by those who have burrowed into it after foxes. Within the camp are six hut-circles, that on exploration furnished only traces of women's occupation, spindle-whorls, glass beads, a few flint scrapers, and some wheel-turned pottery by a hearth. The beads were light blue, dark blue, and purple, and one was of clear glass; also weights for thread in weaving, pendants or dress-fasteners. The wall had never been completed; a small spring is outside it, and the dip in the hills between it and Carn Llidi is crossed and recrossed by ancient enclosure walls. On one of the ridges is the fine cromlech or dolmen Coitan Arthur, and there are two others smaller on Carn Llidi. Other cliff-castles are at Caerfai and Porth y Rhaw, both much eaten into by the waves. At the former the headland is all but formed into an island. The latter was protected by redoubtable banks and moats.

Ramsey Island—rising to two heads, Carn Ysgubor and Carn Llundain—is a paradise of sea-birds. There is on it one farmhouse, but it must formerly have had more inhabitants, as on it is an ancient cemetery. There are also the remains of a chapel. Between Ramsey and the mainland is a race of green sea, that foams over the rocks rising in it, the Horse and the Bitches: about the latter is a dangerous eddy. The island is reached from Porth Stinan, where on the cliff is a chapel, roofless, with recesses in the walls within, where intending passengers might sit and wait till tide and weather permitted their boating across. Pilgrimages were formerly made to Ramsey, where a

hermit named Justinian lived in the time of S. David. The latter gave him a couple of serfs to till his land and attend his cow. But the old fellow had a rough tongue, and the men were afflicted with leprosy, and they found residence on this solitary island so intolerable that they murdered their master, and escaped by boat to the Leper Stone, a rock in mid course of the race, where they perished.

Where the head of the hermit fell a spring gushed up. One day, we are told, a man suffering from a swelling in his stomach drank of this water, was very sick and threw up a frog. After that he was cured of his tumour.

The scandal of Non was not a solitary instance in Ty Gwyn. About the same time as Non was there, another female pupil was Drustic, daughter of Drust, a North British king, who reigned from 523-8. Whether the incident about to be related occurred at Ty Gwyn or at Withorn in Galloway is uncertain, but from the date it seems probable that it was at the former. It is told as having occurred whilst Meugant was master, and Meugant may be the same as Mancen, who was head of Ty Gwyn. In the monastery at the same time was Finnian, afterwards of Moville, Rioc, a reputed nephew of S. Patrick, and Talmach. The girl Drustic fell in love with Rioc, and bribed Finnian to be her go-between, by the promise of making for him transcripts of all Meugant's books. Finnian agreed, but treacherously substituted Talmach for Rioc. Meugant was of course highly incensed when this vulgar intrigue reached his ears, and he gave a serving-boy a hatchet, and bade him hide behind the chapel, and when Finnian came to matins to hew at him and kill him. But by some fatality the first to arrive was Meugant himself, and in the dark the lad, not recognising him, struck him on the head with the weapon and felled him to the ground. Happily the blow was not mortal. In the life of S. Frigidian of Lucca, who

has been confounded with Finnian of Moville, the same story is told, but with a difference; it is there said that Meugant was envious of Finnian's popularity as a teacher, and this caused him to plan the attempt on Finnian's life.

It is probable that the story has suffered exaggeration, and that all Meugant sought was to administer to Finnian a sound horse-whipping, such as he richly deserved by his infamous conduct.

For how long Meugant governed the college we have no means of saying. If he be the same as Mancen he was succeeded by Paulinus, who had been for a while his disciple. Meugant seems to have gone to Brittany, where he made some foundations. There is a beautiful representation of him in stained glass of the fifteenth century at La Méaugon (Llan Meugan) near S. Brieuc.

Between Haverford and S. David's is a mass of rock boldly standing up, crowned by a castle that is now undergoing "restoration." It is Roche. This belonged in the seventeenth century to the Walter family, and here or sometimes at Rosemarket, near Milford, lived Richard Walter, the father of the notorious or unfortunate Lucy, mother of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth. She was born in or near upon 1630. In 1644 the castle was taken and destroyed by the Parliamentary forces, and Lucy took refuge in London. Algernon Sidney informed James, Duke of York, that he had given fifty gold pieces for her, but having to join his regiment, he lost the chance of securing his bargain, and his brother, Colonel R. Sidney, secured the prize. She cannot at the time have been aged more than fourteen, so that the poor creature was thrust into paths of vice at a very early age.

When Lord Glamorgan, in 1648, joined the exiled court of Prince Charles in Paris, he was accompanied by his trusted adherent, John Barlow, of Slebech; and he took with him his young kinswoman, Lucy Walter, who passed with him under the name of Barlow. Her father had taken up



LUCY WALTER
From the painting at Portlew

1990

1882

his abode at Rhosmarket, a house that belonged to his connection, John Barlow. She was about seventeen or eighteen when she first met the Prince of Wales. In June, 1648, a portion of the Parliamentary fleet mutinied, and casting anchor before Brill, awaited the Prince's orders. Charles proceeded to Calais, and apparently Lucy



FROM STAINED GLASS AT LA MÉAUGON

found a place in the cavalcade. So did Clarendon, who speaks of her as a "private Welshwoman of no good fame but handsome."

In what relation she stood to the Prince has been matter of dispute. Her grandfather, a Carnarvonshire squire, believed that she was married to Charles, for against her name on his genealogical tree he entered,

"Married King Charles y^e Second of England." And Charles addressed her in his letters as "My wife."

Charles went on board a frigate at Calais and sailed to Helvoetsluys, and sent his "family," and with it Lucy, to the Hague. He proceeded in the mutinous fleet to the Thames, but the expedition came to nothing. He returned to the Hague, where Lucy awaited him. In January King Charles I. was beheaded, and after a fashion Lucy might regard herself as Queen of England. The ragged court retired to Rotterdam, where a child, the future Duke of Monmouth, was born.

James II., speaking of her, admitted that she was a very handsome girl; she had not much wit, but a good deal of low cunning.

In 1646, in August, Evelyn travelled in her company, and calls her a "brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature." During July and August, 1649, she was with Charles in Paris at S. Germain. In June, 1650, he left her at the Hague upon embarking for Scotland. During his absence she entered into an intrigue with Colonel Henry Bennet, afterwards Earl of Arlington, and Charles, on his return, broke off all relations with her, in spite of her little arts to persuade Dr. Cosin that she was innocent.

In 1656 Richard Walter was High Sheriff for the county of Pembroke, and Lucy, who had drifted to Cologne, returned to London, where she was recognised, and at once arrested and consigned to the Tower. In the *Mercurius Politicus*, July 16th, 1656, is a notice of her:—

"His Highness (the Lord Protector Cromwell), by warrant directed to Sir John Barkstead, Lieutenant of the Tower, hath given order for the release of Lucy Barlow, who for some time hath been a prisoner in the Tower. She passeth under the character of Charles Stuart's wife, or mistress, and hath a young son whom she openly declareth to be his, and it is generally believed, the boy being very like him, and the mother and child provided for by him. When she was apprehended she had one Master Husard in her company, and the

original of this Royal transcript was found about her, sealed with Charles' signet and signed with his own hand, and subscribed by his secretary Nicholas, which you have transcribed *verbatim*: CHARLES R.: Wee do by these Presents of our especial Grace, give a grant unto Mrs. Lucy Barlow an annuity or yearly pension of five thousand livres, to be paid to her or her assigns in the City of Antwerp, or in such other convenient place as she shall desire, at four several payments, to begin from the 1st of July, 1654, and so to continue from three months to three months during her life, with assurances to better the same when it shall please God to return us to our kingdom. Given under our Sign Manual at our Court of Cologne, this 21st day of January, 1655, and in the sixth of our Reign."

The article proceeds:—

"By this those that hanker after him may see they are furnished already with an heir apparent, and what a pious, charitable Prince they have for their master, and how well he disposeth of the collections and contributions which they make for him here, towards the maintenance of his concubines and Royal issue. Order is taken forthwith to send away this lady of his pleasure, and the young heir, and set them on the shoare in Flanders, which is no ordinary courtesie."

From this time poor Lucy sank from bad to worse. Charles was weary of her. The promised pay was never forthcoming. The children were taken charge of by the Queen Dowager. She went to Paris, led a degraded life, and died penniless in September or October, 1658.

A beautiful half-length portrait of her as a girl of sixteen or seventeen, with finely moulded features and clear complexion and coal-black hair, was preserved at Portclew, near Pembroke. She is represented as dressed in a low-cut, short-sleeved, grey gown; in her left hand she holds down a flapping grey hat lined with black; in her right hand she clasps a shepherd's crook.

It was sedulously asserted that Charles had married her, and that the marriage took place in the presence of Sir Gabriel Gerard, who had charge of the contract, and

that the officiant was Dr. Cosin. Sir Samuel denied this before a committee of the Privy Council appointed to investigate the matter, and Charles repeatedly took oath that he never had married Lucy.

In addition to the portrait already described, there is a miniature of her by Cooper, engraved in Mr. Laws' *Little England Beyond Wales*; a "demi-nude" portrait in the possession of the Marquess of Bute; another belongs to Earl Spencer. At Ditchly is a portrait of her with the Duke of Monmouth as a child of nine, as a Madonna and Child!

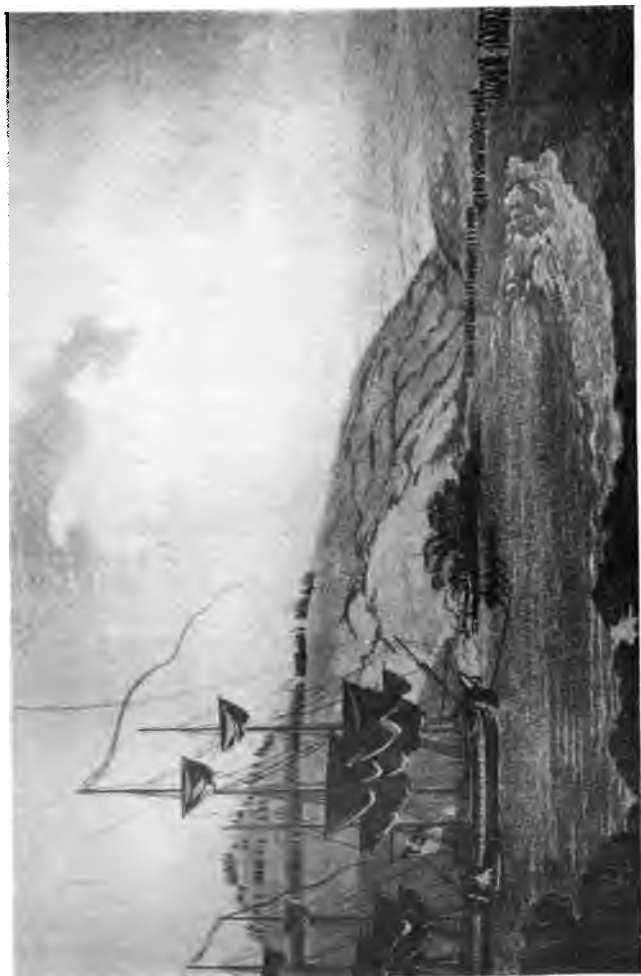
Fishguard on the Afon Gwaen is picturesquely situated; on the river banks trees flourish, the steep banks affording them shelter from the furious gales.

In 1797 a body of 1,400 Frenchmen, under the command of General Tate, landed at Carreg-wastad Point in Llanwnda parish, and marched upon Fishguard, committing great ravages on the way.

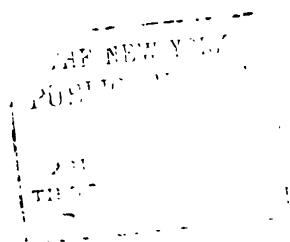
At Fishguard a company of volunteers had been raised as early as 1793, two more companies in 1794, and a fourth in the ensuing year, and a Mr. Knox, of Minwere Lodge, was appointed lieutenant-colonel over them.

"On Wednesday, Feb. 22, I went," he writes in his account of the invasion, "to a ball to which Mr. Harries had invited me (at Tregwynt, twenty miles off). I reached Tregwynt about half-past three p.m., and soon afterwards Col. Vaughan asked me jestingly if I had seen the French ships. I desired to know what he meant. Col. Vaughan told me that two or three hours before three large ships and a lugger had passed close by Tregwynt House (which stands close near the sea), that one of them seemed to be a thirty-eight-gun frigate, another of thirty-two guns, and the third was larger than either, and had an English colour flying over a Dutch one. It was supposed they were two English frigates conveying a Dutch East-Indiaman, a prize.

"The company sat down to dinner, and before it was well over a private of the corps arrived with a verbal message from Ensign Bowen at Fishguard, which he delivered so confusedly that all



LANDING OF THE FRENCH
From a contemporary engraving



I could make out of it was that the French ships were under Trehowel. After consulting with Col. Vaughan, I took horse and followed by my servant set out for Trehowel, which lay about four miles off."

There he saw the ships, and at once galloped on towards Fishguard, meeting country people on the way flying from the French, who, they said, had landed.

"After I crossed Goodwich Sands I came on a party of sixty or seventy Fishguard Volunteers. They were marching to prevent the enemy landing, and to attack them. I thought it would be highly improper to risk either with so small a force, and in the dark, if they were real enemies, which I doubted. I, therefore, not without some little murmuring, led the party back to the guard-house, and I despatched a letter to Major Bowen commanding the Newport Division of the Fishguard Volunteers."

News of the landing had spread, and presently arrived Lord Cawdor with a troop of yeomanry cavalry and a company of the Pembrokeshire Volunteers.

When the French disembarked, to the number of 1,400 men, on the evening of the 22nd and the morning of the 23rd, they spread over the country in quest of food. Tate, the general in command, an Irishman, who pretended to be an American, took possession of Trehowel Farm. The owner, Mr. Mortimer, under the impression that the frigates were King George's ships, like a good fellow had prepared an excellent supper for the officers. But perceiving his mistake in time, he escaped on horseback, carrying with him his money and papers. The sailors who came on shore with Tate, as their kits were in need of replenishment, cut open the beds, turned out the feathers, and converted the ticking into duck trousers. Now, although the supper had been conceived on a liberal scale, yet it proved insufficient for 1,400 men, so when the general and his staff had taken the edge off their appetites, they dismissed the soldiers much like Bombastes Furioso: "Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row!" They plundered the farmhouses for

food, but committed almost no violence. Llanwnda Church was looted, and the communion plate carried off, and one woman was injured. But when we remember that more than half of the invading force were "the sweepings of the jails, convicts who bore the marks of chains on wrists and legs," their conduct leads us to suspect that it was the scoundrels who were in power, and the honest men who had been imprisoned. At a farm called Cotts, a poor woman, who had recently been confined, was abandoned by her cowardly husband. When the Frenchmen entered the house, she held up the baby in her arms, and implored mercy. They soon comprehended the situation, spoke a few kind words, and left the house unmolested.

Two Welshmen were killed, but that was due to their own treachery. They had summoned a couple of French soldiers to surrender. This they did, delivering over their muskets, whereupon one of the Welshmen knocked down one of the captives with the butt of his own gun. This so incensed the Frenchmen that they ran the Welshmen through with their bayonets.

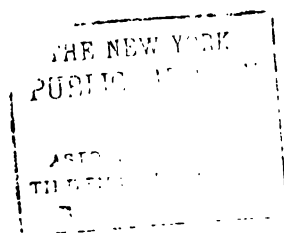
Meantime the troops of Militia were coming up, but in all they numbered only 750 men.

The French occupied a strong position on a high rock above the village of Llanwnda. The English prepared to assail this station, but a couple of officers arrived from Tate with a flag of truce, and an offer of surrender. Colonel Knox replied that he could receive only an unconditional surrender. He was in command of 20,000 men, and that 10,000 more were on the road.

What had taken the heart out of the French invaders was the fact that when they had disembarked, the vessels that had conveyed them to the coast stood off to sea. The unfortunate French, not knowing whither to go, and what they were to do, and frightened at seeing their vessels disappear on the horizon, were now met by Lord Cawdor at the head of something like 3,000 men. Crowds



FRENCH VESSELS AT LLANWDA
From a contemporary engraving



of Welshwomen, in their scarlet petticoats and shouldering brooms, assembled on the hill-tops, and helped to create a panic among the French, who took them to be regulars. Their commander, General Tate, feeling that he was incapable of advancing, and equally incapable of retreat, now tendered an unconditional surrender, and all the invaders, without firing a shot, laid down their arms.

What the object of the Directory was in sending this body to the Welsh coast is hardly intelligible. Bonaparte was at that time in Egypt. No serious invasion could have been intended with so small a force. The men were in rags, and looked more like felons escaped from prison than soldiers. It was concluded that they must be prisoners let loose; and yet Bonaparte's conquering army of Italy had been just as ragged a few months before. Some supposed this petty invasion was meant to alarm us by showing that a body of troops might be thrown on our coasts in spite of the vigilance of our fleets; some that the object was to discharge on our shoulders the burden of maintaining so many prisoners, who might be fed at our expense.

The papers with which Tate was furnished showed that a serious invasion was contemplated. At the same time two other legions were to have descended on the coasts of Northumberland and York. The orders given to Tate were that he was to enter the Severn Sea and capture Bristol. Should he, however, find this impracticable, he was to land in Cardigan Bay and make his way to Liverpool and take that. The two other descents were not effected. The sole result of this absurd invasion was to raise a laugh through England at the capture of a French army of 1,400 men by 1,000 petticoated, scarlet-hatted Welshwomen, armed with broomsticks—for so the story was told and generally believed.

The following letter of Lord Cawdor to the Countess

describes the conveyance of the bulk of the prisoners to London, and has not been previously published :—

“OXFORD ST.

“*Monday morn, March 13, '97.*

“I HAVE at length my dearest love the satisfaction of an hour's time free from interruption to give you a short account of our employment &c since I quitted you, but shall reserve much of the detail for your amusement when we meet, a moment I ardently long for. Near Tavern spite I met a messenger with the D of Portlands dispatches to me signifying the kings approbation of my conduct, which probably General Rooke has showed you accompanied also by a handsome flattering private letter from the Duke. Upon my arrival at Carmarthen I immediately sent off the messenger with my letters and finding the impossibility of procuring horses until the following morn was in the expectation of getting a quiet night, having procured a bed at a private house. But an alarm of a fire in the town joined to confusion created by the report of a landing in great force in Glamorganshire which I knew must have no foundation, prevented my obtaining sleep for one moment. Early in the morn we left Carmarthen with three chaises. In the first Joe Adams had charge of Tate & Cap^{tn} Tyrell, the first alarmed & confused, the second a stupid Paddy. I had Le Brun with me as dirty as a pig, but more intelligent and better manners, in the last Lord E. Somerset had the care of Cap^{tn} Norris and L^t St Leger, both greatly frightened, they had but little conversation. The whole road we passed through great crowds of people at all the places were (*sic*) we changed horses, and thro Wales the indignation of the people was great. I found my influence would protect them without difficulty. The women were more clamorous than the men, making signs to cut their throats, and desiring I would not take the trouble of carrying them further. All the military assistance I could get at Oxford as a guard for the night, was a serjeant of your friend and land-lord and two recruits. But I had no apprehension of their escape as their remain (*sic*) with us was the only thing that insured their safety. At Uxbridge the rage of the mob was chiefly directed against Tate, who was supposed to be Wall, and he trembled almost to convulsions. By a little arrangement I contrived to hurry them quick through the Parks, and lodged them in the Duke of Portlands, before any crowd was assembled. My time since that



THE FRENCH AT FISHGUARD
From a contemporary engraving

moment has been taken up with attendance at the different offices &c. Ministers are so bewildered by the difficulties at the Bank &c that it is more than usually difficult to get access to them for any time, but I have seen them all, and stated to them plainly & decidedly the situation of Pembroke &c from every testimony in my power. The weather is extremely cold, the town I hear dull and unpleasant. Every body I have seen much interested about you, Mrs. Woodhouse . . . and desires her love Joe his respects."

(No signature.)

There was a sequel to the story sufficiently amusing. Five hundred French prisoners of the invading force were confined in a building on Golden Hill, near Pembroke, and were allowed to eke out the very meagre allowance voted for their subsistence by the sale of toys which they carved out of wood and bone. Two Pembrokeshire lasses were employed in bringing the odds and ends requisite for this work, and in carrying away the refuse from the prison. A couple of bright-eyed, good-humoured Frenchmen succeeded in winning the hearts of these girls, and these latter formed a desperate resolve, not only to rescue their lovers, but also to effect the escape of a hundred of the prisoners who were in the same ward. By means of tools manufactured out of a shin-bone of beef, the Frenchmen undermined the walls, and the faithful girls carried off the soil in their refuse-baskets. When the subway was complete the wenches gave notice to the prisoners that a sloop had entered the "Pill" or creek with a consignment of calves for Stackpole. That night the hundred men stole forth, boarded the vessel, and bound the crew below the hatches. But the sloop was high and dry, and could not be got off. Alongside was a small yacht belonging to Lord Cawdor. This they seized, but it would not hold all. It accommodated only five-and-twenty men and the two girls.

In the morning there was a grand hue-and-cry, and 500 guineas were offered for the capture of the two traitorous women, alive or dead. In a few days the wreck of the

yacht was picked up, and it was supposed that all who had escaped in her had been lost. This, however, was not the case. The Frenchmen had succeeded in capturing a sloop laden with corn, and abandoning the yacht, had compelled the crew to convey them to France. When they were safe, the commissary and the engineer, who had won the hearts of the two Welsh girls, married them. During the short peace the engineer and his wife returned to Pembroke and told their story; they went to Merthyr and obtained employment in the mines, but on the renewal of hostilities went back to France. One curious and not pleasing fact with regard to this invasion is, that among the French soldiery landed on the coast were several Welshmen. It was but another instance of the old story repeated that Wales always provided some who were ready to be traitors to their own country for the sake of gain, or to avenge some petty wrong.

West of Trehowel, near the edge of the cliff, overhanging a small creek, in Llanwnda parish, are faint traces of a chapel, dedicated to S. Degan or Dagan, whose garment was long preserved there, till sold to a stranger some little time before Fenton published his *Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*, 1811. Fenton quotes a letter of H. Goff, a member of the cathedral of S. David's. The writer says:—

“Above a small creek is a ruined chapel, called S. Degan's, having near to it a spring named after the saint; and above the spring a tumulus, called S. Degan's Knoll, where people resort to seat themselves on holidays and Sundays. There is a remarkable habit of this said S. Degan, preserved for several ages; the person that has it now having had it in his custody for forty years, to whom it was handed down by an elderly matron of upwards of ninety years of age. This habit, a piece whereof I have sent you enclosed, I had the curiosity to see; it is much in the form of a clergyman's cassock, but without sleeves. There are two of them of the same make, near a yard in length, but having the like slit or hole at every corner on each end, and on the brim of each side were loops of blue silk”.

Fenton goes on to say that tradition has it that Degan was a very small man.

"The veneration for this little duodecimo saint is hereditary amongst the inhabitants of this district, who tell a thousand miraculous tales of him, and never fail to point out the prints of his horse's feet in the cliffs up which he rode when he emerged from the ocean, for it seems he was a sort of marine production. Numerous prophecies likewise ascribed to him have been handed down traditionally from father to son for generations; and one more remarkable than the rest for prefiguring, with a most circumstantial coincidence, the late French descent on that coast."

Fenton alludes to the French abortive invasion already described.

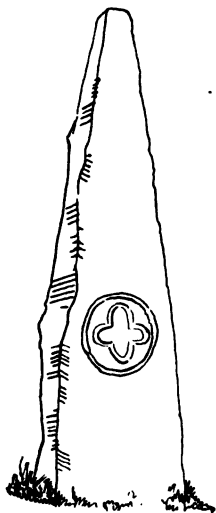
Degan, though he may have been a duodecimo saint, was a man of some consequence. S. Augustine had failed to come to terms with the British bishops, who were offended at his arrogance. Laurence, his successor, 604-19, attempted to effect a reconciliation with the Irish bishops. Bede gives us a letter of Laurence to them in which reference is made to this identical Dagan or Degan. "When Bishop Dagan came to us, he not only would not take food with us, but would not even take food in the same guest-house in which we were eating." He was clearly a peppery little man. The controversy was about the right time for observing Easter, on which the Celtic and the Roman churches were divided.

One is tempted to quote the lines of Pope in the *Dunciad*:—

"Behold yon Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummers, sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been."

It is interesting to note this spot where Dagan landed from Ireland on his way to meet the successor of Augustine of Canterbury.

Newport, in Pembrokeshire, is one of the sweetest of Welsh watering-places, and one of the least visited. It is situated under the imposing mountain Carn Ingli, that has a fortified top; and possesses a castle, the residence of Sir Martine O. Lloyd, Bart. The castle was founded by William, son of Martin of Tours, about the year 1094, and he changed the name of the place from Trefdraeth



OGAM STONE, BRIDELL

to Newport. The principal feature is a tower of the thirteenth century, rising from a square base to circular form, and surmounted by a later upper polygonal story. There are several cromlechs in the neighbourhood; the finest, Pentre-evan, is now the property of the Government, and is protected from injury. It is the largest in Pembrokeshire, and the second largest in Wales. Its height is such that six persons on horseback can take shelter under the cap-stone, which is over sixteen feet long by more than nine feet broad.

Nevern possesses a church, well cared for, in a most beautiful situation, and has a fine cross with Celtic interlaced work on it.

It was here that Brynach the Paddy came to the end of his troubles. He had been chaplain and confessor to King Brychan of Brecknock, and had married his daughter Corth, who was given the district of Emlyn as her dower. Brynach went a Continental tour, and on his return found that he was not welcome. The Welsh natives had risen against the Irish. According to his legend, on his arrival he was much harassed by an impudent woman; when he did not respond to her advances, she set assassins on him to murder him. One of these thrust a spear into him, and he would have been killed but for the intervention of his friends.

The story must be read in a different light from that in which it is presented by his biographer. The woman who worried him was, in all probability, his wife, Corth. The Brychan family was indeed Irish on the father's side, but Welsh on that of the distaff, and in the political convulsion this family endeavoured to side with the Welsh against the Irish. Corth was notably displeased at the arrival of her clerical husband, and desired to be rid of him.

According to the current legend, Brynach, on his return to Wales, first stopped at Llanboidy in Carmarthenshire, where he was denied other lodging than a cowshed. From thence he went to Cilymaenllwyd, also in Carmarthenshire, where he was refused shelter of any sort, and he was forced to take refuge under a grey stone.

At Llanfyrnach, in Pembrokeshire, however, he was better received, and there he built his oratory and cell by a spring. But having been half murdered, as already related, he retreated to the banks of the Gwaen, at Pontfaen. Thence he was also driven. Now he crossed

to the banks of the Never. He and his companions cut down trees, but the Welsh inhabitants hauled them off as fast as they were hewn down. This compelled him to retreat to the banks of the Caman, or Crooked Brook, that flows through a glen at Nevern, and there he lighted a fire, by which he and his companions spent the night. Now the lord of the country was Clechre or Clether, his wife's kinsman, a man advanced in years and the father of twenty sons.

Early in the morning Clether rose, and seeing smoke rising where he knew was no farm, he sent his sons to inquire who had settled there without his leave. The sons of Clether brought Brynach and his companions into their father's presence; a mutual recognition ensued, and the chief allowed the Irishman to make a permanent settlement where is now the church of Nevern.

At Trelyfan, in Pembrokeshire, near S. Brynach's Chapel, is his stone, a cross upwards of ten feet high, with rich interlaced ornament on it. Concerning this stone is a tradition that the cuckoo is wont to first sound his note, perched thereon, on the day of the patron saint, April 7th:—

"I might well have omitted," says George Owen, in his *Description of Pembrokeshire*, "an old report as yet fresh of this odious bird, that, in the old world, the parish priest of this church would not begin Mass till this bird, called the Citizen's Ambassador, had just appeared and begun his note on a stone called S. Brynach's Stone, standing upright in the churchyard of this parish; and, one year, staying very long, and the priest and the people expecting the accustomed coming . . . came at last, lighting on the said stone, his accustomed preaching place, and being scarce able once to sound his note, presently fell dead."

Nevern was for many years the scene, or the principal scene, of the ministrations of a remarkable man, the Rev. David Griffiths, who was born in 1756, the son of a tradesman at Felin Lan, in the parish of Lampeter Velfrey.

When aged about eighteen he went as tutor to the sons of Mr. Bowen, of Llwyngwair, in Nevern parish, a gentleman of good estate. Being a very handsome youth, Anne, Mr. Bowen's eldest daughter, fell in love with him, and David, knowing which side his bread was buttered, accepted her advances, and after a time they were married.

He now prepared for Holy Orders, and was ordained deacon in 1779 and priest in 1780 by the Bishop of S. David's. He was licensed to the curacy of Nevern, and four years later was appointed to that vicarage. In this parish he continued to minister for the rest of his life, some fifty-five years. He did not, however, live in his vicarage near the church, but with his father-in-law, the squire, at Llwyngwair, and at Mr. Bowen's death he came into possession of much wealth, so that he contrived pretty shrewdly to feather his nest.

He was a great and eloquent preacher, and much bitten with the Methodist spirit. One who had often seen and heard him thus describes him :—

"Mr. Griffiths' appearance in the pulpit was venerable, his voice melodious, his utterance free and easy. But what mostly distinguished him were the onslaughts or rushes, so to speak, which he occasionally made on the congregation. These were so overpowering that it was almost impossible to withstand him. His voice was not high, except at times. He would for the most part treat the subject he had in hand in a quiet and unemotional, but yet clear, simple, and attractive manner. As he approached the most important part of his subject, his face seemed to light up, his voice to rise sonorously, and his whole aspect to become agitated ; and then he would break forth with all his energy, his powerful voice penetrating the whole of the vast congregation. I have seen hundreds struck with amazement, and tears trickling down the cheeks of many."

Another says :—

"He was preaching once out in Nevern churchyard, and the picture he was drawing before his immense congregation was that of Moses questioning the spies. After receiving the various but

unfavourable testimonies of the ten, he looked towards the farther end of the crowd, and beckoning with his hand, he called out, 'Caleb and Joshua, come ye forward now and give your testimony.' So full and natural was the portraiture, that the crowd made an opening in the middle to make room for the supposed witnesses to approach the preacher."

He was very intimate with the great lights of Methodism in South Wales—Mr. Rowlands, of Llangeitho, and Mr. Jones, of Llangan. Ministering to his own flock, that committed to him, did not content his eager taste for excitement and desire of creating a sensation, and he took to itinerant preaching; and the squire's coach would precede with the family therein; then he followed in a powdered wig on his cob, and at a respectful distance his servant would ride behind.

After a while, when he saw that the Methodists purposed separating from the Church and establishing a ministry of their own—he thought they were on a wrong tack, and as he strongly objected to any man unordained and without the apostolic commission celebrating the Eucharist—he withdrew from connection with the body.

A man of such an excitable temperament naturally had his downs as well as his ups. Usually he was as confident of a crown and palm in heaven as if he had the assurance-ticket in his waistcoat pocket, but there came periods of depression, in one of which he hung himself in the cellar, but was happily cut down before life was extinct.¹

Mr. Griffiths died in 1834. A tablet in the church commemorates him, with one of those intolerably long and fulsome epitaphs that were in vogue at the time.

The Bishop of S. David's did not interfere at all with his somewhat erratic movements, nor rebuke his very doubtful ethical teaching. The bishops were placed in a difficult position in regard to the movement. It tended to a moral

¹ *Pembroke County Guardian*, February 23rd, 1901.

condition totally at variance with that of the Catholic Church, which trains souls to lowliness of mind, whereas the teaching of these men, of whom Griffiths was one, led to spiritual cocksureness and smug self-complacency.

The headland of Dinas was certainly occupied at one time by a residence of some great chieftain, but only some mounds remain to indicate where it was.

The distinction between a dinas, a caer, and a castell is not clearly marked, but the first certainly denotes a place of greater importance than the others. A caer was probably a place of refuge in case of invasion; a castell belongs to a later period, perhaps of the Danish or Saxon or Norman times, whereas the two former pertain to Celtic peoples or to an earlier period.

Now the story goes that under the sea by Dinas Point, in Pwll Gwaelod, lies a fairy city inhabited by a mysterious people called the Bendith y Mamau (the Blessing of the Mothers). When the sea is calm, through the crystal waters can be seen the golden roofs and spires and marble palaces of the underwater folk. The vision lasts for from five to ten minutes at a time. One day a ship of a Dinas fisherman cast anchor in the Pwll, when up the chain came swarming one of these subaqueous people, who stepped on deck and said to the captain, "What is this that you are doing? Your anchor is in the roof of my house." The captain promised to disengage it and not cast anchor there again.

A story just reversing the conditions, but of the same character, is told by Gervase of Tilbury, in his *Otia Imperialia*, which was composed about the year 1211. He says that in Britain one feast day, when the people were leaving church, suddenly an anchor was let down out of the clouds and caught in one of the tombstones in the churchyard. The congregation looked on in astonishment and saw how that the rope was being shaken as if to disengage the anchor, and voices as of sailors high aloft

were heard talking. Presently a man swarmed down the cable towards the anchor, when the people laid hold of him. Whereupon he died, as if suffocating in the air just as men would die of drowning. After a while the cord aloft was cut and fell down in the churchyard. As a memorial of this marvel the ironwork for the church door was made out of the anchor.

The climate of Newport may be found relaxing ; but no such disadvantage attaches to Crymmych planted on a neck connecting the Precelly range with Breni Fawr. This little village lives and thrives on an annual cattle fair. It lies high, nearly 800 feet above the sea, under Moel Trigarn, a spur of Precelly, fortified and with three great cairns at the top. The whole summit is dented with little hollows where stood originally the huts of those who occupied the camp. The wall—now a heap of ruins—was faced internally and externally. It has been examined. Most of the habitations lay under the wall on the side most exposed to the winds and storms from the sea. In niches in the wall were found stone lamps ; other finds were a jet ring, glass beads, spindle whorls, an iron object supposed to have belonged to a bit for a horse, and piles of sling-stones. These sling-stones came apparently from a curious deposit of rolled pebbles near Crosswell on the way to Newport.

At Maesgwyn Meillionog (the Clover White Field), under Trigarn, is the burial mound of three kings—Mor, Meilir, and Madog—that has not yet been examined. These kings are mentioned in the *Englynion y Beddau*, an early poem on the tombs of great chieftains of the Welsh people, and the names occur elsewhere, but little or nothing is known of their achievements. The three cairns on the summit of the mountains probably served as stores of projectiles against assailants.

Crymmych would make admirable headquarters for an exploration of Precelly.

At Dyffryn Mawr, near Crymmych, is a tump marked on the ordnance survey map as a tumulus. It is, however, an excellent example of the mounds thrown up by the Norman conquerors of Wales, on the top of which they erected wooden castles, till such time as they could build more substantial keeps of stone.

CHAPTER XI

CEREDIGION

Few lines of communication—The family of Cunedda—Ceredig—The epistle to Coroticus—S. Breoc—Conquest by the sons of Cunedda—Vortigern—Carannog—The drowned land—The reefs—Wedding customs—Funeral customs—The corpse-candle—The phantom funeral—Sin-eating—The town of Cardigan—Patent of Richard II.—The matchless Orinda—Cilgerran Castle—Verwig—Defeat of the Flemings—The Seven Damsels—S. Dogmael's Abbey—Llangoed—Defeat of the English—Tumulus—Tomb of Philip Wyddel—Lampeter—David Jones.

WITH the solitary exception of Aberystwyth, there are few places on the coast of Cardigan that attract the visitor. That this is the case may be accounted for by the fact that they are not touched by any railway. Cardigan itself must be excepted, but that is reached by a branch which carries easy-going, loitering trains, that start from so inanimate a spot as Whitland, on the main artery. The Great Western Railway trains spin from London to Newport as fast as they can go, and then light their pipes, put their hands in their pockets, and saunter on. They keep up a little pace to Cardiff, lose all energy at the junction to Swansea, and then jog on lazily, stopping at every petty station, and when one gets out at Whitland and enters the train for Cardigan, one knows pretty well that time is of no further consequence.

But this separation from the stream of life cannot last long. Aberaeron is exhibiting a vigorous young life, and will demand before many years are over that it shall have a tap line connected with it.

Cardiganshire occupies the lap of the incomparably lovely bay that takes its name from it, and itself derives its designation from Ceredig, son of Cunedda, who conquered it and drove out the Irish in the early part of the fifth century. Cunedda was a great chief in the north, probably about the wall of Severus, connecting the Tyne with the Solway. The constant incursions of the Picts and Scots obliged him to abandon his territories; he migrated south, into Wales, and he and his sons expelled the Irish settled there. Ceredig cleared what is now Cardigan and a portion of Pembrokeshire from the foreigners; Arwystl did the same for the western portion of Montgomeryshire. Dunawd swept them out of the north of Merioneth and part of Carnarvonshire, and so with others.

There can be little doubt that Ceredig is the Coroticus to whom S. Patrick addressed his epistle of remonstrance between 480 and 490. It was Ceredig's grandson, Sant, who, as already told, carried off Non, and by her became the father of S. David. Ceredig had made an incursion on the coast of Ireland, in which certain Irish had been slain on the day after their baptism, "while the faith was shining on their foreheads," and others had been carried away as slaves, some of whom had been sold to the apostate Picts. Patrick's embassy of a priest whom he had educated from infancy was dismissed with scorn and rude jest, and returned to Patrick without any of the captives. Thereupon the saint wrote his epistle, in which he sternly rebuked and excommunicated the prince and his followers.

In an early *Life of S. Patrick* a wonderful story is added, that after the curse had been launched, Coroticus was turned into a fox, which ran away from the midst of the assembled court, and was never seen again.

An indirect reference to the expulsion of the Irish from Ceredigion is found in the *Life of S. Breoc*. This saint was the son of an Irish noble living in this portion of Wales named Cuerp or Cairbre, and of a Saxon mother.

Constant intercourse was maintained between Ireland and the Continent, and travellers passed through Ceredigion, landing there, and taking ship again in Milford Haven.

Among those going to Gaul was one Geramanus or Garmon, not to be confounded with his namesake of Auxerre, but a fellow-worker with, and a kinsman of, Patrick. Cuerp and his wife entrusted their boy to Garmon for instruction, although they were themselves heathens. Garmon took the lad with him, probably first to Brittany, and then to Paris.

When his education was accomplished, about the year 462, Breoc returned to his native land, and arrived at his father's hall of wood when great merrymakings were going on—either, as the biographer says, at the New Year, or what is more likely at Samhain, the great Irish feasting-time at the beginning of November. Breoc was then aged twenty-five.

No sooner did his mother see her son than she rushed to him, overwhelmed him with kisses, and led him to his father, who with liquor "could hardly keep his feet," but who cried, hiccoughed, and laughed over his returned son.

Breoc was a bit of a prig, and he at once lectured the old couple on the racket and revelry, the ballad-singing and the games with which they were celebrating the winter feast. He must have pretty well chilled down the gratification felt by all present at his return.

Breoc set to work to convert his parents and tribesmen, and he erected a church called Llanfawr, now probably Llandyfriog. Pupils flocked to him, and all things looked promising, till came the invasion of Ceredigion by the son of Cunedda. Then Breoc saw that stay was impossible, and he migrated with all his monks to Brittany. The biographer disguises the reason, but there can be very little question that Breoc left because Ceredigion had become too hot to hold him. It was into Ceredigion

that Vortigern fled finally, according to Nennius, from S. Garmon and the host of wrathful Britons whom he led against the monarch. The last stronghold of Vortigern is Careg Gwrtheyrn on the Teifi, near Llandyssil. Here the fortress was set on fire, and all within perished, Vortigern included, according to one account; according to another, however, he escaped and wandered over the country, a miserable outlaw till he died of a broken heart. It is curious that popular tradition should have made a camp at Yr Eifl in Lleyrn, the scene of this final defeat of Vortigern, and that a tomb should there be shown as the grave of their king. But Nennius is very clear in locating the fortress in Ceredigion. Vortigern may, however, have very well died in Lleyrn.

We have another allusion to Ceredigion in the *Life of S. Caranog*. He had been a fellow-worker with S. Patrick, but for some reason or other left him and came across to Ceredigion, and settled for a while in a cave at Llangranog. He was a grandson of Ceredig, but little relished the barbarous and half-pagan conduct of his grandfather. He did not, however, remain here for long, but migrated, first into Archenfield and then to Cornwall.

A curious story is told of the manner in which he fixed on a site for his church. He was working his field with a pick, and ever and anon he whittled the handle with his knife. Then he noticed that a wood-pigeon picked up the shavings and flew away with them, but dropped them at one particular spot. Caranog said, "Where the pigeon has let fall the shavings, there will I build."

He had a quarrel with King Arthur. He had brought over from Ireland with him an altar-stone, that Arthur admired and resolved to take. Rather than let the King have the stone to turn to profane uses, Caranog threw it into the sea.

Till 1192 the history of Ceredigion remains obscure

and uninteresting. There were princes, but of them little more is known than their names, and that they quarrelled with their neighbours. Then came the Normans and built castles in the land, and William Rufus recognised Roger Montgomery as Lord of Powys and Cardigan. For long, though the Normans were in the land, all they held were the castles. The native princes still occupied Aberteifi or Cardigan and the greatest portion of the country. They were in incessant feud against the strangers who were gradually but surely ousting them. The history of the next two hundred years is one of attacks, made by the one on the others, the burning of castles, the massacre of its defenders, and the devastation of the land. Now the Welsh were successful and then the English. Fate moved slowly, with leaden feet, but surely to destroy the independence of Wales and of the principality of Ceredigion.

The tradition is that in Cardigan Bay was a stretch of low-lying land to the twenty-fathom line on the charts that was overwhelmed by the sea in the fifth century, and there are certain curious lines as of sea walls or causeways that stretch out from the land into the waves, which are supposed to have been embankments belonging to the early period before the inundation took place. Of these there are five. The most northerly is the Sarn Badrig in Merionethshire near Llanaber. This is a narrow ridge of rock and pebble stretching about twenty-one miles from the shore, of which nine miles are exposed at ebb-tide. The water is deep on the north side but shelves on the south. Another is the Sarn y Bwch, or the Buck's Causeway, that extends for a mile and a half into the sea, by Aberdysyni, also in Merionethshire. A third is the Sarn Gynfelyn or Causeway of S. Cynfelyn; this runs out into the sea for seven miles from a place called Gwallog in Cardiganshire; at the eastern termination of this Sarn is *Caer Wyddno*, called after *Gwyddno*, who had

the *cantref* that was submerged. This is two and a half miles north of Aberystwyth. The next is Sarn Ddewi, or S. David's Causeway, extending a quarter of a mile into the sea north of Aberaeron. The last is Sarn Gadwgan or Cadogan's Road, about three-quarters of a mile from Sarn Ddewi, and reaching for over a mile and a quarter into the sea. Just where it juts out from the shore is the old fortress Castell Cadwgan.

But there can be no question that these are natural reefs. Here are some extracts from an old Welsh poem relative to the drowned land :—

"It was an unrivalled *cantref*, a fertile plain, a pleasant populous district, with its gay, celebrated city Mansua, matchless for its strength, its extent and antiquity—now sunk in the fathomless deep."

Another city was Caeriolyn, a third Pendamon, a fourth Almuda.

"These once celebrated marts are now no more remembered, the gloomy lasting waters of oblivion have for ever covered them. In that well-cultivated plain once rose the town of ten celebrated churches, and seven more boasted the beauty of their sacred structures, and rivalled them in their costly ornaments and the pomp of their public worship. Yet eight sacred fabrics still stand, heaven-preserved, on the extreme edge of the land, on the perilous brink of the deep."

The principality, founded by Gwrgan of the Bushy Beard, had a succession of fifteen chiefs before it sank under the sea.

Old customs die hard, especially among the Welsh in remote parts. One of these was—and in places still is—the usage of sending the gwahodder about to announce an approaching wedding. He carries a pole with ribbons fluttering from it, and halting at the front door of each house, recites in Welsh a long lesson, partly in extemporised verse, inviting the household to the wedding

festivities. Here is a specimen of a speech of one of these bidders in 1762 :—

“The purpose of the Bidder is this : with kindness and amity, with decency and freehandedness, for Einion Owain and Llio Elys, he invites you to come and deposit your good-will on the plate. Bring current coin, a shilling or two, or three or four, or even five. With cheese and butter, We invite the husband and house-wife with the children, men and maidservants, from the greatest to the least. Come early, and you shall have victuals freely and drink cheap, stools to sit on, and fish if we can catch them. But if we fail, then hold us excusable. They will attend on you, when you in your turn invite them. They set out from such a place to go to such a place.”

Saturday used to be the day chosen in preference for weddings. On the preceding Friday the ystavell, or the furniture of the bride, was brought to the man's house. On Saturday the friends of the bridegroom would arrive on horseback and receive a mug of ale, bread and cheese, at his expense. Then some of these mounted men would ride off to the house of the bride and demand her. She would prove coy, and decline to follow, and an altercation in poetry would ensue. Here is a specimen, taken from Llewelyn Pritchard's *Adventures of Twm Shôn Catti*.

One of these, arriving at the bride's house, would say :—

“Open windows, open doors,
And with flowers strew the floors.
Heap the hearth with blazing wood,
Load the spit with festal food ;
The crochan on its hook be placed,
And tap a barrel of the best ;
For this is Catti's wedding day,
Now bring forth the fair one, pray !”

To this the father from within—the door being shut—would reply :—

“Who are ye all, ye noisy train ?
Be ye thieves, or honest men ?
Tell us quick, what brings you here,
Or this intrusion costs you dear.”

Then the head-man on horseback would sing:—

“Honest men are we, who seek
A dainty maiden, fair and meek;
Very good, and very pretty,
Known to all by name of Catti;
We come to seek her for a bride.
Come, father, let the fair be told
To him who loves her over well!”

The father within interrupts:—

“So ye say, but time will tell;
My daughter’s very well at home,
So pack ye off, and backward roam.”

So the altercation goes on, till at last the father’s objections are overruled, and then the modesty of the bride has to be overcome.

Then followed, formerly—it is so no more—the familiar carrying off the bride by force by the horsemen of the bridegroom and the pursuit by her father.

Funerals are a vastly popular institution in Wales, and everyone in the district is expected to attend. When a peasant dies the first consideration is to provide a sufficient number of candles, as the corpse must be sat up with all night; also the making and baking of a great soul-cake, to be eaten on the day before the interment, when crowds visit the house of mourning to have a last look at the dead person, and to descant on his or her virtues.

At the funeral itself hymns are sung as the body is conveyed to the cemetery.

There is, I should suppose, not a prouder man to be found than a Welsh Nonconformist with a corpse in his house.

A widely spread superstition, not yet extinct, is that relative to the Canwyll Gorph, or Corpse-candle; and the saying is that S. David promised that no Welshmen in his territory should die without the premonitory sign of a light

travelling to his house from the churchyard to summon him. In the *Cambrian Register* for 1796 we read of:—

“A very commonly received opinion, that within the diocese of S. David’s, a short space before death, a light is seen proceeding from the house, and sometimes, as has been asserted, from the very bed where the sick person lies, and pursues its way to the church where he or she is to be interred, precisely in the same track in which the funeral is afterwards to follow.”

Baxter, in his *Certainty of the World of Spirits*, quotes a letter from a Mr. John Davis, of Geneurglyn, 1656, in which he says that the corpse-candles do as much resemble material candlelight as eggs do eggs; saving that, in their journey, these candles are sometimes visible and sometimes disappear, especially if anyone comes near to them, or in the way to meet them. On these occasions they vanish, but presently appear again behind the observer and hold on their course. If a little candle is seen of a pale bluish colour, then follows the corpse of an infant; of a larger one, then the corpse of someone come to age. If two candles come from different places and be seen to meet, the corpses will do the same; and if any of these candles be seen to turn aside through some bypath leading to the church, the following corpse will be found to take exactly the same way.

And he tells the story of what happened at Llangathen, Carmarthenshire:—

“Some thirty or forty years since, my wife’s sister, being nurse to Baronet Rudd’s three eldest children, the Lady comptroler of the house going late into the chamber where the maid-servants lay, saw no less than five of these lights together. It happened a while after that, the chamber being newly plaistered, and a grate of coal fire therein kindled to hasten the drying of the plaister, that five maid-servants went to bed as they were wont, but it fell out too soon; for in the morning they were all dead, being suffocated in their sleep with the steam of the new tempered lime and coal.”

Mrs. Crowe, in her *Night-side of Nature*, tells a couple of stories which she heard from "a dignitary of the Church," born in Wales. A female relative of his, having occasion to go to Aberystwyth on horseback, started early in the morning, attended by her father's servant. When she had reached half-way, where she expected to meet the servant of the friend she was about to visit she dismissed the man who had accompanied her so far. The fellow had not long left her before she saw a light approach her, moving about three feet above the soil. She turned her horse out of the bridle-road, along which it advanced, to allow it to pass, but to her dismay, just as it came opposite her, it halted and remained flickering before her for about half an hour, and only vanished as she heard the steps of the servant's horse, as he trotted up to meet and conduct her to her friend. On reaching the house of this friend, she related what she had seen. A few days later that very servant who had come to meet her sickened and died, and his body was carried along the road upon which the light had moved; and more curious still, owing to an accident, the coffin halted for an hour at the spot where she had been delayed confronting the mysterious light.

The other story is this. A servant in the family of Lady Davis, the aunt of the dignitary who told the story to Mrs. Crowe, had occasion to start early for market. Being in the kitchen at three a.m. taking his breakfast, when everybody else was in bed, he was surprised by the sound of feet trampling down the stairs, and opening the door he saw a light. He was frightened, and rushed out of the house, and presently saw a gleam pass out of the door and proceed towards the churchyard. As Lady Davis was ill at the time, he made no doubt that her death impended; and when he returned from market his first question was whether she was yet alive; and though he was informed that she was better he declared his conviction that she would die, and described what he had seen and heard.

The lady, however, recovered, but within a fortnight another member of the family died, and her coffin was conveyed by bearers down the stairs. One curious feature in the story is that the man had described how he had heard the sound of a bump against the clock on the stairs ; and actually, as the coffin was being taken down, the bearers ran it violently against the clock-case.

Two stories of the same nature were given in *Fraser's Magazine*, and taken thence into the *Magikon*, 1846. One winter evening in 1825 some people returning to Barmouth, on the south side of the estuary, saw lights in the windows of the ferryman's cottage opposite at Penrhyn. Somewhat surprised, as every window was illuminated, when they were put across they went to the cottage to inquire why the windows were lighted up, and found the inhabitants without any fire or candle. The matter was talked about in Barmouth. A few nights after the ferryman was drowned in stepping out of his boat at high tide at the door of his cottage.

In the same winter several small flames were noticed at a spot called Borthwnog, up the river where the estuary contracts. They seemed to be dancing in the air, and a great number of people collected to watch the phenomenon. After a while all vanished save one, and this solitary flame stole along the edge of the water to a little bay, where some boats were moored. The men of a sloop which lay at anchor near observed the flame attentively, and saw it hover especially over one of the boats and then vanish. Two or three days later the owner of this boat was drowned in Barmouth Harbour.

That such flames have been seen is possible enough, owing to the kindling of phosphoretted hydrogen on meeting the air, and this gas is given off by decomposing animal matter. But as to their being death warnings, that is purely imaginary. Another of the death tokens supposed to be seen is the phantom funeral.

Here is a story of one told by Mr. C. Wilkins, of

dancing. He seriously warns his countrymen not to regard them as blessed spirits, because their delight is in music and dancing, tokens quite decisive of their being of the devil, devilish. He assures us that they are frequently seen leaping and fluttering in the air, that the melody of their music cannot be retained in the memory, nor can their language be understood.

"If any think I am too credulous and speak of things of which I myself have had no experience, I must let them know they are mistaken, for when a very young boy, going with my aunt, Elizabeth Roger, in the daytime, early in the morning, but after sunrising, from Havodavel towards my father's house at Pen y Llwyn, by the wayside which we were passing I saw the likeness of a sheepfold with the door towards the south, and over the door, instead of a lintel, the resemblance of a dried branch of a tree—I think of a hazel-tree; and within the fold a company of many people; some sitting down, and some going in and coming out, bowing their heads as they passed under the branch. It seemed to me as if they had been lately dancing, and there was a musician among them. Among the rest, over against the door, I well remember the resemblance of a fair woman with a high-crown hat and a red jacket, who made a better appearance than the rest, and whom, I think, they seemed to honour: I have still a pretty clear idea of her white face and well-formed countenance. The men wore white cravats, and I always think they were the perfect resemblance of persons who lived in the world before my time, for there is a resemblance of their form and countenances still remaining in my mind."

This last passage is certainly not very intelligible.

The town of Cardigan, in Welsh Aberteifi, was the scene of a great gathering by Rhys, Prince of Dyfed, in 1177. He had succeeded in capturing the castle, 1165, from the English, and had pulled it down to rebuild it in better style. On the occasion of its completion, as the Welsh chronicle *Brut y Tywysogion* relates, at Christmas, he received many distinguished guests.

"Which feast he had caused to be proclaimed throughout Britain long before, and thither came many strangers, who were honourably received and worthily entertained, so that none departed

discontented. And among deeds of arms and other shows, Rhys caused all the poets of Wales—makers of songs and recorders of gentlemen's pedigrees and arms, commonly entitled *bards*—to come together there, and he provided for them chairs in his hall, where they might dispute together, and try their skill and gifts; and great rewards were given to the conquerors. It was adjudged that the bards of North Wales were the best, but among the musicians those of Rhys's household."

But the hold on Cardigan by the Welsh was for a time only. In 1391 Richard II. granted a patent to the town, to the effect that all the burgesses should be "English burgesses, true English men," and should not be tried for any misdemeanour by Welshmen. The courts of justice were to be exclusively English.

Of the castle now the remains are inconsiderable and not particularly picturesque. It has been transformed into a modern residence, but the keep and a circular tower remain.

Even less are the relics of the priory, that was a cell of Chertsey, and then of Bisham Abbey.

In the seventeenth century it belonged to Mr. James Phillips, who married as his second wife Katharine, daughter of John Fowler, a London merchant. She was born in 1631, and married Mr. Phillips in 1647. She was of some repute in her day as a poetess, and was addressed by Cowley and others as the Matchless Orinda. She carried on a Platonic flirtation with Sir Charles Cotterell, and a volume of her letters to him was published. In them he is addressed as Poliarchus. She also produced a translation or adaptation of Corneille's *Pompey* at the request of the Earl of Orrery, and it was performed in Dublin. But it met with a somewhat ignominious fate. Sir William Davenant had composed a piece, *A Playhouse to be Let*, during the Commonwealth, when all dramatic exhibitions were forbidden. It consisted of an introduction, or, as the Germans would term it, a "Vorspiel," then

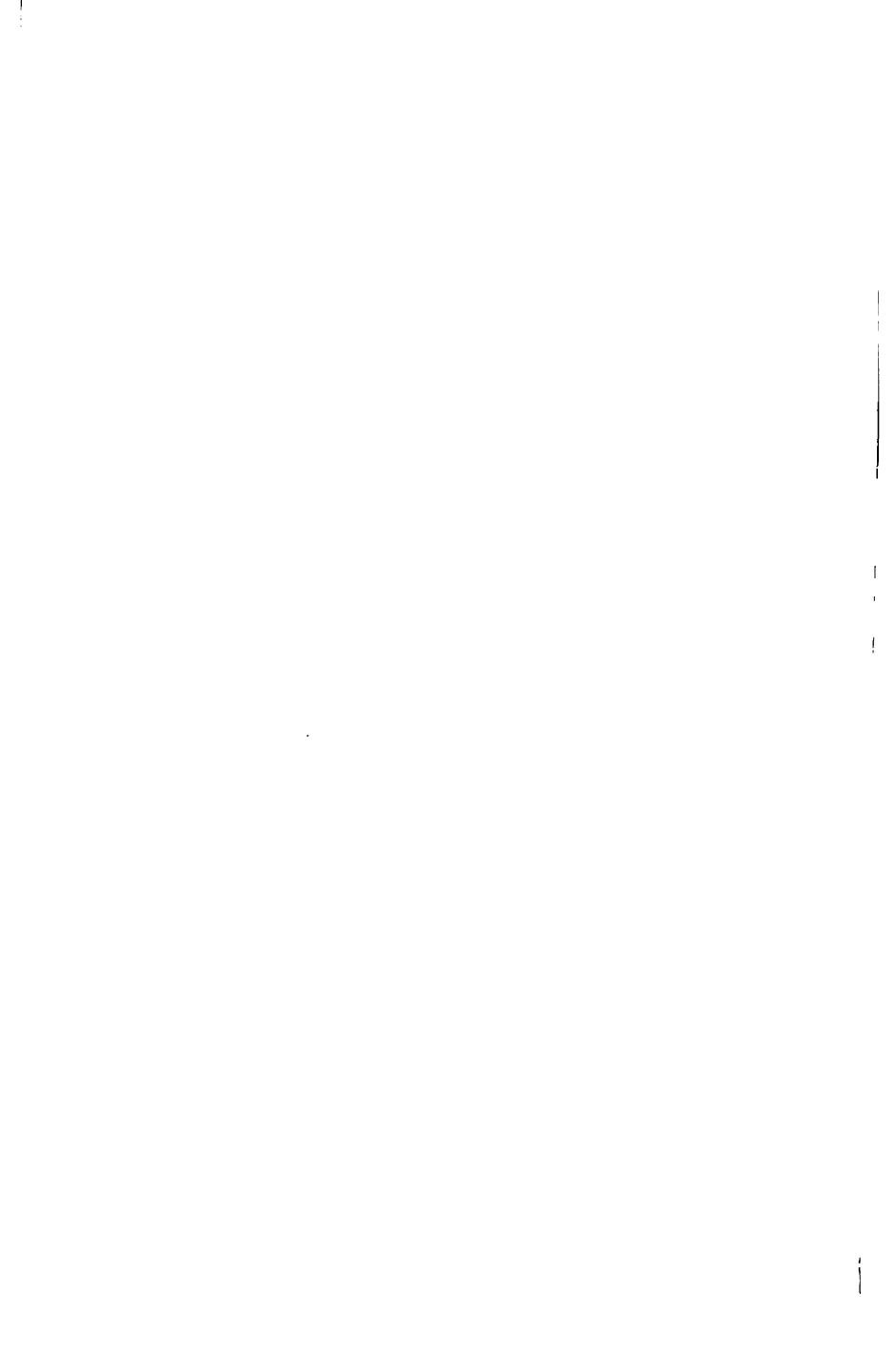
followed a translation of Molière's *Cocu Imaginaire*, thrown into a jargon of broken English. Then came tragic acts relative to the life of Sir Francis Drake, and the cruelties of the Spaniards in Peru. And it concluded with a travesty of Mrs. Phillips' *Pompey*. Thus the production fell under ridicule. The Matchless Orinda owed her popularity to her beauty and charm of manner, that blinded men to the fact that her poetry was sad rubbish. In 1664 she went to London, where she caught smallpox and died. Her husband, James Phillips, was a man who was always in pecuniary difficulties, and his wife had to use her abilities and influence to get him out of them. As Phillips is described in 1661, he was "one who had the fortune to be in work all tymes, yet thrived by none."

Cilgerran Castle, above Cardigan, is perhaps the most picturesque ruin in South Wales. It is considerable, but the beautiful situation is that which is the chief attraction. There are two massive ruined towers with curtains and a gate-house. It is earlier than the Edwardian castles. Cilgerran stands on a rock above the river. Rather lower down on the opposite side is Coedmawr, where formerly was also a castle. Cilgerran was originally built by Gilbert Strongbow in the reign of Henry I.

Due north of Cardigan is Verwig, in which parish is a farm called Nant y Flymon, that takes its name from a body of Flemings having landed here with the purpose of taking forcible possession of the land. They came ashore at Traeth y Mwnt, but were met by the natives, who cut them to pieces to the last man, and threw the bodies into a heap and covered them with sand near Mount Church. Now one can pick out the bones, and they are exposed whenever a gale disperses the sand. The day of the slaughter was on the first Sunday in the New Year, thenceforth called Sul Coch, or Red Sunday, and it was kept as a festival in the parish till comparatively re-



CILGERRAN CASTLE



cently, with wrestling, football, and eating and drinking. At Penbryn, further up the coast, is an ancient entrenchment, Castell Nadolig, from which led south a paved road now almost wholly destroyed. The shore here forms excellent bathing ground. The story goes that a king—presumably Irish—had been afflicted with seven troublesome daughters. Sons were amenable to reason, but daughters are indisciplinable occasionally, and these seven turbulent girls gave him so much trouble that for the sake of a quiet life he consigned them to a coracle without oars or sails, and had them sent adrift. They were carried across the sea and landed on this Welsh Traeth, where they at once issued from their vessel and took forcible possession of the seven best farms in the parish, all of which have names ending in “an”; and their tongues and tempers were so formidable that the Welsh left them unmolested. They got their meat, so it is said, from the farm of Lamborth. A flat rock by the sea is called Carreg Morwynion, or the Rock of the Damsels, either from these ladies who landed there or from some girls who were drowned there when bathing on a Sunday.

S. Dogmael's was formerly the second abbey in size to Strata Florida in South Wales. Unhappily, it is represented by scanty ruins only. The ancient church was formerly cruciform, and was built in the reign of Henry I. by Robert, son of Martin de Tours, who had appropriated the lordship of Cemmaes. It had been a monastic settlement before, founded by S. Dogmael, who was a grandson of Ceredig, the conqueror of the country. Of his life nothing is known. Llangoedmor, east of Cardigan, was the scene of a great victory by Gruffydd ab Rhys, King of South Wales, over the Normans and English. On the death of King Henry I., and the troublous reign of Stephen, the Welsh rose and everywhere attacked the foreigners. Into the castle of Aberteifi, or Cardigan, multitudes of fugitive women had fled from the insurgent

Cymry. To protect them, and, if possible, to crush the insurrection at a blow, the martial veterans of the Norman, Flemish, and English settlements in South Wales assembled under the command of Stephen, Constable of Cardigan. They marched against Gruffydd, and a bloody and obstinate battle was fought at Llangloedmor. The Welsh gained the victory, three thousand English fell in the conflict, and more than twice the number perished in the retreat, either drowned in the Teifi, or falling under the swords of the pursuing Cymry. The residue took refuge in the several castles that opened their gates to receive them. With characteristic lack of resolution to pursue their success, the Welsh at once dispersed to revel over this great and unexpected achievement, and so lost the results that might have followed. Giraldus says that on the site of the battle was raised a tumulus, "and the inhabitants affirm that it will adapt itself to persons of all statures ; and that if any armour be left there entire in the evening, tradition will have it that it is found smashed to bits in the morning."

Another extraordinary tumulus is in Llanwenog near Lampeter, or was there till recently. It consisted of a mound about six yards long and four feet high, with arms and legs, in the shape of a man lying down with extended limbs. But there was no head, and nothing to represent feet. This was called Carn Philip Wyddel, the grave of Philip the Irishman ; and the story told of him was that he lived in the tower of Llanwenog Church, from which he descended at night to prowl about the country robbing. But one day he was pursued, and his place of retreat discovered. Up the church-tower stairs ran the exasperated people, armed with pitchforks, to capture him, when he, finding no other means of escape, leaped from the top of the tower, but broke his feet at the ankles in his fall, and was thereupon taken, his head summarily cut off, and he was then buried in spread-eagle position.



ON THE TEIFI

From Lampeter to Cardigan the river Teifi forms the boundary of the county. At Lampeter the boundary strikes east, follows the Craig Twrch, where are several menhirs and cairns and other prehistoric relics, and then reaches the Towy at Twm Shôn Catti's Cave, and thence runs north up the Towy.

Lampeter (Llan-pedr) is the place where is S. David's College, founded in 1822 by Bishop Burgess as a training place for clergy for the Church in Wales. There are good scholarships, and a poor lad of ability can be secure of an excellent education there at an extremely moderate cost. The college obtained a charter in 1852, enabling it to confer the degree of B.D., and in 1865 to grant that of B.A. There are now no religious tests required at the college. It has become a nursery of hard-headed, somewhat unsympathetic, disputative bishops. It may be doubted whether the training is quite the best for a Welsh youth. It would be far more calculated to broaden his mind, and give him a wider outlook in life, were he taken out of the Principality for education. And the same criticism applies, though in a less degree, to Jesus College, Oxford, where Welsh students are congregated under one roof, and shut off to a considerable extent from association with Englishmen of their age.

“Hugh Morgan, cousin of that Hugh
Whose cousin was the Lord knows who,
Was likewise, as the story runs,
Tenth cousin of one David Jones.
David, well stored with classic knowledge,
Was sent betimes to Jesus College ;
Paternal bounty left him clear
For life one hundred pounds a year.

* * * * *

“It happen'd that his cousin Hugh,
Through Oxford pass'd, to Cambria due,
And from his erudite relation
Receiv'd a written invitation.

Hugh to the college gate repair'd
And asked for Jones ;—the porter stared.
'Jones, sir !' quoth he, 'discriminate,
Of Mr. Joneses there be eight.'
'Aye, but 'tis David Jones,' quoth Hugh ;
Quoth porter, 'We've six Davids too !'
'Cot's flesh !' cries Morgan, 'Cease your mockings,
My David Jones wears worsted stockings.'
Quoth porter, 'Which it is, heaven knows,
For all the eight wear worsted hose.'
'My Cot !' says Hugh, 'I'm asked to dine
With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine.'
'That one word *wine* is worth a dozen,'
Quoth porter, 'Now I know your cousin ;
You'll find your friend at number nine—
We've but one Jones that quaffs his wine. "

Chronicle, 1823.

CHAPTER XII

ABERYSTWYTH

The cult of the tripper—Aberystwyth—Llanbadarn Fawr—S. Padarn—The village schoolmaster—The Devil's Bridge—Plant de Bat—Tomb of Taliesin—Taliesin—Plynlymon—Strata Florida—Meeting of Dafydd ab Gwilym and Gruffydd Gryg—Tregaron—Cors Caron—Twm Shôn Catti—His adventures—His courtship—Llanddewi Brefi—Council—The church—The Matcorn—Nightingales—Llangeitho—Daniel Rowland.

ABERYSTWYTH is one of those watering-places that lay themselves out to cultivate the tripper. It professes to possess every advantage as a health-resort. The rainfall is there insignificant ; the amount of sunshine extraordinary ; the air is more charged with ozone than elsewhere ; its temperature is equable, its drainage perfect, its grass greener, its buttercups more golden, its sea clearer, than those of any other watering-place. And as just the same is reported of every other watering-place, it is equally true, doubtless, of all.

Aberystwyth certainly does command superb views, is near most beautiful scenery, and is a clean, wholesome town, wholly given up to the worship of the tripper. It possesses the University College of Wales, located in hotel-Gothic buildings, and possesses a museum and a library. The castle is but a ruin. Its one old church has been enlarged and restored in good taste, and in the further part of the town is a new church, altogether admirable as an example of Victorian Gothic, bold and clever in design.

Although Aberystwyth takes its name from the river Ystwyth, it actually lies at the mouth of the Rheidol.

Pen y dinas, a lofty hill surmounted by a camp and a grotesque monument to the Duke of Wellington representing a cannon pointing skyward, separate the two rivers.

The castle of Aberystwyth was erected by Gilbert Strongbow in 1109, but the present ruins are the remains of one built by Edward I. The castle was dismantled by Cromwell's forces in 1644, and was finally reduced to ruins in order to evict a gang of disbanded soldiers who had taken up their abode in it, whence they plundered the inhabitants of the town.

Perhaps the most interesting excursion within an easy stroll is to Llanbadarn Fawr, the seat of a bishop from the sixth century till the last. Idnerth was murdered in 720; after that the diocese was united to that of S. David's. Llanbadarn was founded by S. Padarn, a friend of S. David and S. Teilo, and their companion in travel.

He has been confounded with two namesakes, one a Bishop of Vannes in Brittany, who was appointed to that see in 465, and with another who was Bishop of Avranches, and attended a council at Paris in 556, and who was the contemporary of Padarn of South Wales. It is just possible that Padarn may have gone to Brittany in 547 on the occasion of the Yellow Plague, and that may have led to the confusion. The Life we have of the saint is a jumble of the legends of all three and of no historic value. But thus much may be relied on, that he was the son of Pedrwn, uncle of S. Samson. Pedrwn deserted his wife in Brittany and retired to Ireland, where he embraced the religious life. The boy Padarn often saw his mother in tears, and learned that she bewailed her involuntary widowhood; so when he came to man's estate he passed through Wales and went to Ireland, to endeavour to persuade the old man to return to his wife. He failed to effect this, and then he settled where is now Llanbadarn Fawr. The church is fine, and, in fact, the finest in

Cardiganshire. The present building is of the twelfth century, with a massive central tower; it has no aisles, and is cruciform. A good porch and doorway form the entrance on the south side. The roofs are later, of the sixteenth century. The church has been carefully restored, and in the process its fine screen has been restored away. In the churchyard are two early crosses. Of these the story goes that S. Samson was threshing corn on Pen y Dinas, two miles away, and was using these stones as a flail. The head flew off and lighted at Llanbadarn, and Samson, using a naughty word, threw the handle after it; and this also alighted, near the head, in Llanbadarn churchyard.

Llanbadarn has lost greatly in picturesqueness of late years. In a cottage in the village are preserved two old crayon drawings of Llanbadarn as it was, in winter and in summer. One of its remarkable features was the old thatched tavern with the sign hung above the roof. Another cottage went by the name of Ty Mal dan y Gaer, the House of Mary under the Wall, or the Abbot's House. In this lived a century ago an old village schoolmaster. In his young days he prepared for Orders, and went to the palace of the Bishop of S. David's to be examined. When the Bishop came into the room, "Well, sir," said he, "and what can you do?"

"My lord, I can jump like a buck," replied the candidate, and suiting the action to the word, he vaulted over the table.

"Very good, very good indeed," said his lordship. "You may go on jumping like a buck, but you shan't jump into Orders, and still less into a benefice."

So the man returned to Llanbadarn and set up as a schoolmaster.

In the door was the old-fashioned hole into which the finger was inserted to lift the wooden latch. One day when he was coming some of his pupils got the poker red-

hot, and when they saw the finger penetrate within applied the hot iron to it.

The old fellow screamed to his wife, "Mal, Mal! give me white ffon (*i.e.* stick) from pen gwely (the head of the bed), and I'll apply it hot to their tails and set them afire, like Samson did to the foxes."

Nanteos, the seat of the Powell family, is in itself modern and uninteresting, but in it is preserved a wooden cup that is supposed to possess healing properties, and as such is drunk out of by patients. It was brought, so it is supposed, from Strata Florida, and was a mazer bowl. Some nonsense has been written about it, as that it was the Cup of the Grail, or that it was a eucharistic chalice, as if it were not against canon law to have chalices of aught save gold, silver, or glass.

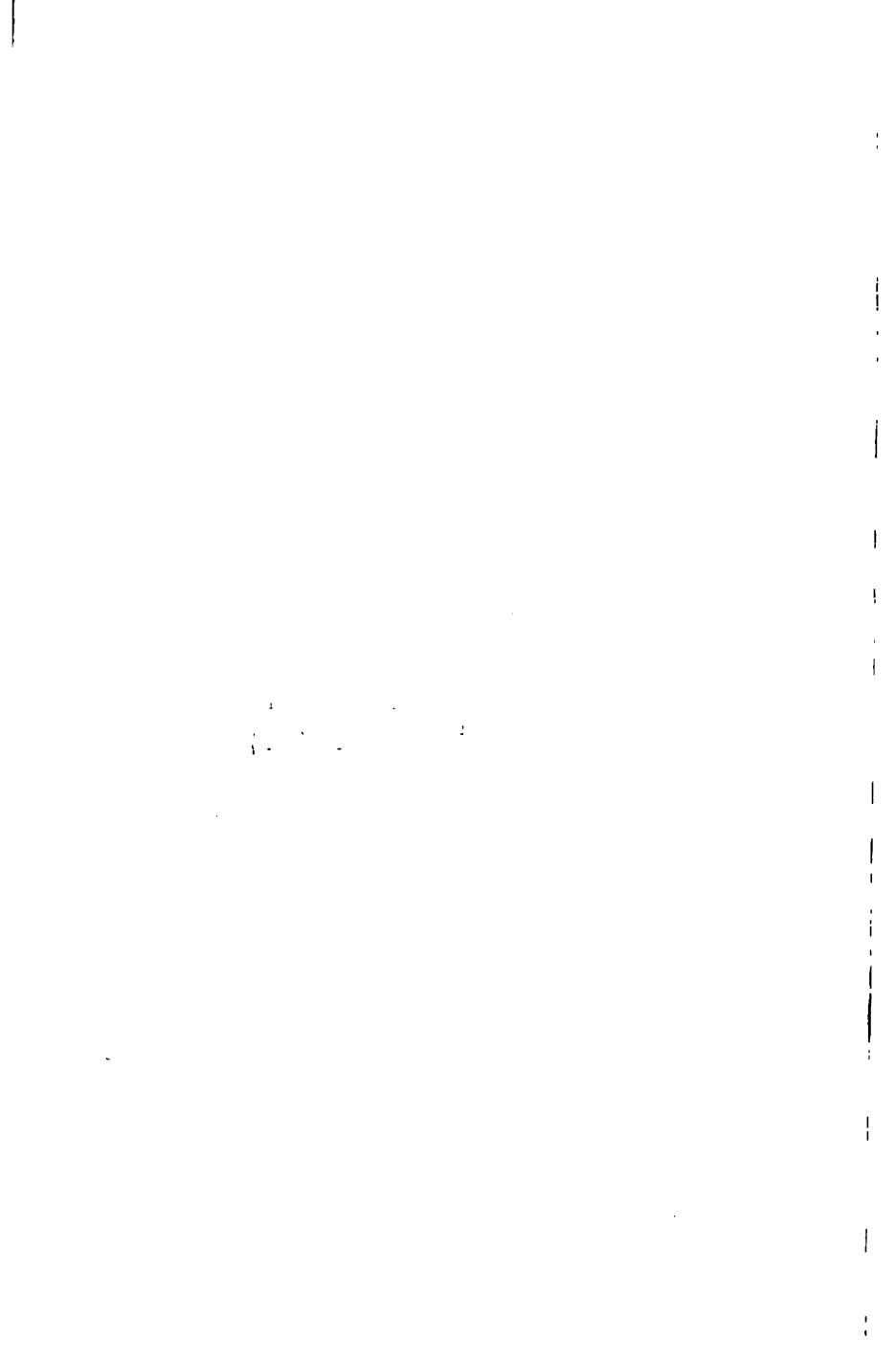
The Devil's Bridge is twelve miles from Aberystwyth; it is over the Afon Mynach just before its junction with the Rheidol. The Mynach cataract consists of four leaps, making a total descent of 210 feet. The bridge has been thrown across a chasm 114 feet above the first fall and 324 feet above the bottom of the cataract. The original bridge was constructed by the monks of Strata Florida, at what time is unknown, but legend says it was built by the devil.

"Old Megan Llandunach, of Pont-y-Mynach,
Had lost her only cow;
Across the ravine the cow was seen,
But to get it she could not tell how."

In this dilemma the Evil One appeared to her cowed as a monk, and with a rosary at his belt, and offered to cast a bridge across the chasm if she would promise him the first living being that should pass over it when complete. To this she gladly consented. The bridge was thrown across the ravine, and the Evil One stood beyond bowing and beckoning to the old woman to come over and try it. But she was too clever to do that. She had noticed his



DEVIL'S BRIDGE



left leg as he was engaged on the construction, and saw that the knee was behind in place of in front, and for a foot he had a hoof.

“In her pocket she fumbled, a crust out tumbled,
She called her little black cur ;
The crust over she threw, the dog after it flew,
Says she, ‘The dog’s yours, crafty sir !’”

Precisely the same story is told of S. Cadoc’s Causeway in Brittany, of the bridge over the Maine at Frankfort, and of many and many another.

How comes it that we have an almost identical tale in so many parts of Europe? The reason is that in all such structures a sacrifice was offered to the Spirits of Evil who haunted the place. When a storm came down on the sea, Jonah had to be flung overboard to allay it. When, in the old English ballad, a ship remained stationary, though all sails were spread, and she could make no headway, the crew “cast the black bullets,” and the lot falls to the captain’s wife, and she is thereupon thrown overboard. Vortigern sought to lay the foundations of his castle in the blood of an orphan boy. A dam broke in Holland in the seventeenth century; the peasants could hardly be restrained from burying a living child under it, when reconstructed, to ensure its stability.

• When the monks of Strata Florida threw the daring arch over the chasm, they so far yielded to the popular superstition as to bury a dog beneath the base of the arch, or to fling one over the parapet.

Near the ravine is a Robbers’ Cave. The story is told by George Borrow, who collected the tale from the mouth of a postman.

“A man lived somewhere about here called Bat, or Bartholomew. This man had three children, two boys and one girl, who, because their father’s name was Bat, were generally called Plant de Bat, or Bat’s children. Very wicked children they were from their cradle, giving their father and mother much trouble

and uneasiness ; no good in any of them, neither in the boys nor the girl. Now the boys, once when they were rambling idly about, lighted by chance upon a cave near the Devil's Bridge. Very strange cave it was, with just one little hole at top to go in by ; so the boys said to one another : ' Nice cave this for thief to live in. Suppose we come here when we are a little more big and turn thieves ourselves.' Well, they waited till they were a little more big, and then, leaving their father's house, they came to the cave and turned thief, lying snug there all day and going out at night to rob upon the roads. Well, there was soon much talk in the country about the robberies which were being committed, and people often went out in search of the thieves, but all in vain ; and no wonder, for they were in a cave very hard to light upon, having, as I said before, merely one little hole at top to go in by. So Bat's boys went on swimmingly for a long time, lying snug in cave by day and going out at night to rob, letting no one know where they were but their sister, who was as bad as themselves, and used to come to them and bring them food, and stay with them for weeks, and sometimes go out and rob with them. But as the pitcher which goes often to the well comes home broken at last, so it happened with Bat's children. After robbing people upon the roads by night many a long year, and never being found out, they at last met one great gentleman upon the roads by night, and not only robbed but killed him, leaving his body all cut and gashed near the Devil's Bridge. That job was the ruin of Plant de Bat, for the great gentleman's friends gathered together and hunted after his murderers with dogs, and at length came to the cave, and going in, found it stocked with riches, and the Plant de Bat sitting upon the riches, not only the boys but the girl also. So they took out the riches and the Plant de Bat, and the riches they did give to churches and spytts, and the Plant de Bat they did execute, hanging the boys and burning the girl."

From Talybont, a stroll of two miles and a half leads to the reputed burial-place of Taliesin, the most famous of the early poets of Wales. It lies on the ridge that separates the valley of the Clettwr from that of the Afon Cenlan. It is on the right-hand side after having passed a little dissenting chapel, and is marked by a flat stone and two stone circles.



PARSON'S BRIDGE

At a meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Association the cairn of Taliesin was opened; it was found to contain a kistvaen, eight feet long by two feet six wide, and about three feet deep, composed of rude slabs; one of the coverers measures five feet nine by three feet nine. Nothing particular was found inside.

Taliesin was chief bard to King Arthur, and after that to Urien Rheged, in the sixth century. He and Elphin, son or grandson of Urien, were once fishing at sea in a skin coracle, when an Irish pirate ship seized them and their coracle, and carried them away towards Ireland; but while the pirates were drunk at night, Taliesin obtained possession of his coracle and made off with it; and a shield which he managed to secure served him as a paddle or scull. But as he neared the Welsh coast the shield slipped from his hand, and he had no other alternative but to be driven at the mercy of the sea, when the tide carried him to the mouth of the Teifi in Ceredigion. At that time the shore was further out than at present, and the Cantred of Gwaelod was a low-lying territory that has since been submerged. Taliesin's coracle caught in a salmon weir belonging to Gwyddno, chief of Gwaelod, and with him Taliesin remained some years.

The poems that have been attributed to Taliesin are of various quality. Some are certainly not his. One curious composition is an odd mingling of paganism with Christianity, and implies the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

Taliesin professes :—

“ I was with my Lord in the highest sphere,
On the fall of Lucifer into the depth of hell ;
I have borne a banner before Alexander ;
I know the names of the stars north and south ;
I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain ;
I conveyed the Divine Spirit to the Valley of Hebron ;
I was instructor to Eli and Enoch ;
I was at the place of crucifixion of the Son of God ;
I am a wonder whose origin is not known.

I have been in Asia with Noah in the Ark ;
 I have been in India when Rome was built ;
 I have been with my Lord in the manger of the ass ;
 I strengthened Moses through the water of Jordan ;
 I have been in the firmament with Mary Magdalen ;
 I have obtained the muse from the Cauldron of Ceridwen ;
 I have been on the White Hill, in the Court of Cynfelyn ;
 For a day and a year in stocks and fetters ;
 I shall be until the day of doom on the face of the earth ;
 And it is not known whether my body is flesh or fish.
 Then I was for nine months
 In the womb of the hag Ceridwen.
 I was originally little Gwion,
 And at length I am Taliesin."

The story alluded to in the last lines is curious. Ceridwen had a son so hideous that she resolved to obtain for him marvellous knowledge. To this end she put various herbs into a cauldron and bade Gwion the Little attend it for a year and a day. Then from it would come drops of Inspiration. Now one day as the cauldron boiled, three drops spurted out and fell on the finger of Gwion, and at once Inspiration came on him. He knew Ceridwen would be wroth, for all the rest in the cauldron was naught ; he had received the marvellous three drops. So he fled, and she pursued him. Then he transformed himself into a hare, and she into a greyhound ; thereupon he dived into a river and became a fish. She instantly became an otter and went in after him. Thereupon he soared into the air as a little bird, and Ceridwen went after him as a hawk. In deadly alarm, he dropped into a heap of corn and became a grain of wheat. Then Ceridwen transformed herself into a black hen and picked up the grain. Gwion remained inside her for nine months, and when she was delivered of him he was so beautiful that she could not find it in her heart to kill him. In this new form he was Taliesin "The Radiant Brow."

The transformation part of the story is found in the *Arabian Nights* tales and among the German folk tales, *Der alte Zauberer und seine Kinder* ; it is found also in

the ballad of the "Two Magicians," a Scottish version of which is in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*; it is also sung in Devon. There are as well French, Italian, Roumanian, Greek, Polish versions of it. It is clearly derived from some pagan transmigration of souls myth.¹

Plinlymon has none of the grandeur of Snowdon or of Cader Idris. It is rather a group of three mountains, forming the centre whence radiate minor chains. But, in fact, Plinlymon should be Pumplummon, the Five Heads. The height of the loftiest summit is 2,463 feet.

"A mountainous wilderness on every side, a waste of russet coloured hills, with here and there a black, craggy summit; no signs of life or cultivation to be discovered: the eye may search it in vain for a grove, or even a single tree."

The mountain mass derives its celebrity as giving birth to the Severn, the Wye, and the Rheidol, and not to any grandeur or dignity of appearance in itself.

Addison can never have seen it, or he would not have represented it with its cliffs overhanging the sea. He had given in the *Spectator* an account of Sappho's jump off the promontory of Leucate, where was a Lover's Leap, and whoso took this spring was either killed or cured; and then he prints a letter from Davyth ap Shenkyn:—

"Mister Spictatur. My heart is so full of Loves and Passions for Mrs. Gwiniford, and she is so pettish, and overrun with Cholers against me, that if I had the good Happiness to have my Dwelling (which is placed by my Cran-father upon the Pottom of an Hill) no farther Distance but twenty Mile from the Lofers Leap, I would endeafour to preak my Neck upon it on Purpose. Now there iss in Caernarvonshire a fery pig Mountain, the Clory of all Wales, which iss named Penmainmawre, and it iss no great Journey on Foot from me; but the Road is stony and bad for Shooes. Now there is upon the Forehead of this Mountain a very high Rock, like a Parish Steeple, that cometh a huge deal over the Sea; so when I am in my Melancholies, and I do throw

¹ Also in *The Italian Taylor and his Boy*, by Robert Armin. London, 1609.

myself from it, I do desire my fery good Friend to tell me in his Spictatur, if I shall be cure of my griefous Lofes ; for there is the Sea clear as Glass and ass creen as the Leek. There likewise, if I be drown, and preak my Neck, if Mrs. Gwiniford will not lofe me afterwards."

There is no crag overhanging the sea on Plinlymon, but there is about the basin of the Llyn Llygad Rheidol. Strata Florida was the Westminster Abbey of Wales. The original foundation was beside the River Flôr, about two miles to the south, and the spot still bears the name of Yr Hen Fonachlog, or the Old Monastery. This, it is believed, was founded by Rhys ab Tewdwr ; but the present ruins belong to an abbey erected in 1194 by Rhys ab Gruffydd. It became the place of interment of the noblest of the Welsh princes, and here were preserved the national records. It is supposed that the *Annales Cambriae* were compiled here. In Leland's time "the chirch was large, side ilid, and cross ilid."

The church was 213 ft. long, and was longer and more stately than any cathedral in Wales, even than S. David's, and now it is reduced to a miserable wreck, and the mean and conventicle-looking chapel that serves as parish church is all that remains beside the ruins to represent the church in this place: perhaps a meet figure of what was and what is.

At Strata Florida, under a yew tree, was buried Dafydd (David) ab Gwilym, the greatest poet Wales produced, the contemporary of Chaucer, of whom already something has been said. Between David and Gruffydd Gryg of Anglesey, a bard of great repute, existed a bitter rivalry, and Gruffydd had composed a poem in which he sneered at the devotion of his rival to Morfydd. This David could not forgive. At last one Bola Banol resolved by a stratagem to reconcile the two bitterly alienated bards. To effect this, Bola went to North Wales and announced to Gruffydd that David was dead and was to be conveyed

on a certain day to be buried at Strata Florida. On hearing this, Gruffydd was so affected that he composed a poem in honour of Dafydd and announced his intention of attending the funeral and reciting his poem over the remains. Meanwhile David had been informed that his rival was dead and was to be transferred for interment to Strata Florida on the same day that Gruffydd had been informed David was to be consigned to earth. David at once set to work to compose a laudatory poem on his rival, and declared that he would recite it over his grave.

On the day fixed both poets arrived at Strata Florida, and were greatly astonished to find each other in rude health. This led to an explanation. Neither was willing that his eulogistic poem should be buried in silence, each rehearsed it over the other, fell into each other's arms, and became friends.

Tregaron lies at the margin of the Cors Caron, a vast peat bog through which meander the Teifi, the Camddwr, the Nant y Groes, and Nant Berwyn. This must at one time have formed a great upland lake that has been encroached on by the turf, and smothered in water weeds, till it has become wholly a wide-stretching peat bog. Tregaron lies over 560 ft. above the sea, and forms a pleasanter centre for excursions than Aberystwyth, partly because of its elevation, mainly because there one is clear of the tripper. To the east and north and south-east lies some very wild country, for something like fourteen miles as the crow flies, where one may wander without meeting a human being or seeing a cottage; there are some llyns or lakes, but not of striking character. The Teifi rises in one 1,328 ft. above the sea, and near by are several others.

The church has a massive embattled tower without buttresses, and in the churchyard are some early monumental stones. It was near Tregaron, in a cottage, that was born Twm Shôn Catti, of whom mention has already

been made. A Life of him may be purchased for sixpence at the railway bookstalls, but it is a fanciful production—he is made therein the Tyll Owleglas of Wales. Twm Shôn was the illegitimate son, not of Sir John Wynn, of Gwydir, as is generally stated, but of David ab Madog ab Howel Moethau, by Catherine, a natural daughter of Meredydd ab Iefan. This, at all events, was what he stated concerning himself to Lewys Dwnn, who drew up his pedigree in 1588; but he is a wise son who knows his own father, and it is quite possible that the popular opinion may be correct. Catti was a handsome woman without nice scruples, and may have had more lovers than one, and have been doubtful herself as to who was the father of her son. When Twm, as a man, came to dabble in genealogy, he chose David ab Madog as his presumptive father, and chose as his arms those of Gwaethfoed, Prince of Ceredigion. In an undated petition, before 1612, addressed to Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury, he stated “that Lord Burghley did recon me to be his kinsmane, for that he was descended from my greate graunfather, Howel Moythey.”

Twm was born before or about 1530, and led a wild life. Tradition has given him great notoriety. George Borrow tells some of the stories that circulate about him, as related to him by the natives :—

“One day, in time of fair, Twm Shôn Catti goes into an ironmonger’s shop in Llandovery. ‘Master,’ says he, ‘I want to buy a good large iron porridge-pot; please to show me some.’ So the man brings out three or four big iron porridge-pots, the very best he has. Twm takes up one and turns it round. ‘This looks a very good porridge-pot,’ said he; ‘I think it will suit me.’ Then he lifts it above his head and pecks (peeps) into it. ‘Ha,’ says he, ‘this won’t do; I see one hole here.’ Says the man, ‘There is no hole in it.’ ‘But there is,’ says Twm, holding it up and pecking into it again; ‘I see the hole quite plain. Take it and look into it yourself.’ So the man takes the pot, and having held it up, and pecked in, ‘As I hope to be saved,’ says he, ‘I

can see no hole.' Says Twm, 'Good man, if you put your head in, you will find that there is a hole.' So the man tries to put in his head, but having some difficulty, Twm lends him a helping hand by jamming the pot quite down over the man's face; then, whisking up the other pots, Twm leaves the shop, saying as he goes, 'Friend, I suppose you now see that there is a hole in the pot, otherwise how could you have got your head inside?'"

Another very favourite story of Twm is of his stealing a bull and selling it back to the man from whom he took it. It is as follows:—

There was a farmer near Brecon who had a fine bull with a very short tail. One night Twm stole it. Then he made an artificial tail, fastened it on to the actual tail of the bull, so skilfully that the deception could not easily be detected. Next market day at Brecon he exhibited the bull for sale. The farmer saw it, and said that it was precisely like his bull that had recently been stolen, only that this beast had a longer tail. "I should uncommonly like to see if this be a real tail or not," said he. Thereupon Twm whipped out his knife and cut off the bull's tail close to the rump, and naturally it bled profusely, and the brute bellowed and kicked. "There," said Twm; "what say you to that? Is it a true tail or not? Now you buy my bull of me." "Not I," said the farmer.

"But you shall," said Twm. "You made me mutilate the bull to prove my innocence, and buy it you shall or you shall be summoned."

In the end the farmer did purchase it. When the money had passed hands, he said to Twm, "Now I want the tail." "You shall not have it," replied Twm. "I may want it for another gull."

It is stated in *Notes and Queries* (1 Series ii. 12) that there exists a pardon granted to him under the Great Seal, dated January 15th, 1559, forgiving him "Omnia escapia et cautiones."

Another story told of him is that at a fair he found a

woman selling cloth, or Welsh flannel. He slyly stitched one end of her ware to his coat, walked off, drew away all her supply, and was speedily lost in the crowd. Shortly after he met the hawker, who was loudly lamenting how she had been robbed.

"Aha!" said Twm, "you should act as I do. I always fasten the end of the cloth I have to sell to my own jacket, and then it cannot be stolen."

He heard of the feats of a famous highwayman, and determined to show himself his master in cunning. So he mounted on a sorry horse, filled his saddlebags with sea-shells, and rode along the way where he expected the rogue would be watching. In due time the highwayman came upon him, and demanded his money or his life. Twm threw his saddlebags over the hedge; the highwayman swore, dismounted, climbed the hedge, and went after the bags. Instantly Twm leaped from his wretched old horse, got on that of the robber, and galloped away, and to his satisfaction found a good deal of plunder in the bags of the horse he had carried off.

I have my doubts about this tale. It has been saddled on Twm, but is really a version of the old English ballad of the "Silly old Man" or "Saddle to Rags."

"He opened, the thief, his portmantle,
And there was a sight to behold,
There were five hundred pounds in silver
And five hundred pounds in gold.

"And when to his home he were come
His daughter he dress'd like a duchess,
And his ol' woman kicked and she capered for joy
And at Christmas danc'd jigs on her crutches."

Such stories of highwaymen who have been outwitted are common in all ballad poetry. Society avenged itself on these pests for the vexations they caused by imagining cases in which some of its members had got the better of the gentry of the road.

Tradition will have it that Twm married the daughter and heiress of Sir John Price, of the Priory Brecon, and by this means came into considerable estates, and with them Ystrad Ffin. The cave where he was wont to conceal himself, partly for the sake of his depredations, partly when courting the lady, is at Ystrad Ffin, near Llandovery. A very romantic story is told of his wooing. He saved the young lady from the hands of a highwayman; she was a married woman. Shortly afterwards Twm Shôn Catti was invited to dine with the family. From his cave he visited her clandestinely and repeatedly, and got her to promise that on the death of her elderly husband she would accept him. A few years later the husband died. Twm at once set off for Strath Ffin, and demanded of her the fulfilment of her promise. But she, now with great possessions, did not see her way to becoming the wife of a bastard and a thief, and repulsed him. He begged of her a final interview, and this with some demur she granted on condition that it should be private. He came accordingly to her window at night, and entreated as a farewell that he might kiss her hand. She permitted this, and stretched her arm through the casement. Twm laid hold of her hand, and swore he would cut her arm off with his sword unless she there and then vowed by all that was holy that she would fulfil her old promise. When the cold blade was applied and drawn across her arm she yielded, and the result was that they were married, and Twm became a great squire with broad lands in Brecknock and Carmarthenshire, a justice of the peace, and a great magnate in both counties.

Unfortunately, the story will not bear the test of authentic records applied to it. Twm did not marry the heiress. According to the petition made by him to Cecil, his income amounted to a hundred pounds a year. He lived and died at Porth y Ffynon, or Fountain Gate, near Tregaron, and he picked up a living by acting as a collector of pedigrees

for the Welsh gentry. In Rhys' *Welsh Grammar*, published in 1592, he is spoken of as the most accomplished heraldic bard of the day. He died about the age of ninety, in or near the year 1620. He is believed to have collected the third series of the Triads, printed in the *Myvyrian Archæology*, from a MS. by him written in 1601; this collection is the least reliable of the three.

He was a passable poet, and an ode to grief is given by Sir S. R. Meyrick in his *History of Cardiganshire*, 1808, as one of Twm Shôn Catti's composition.

From Tregaron an easy excursion may be made to Llanddewi Brefi, the scene of an early Council of the British bishops, in which David took an important position. According to late accounts, the Council met to oppose Pelagianism, but actually it was to draw up penitential canons.

S. Cadoc was furious because the gathering had not been postponed till his return from the Continent, and he especially resented the distinction acquired by S. David. He would not speak to him, and he set to work to "fast against him." But S. Finnian reproved him for his unchristian temper, and Cadoc had the good feeling to acknowledge that he had been in the wrong.

The Council was summoned to meet at Llanio, the old Roman Loventum, on which the roads focussed, but the place proved inconvenient, and the Council was transferred to Brefi, where, according to the late legend, when David was speaking, the ground swelled up under him into a hill, so that he could be seen and heard by all. Actually, he ascended a tumulus that was there. The date of the Council is uncertain: it is set down as taking place before 569. If we compare the dates of those who were present, we must conclude that it preceded the outbreak of the Yellow Plague in 547.

The church at Llanddewi was erected by Bishop Bec of S. David's in 1187, but at the beginning of last century

the north transept was in ruins, and injudicious rebuilding and restoration have not improved the appearance of the church. The story goes that as one of the yoke of oxen was hauling stones for the construction of the church, it fell down and died; whereupon the other bellowed out nine times, and the hill split so as to ease the ascent and draught. In the church formerly was preserved the Matcorn, supposed to have been a horn of an ox that drew the body of a monstrous beaver that had been let loose against S. David, but which he slew. Bishop Gibson of Llandaff describes it. "If this Matcorn is not the interior part of an Ox's horn, as its name imports, it very much resembles it, and is so heavy that it seems absolutely petrified. It is full of large cells or holes, and the circumference at the root is 17 inches."

The Matcorn is no longer in the church; in 1823 it was in the possession of David Joel Jenkins, of Lampeter; he gave it "to the head of one of Cardiganshire's county families, and from that time to this it has safely remained in private custody, not many miles from this parish church."¹

In the churchyard are some inscribed stones. One is called S. David's Staff, and is that wherewith he slew the beaver.

Another story locally told of S. David is that when he was preaching one day the nightingales sang so loud and so shrill that the people hearkened to them and not to him, whereupon he cursed them, and since then no nightingale has visited Llanddewi Brefi.

Near Llanddewi is Llangeitho, that possessed a magnificent rood-screen in Meyrick's time, 1808. He gives an engraving of it, but so inaccurately drawn that it is not possible to make out the details. It is singular how slovenly artists were in former days in making sketches of Gothic structures, and how careless antiquaries were

¹ Evans (G. E.), *Cardiganshire*, 1903, p. 190.

in copying inscribed stones. For instance, compare the illustrations of the great cross at Llanbadarn Fawr as given by Meyrick with that given in Mr. Evans' book referred to as taken from a photograph. No single feature in Meyrick's drawing is approximately correct. It is the same with inscriptions, one can never trust the readings of the old antiquaries. They read their own fancies into the stones.

But to return to Llangeitho. Meyrick says: "There is a double screen to separate the chancel from the body of the church, which exhibits a curious specimen of laborious but elegant Gothic workmanship. Each part of the screen consists of three ornamental arches, in the spandrils of which birds and beasts are grotesquely introduced." This screen no longer exists. It has been wantonly swept away.

Llangeitho Church is noted as that in which Daniel Rowland ministered. He was the son of a former rector of the same name, and was born in 1713. He was ordained at the uncanonical age of twenty, and for thirty years served the churches of Nantcwnlle, Llangeitho, and for part of the time was also curate of Llanddewi Brefi. His largest church, the latter, which is capable of holding three thousand people, used to be completely filled. Crowds came to hear him from the remotest parts of the Principality, and on Sacrament Sundays the communicants numbered from twelve to fifteen hundred.

But his tenets were Calvinistic, and his teaching accordingly was so contrary to the doctrine of the Church, that the bishop was forced to interfere. Popularity and apparent spiritual success do not establish orthodoxy, nor justify a bishop for not exacting of his clergy that they shall conform to the teaching of the Church, and the bishop inhibited Rowland. Thereupon a huge conventicle was erected for him at Llangeitho. He was valued by the eccentric Countess of Huntingdon, who

provided him with a carriage and pair. His views became more and more peculiar, and finally his followers formed a sect by itself, called the Rowlandists. His sister never quitted the Church, and when Daniel had drawn all the other parishioners away from the parish church to his meeting-house, she and the clerk were the only congregation that remained under the ministrations of Daniel's successor in the living.

He died in 1790, and was succeeded in his conventicle by his son Nathaniel, who had inherited much of his father's eloquence.

CHAPTER XIII

BRECON

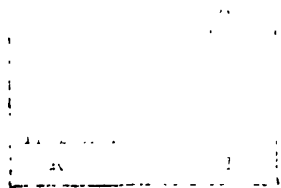
Dreary country—The Happy Valley—Irish invasion of Brecon—Brychan—
Later history of Brycheiniog—Conquest by Bernard Newmarch—Battle
of Bannium—Nest and Mabel—Bannium—Pencefngaer—S. Alud—
Llanddew—Henry Vaughan—Sir David Gam—Bishop Morton—The
Duke of Buckingham—Llangorse—A Cranoge—Trevecca—Bedd Gwyl
Illtyd—Bronllys—The Brecknock Beacons—Bualt—Builth—James
Howel—The springs of Llangammarch—The last Llewelyn—His death—
The Plantagenet.

THE line from Cardiff to Brecon crawls by iron and coal mines, heaps of slag, mean collections of cottages, then over bald and dreary moorland, till it sweeps down into the vale of the Usk, and at once we are in an earthly paradise, where all is beautiful, rich, and prosperous. From the seamy side we have passed to the fair face. The great Brecon basin is like the Happy Valley of Rasselas. Its prosperity is due largely to the overflow of wealth from the sordid fringe to the south. But natural fertility gives to it a charm apart from that furnished by fine parks and gentlemen's extensive grounds. And we cannot wonder that it proved a bite at which every invader has snapped.

The first to come down on it, and that over the mountain lip to the west, were the Irish. We know nothing of the details, only the fact that the Irish King, Anlac (Amalgaidh), was firmly settled there, married to the daughter of the native prince, at the very beginning of the fifth century. What are now Cardiganshire, Carmar-



BRECON



thenshire, and Pembrokeshire were already in the possession of the Irish, and the invasion of Brecon by Anlac was probably not so much one of wife-hunting as of conquest.

The rich and fertile basin was then called Garth Madryn; later it acquired its name of Brycheiniog from Brychan, the son of Anlac, a great personality, who has not only stamped his name on the county, but has left an indelible impression on the ecclesiastical history of Wales and Cornwall; and yet of him we know almost nothing. He seems, like Charlemagne, to have had a considerable number of wives, and, like Charlemagne also, to have been a great patron of the Church.

What little is known of him may be summed up in a few words. His father committed him to be fostered by the Prince of Powys, and he there seduced Banhadlen, the daughter of the prince, and by her became the father of S. Cynog, to whom he gave his bracelet.

This escapade probably led to his having to leave Powys. He is credited by the Welsh with having had three wives—one was a Spaniard—by whom he had many children. The Bretons gave him a third wife, and the Irish a fourth.

The Welsh say that he was the father of twenty-four sons and twenty-four daughters—the Cornish add several to this number, the Irish others, and the Bretons one. The Triads record that he “brought up his children and grandchildren in learning and the liberal arts, that they might be able to show the faith in Christ to the nation of the Cymry,” which was very considerate of him; but they must have had tough work to inspire the rudiments of Christian morality into the Cymry, shaken by the example of their father and prince. However, the genealogies of the offspring of Brychan are not to be relied on, for it is certain that grandchildren, and perhaps even great-grandchildren, were included in the number. All that is really meant by the family record is that those named belonged

by blood to the tribe, and had tribal rights in the land Brychan had ruled. The Welsh records have no more to say of him than that he was buried in Ynys Brychan in the north. This would lead one to suspect that he was turned out of his principality; and this is made likely by the fact that most of his reputed sons entered the ecclesiastical state, and so qualified themselves to be left in undisturbed possession of small llans or churches. Indeed, only two of them embraced the military profession, and one of these held a principality in North Carmarthen, and the other an eastern slip of Brecknock.

A curious representation of Brychan is in fifteenth-century stained glass in S. Neot's Church, Cornwall, representing him as a king enthroned with a lapful of children. It was due, doubtless, to the upheaval of the Welsh, assisted by the refugees from Strath Clyde, and the expulsion of the Irish, that so large a migration of the Brychan family took place. Some escaped to Ireland, into Wexford and Wicklow, and many into North-East Cornwall.

The later history of Brycheiniog presents the usual picture of internal feuds, and all remains obscure till we come to the close of the eleventh century, but it is certain that it was raided several times by the Mercians and West Saxons. For, indeed, the Happy Valley lay unfortunately open towards the east, either by the valley of the Usk, or, more easily still, by that of the Wye, from which it is divided by merely a neck of slight elevation. In fact, the Afon Llynfi, a feeder of the Wye, flows out of the Llangorse Lake that lies in the basin, not much over a mile from the Usk. Ethelbald, King of Mercia, we know, attempted to ravage Brycheiniog, and a bloody battle was fought at Carno, in the parish of Llangattwg, near Crickhowel. Brycheiniog was again invaded by the great Lady of the Mercians, Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred. This was in 916. She stormed the fortress of



CANAL AQUEDUCT, OREGON

1941
FURN
APR 1941
TIL
R 1



KING BRYCHAN
From stained glass, S. Neot's, Cornwall

7

THE
PUN
AST
TIL
R

the Welsh King, which was apparently on Llangorse Lake, and took his wife prisoner. The battle is called by the Welsh Gwaith y Ddinas Newydd, the Battle of the New City. Brecknock was again invaded by Alfred, Earl of Mercia, about the year 982.

A century later came the final overthrow of the Principality, when the last prince, Bleddyn ab Maenarch, fell in a great battle against the Norman adventurer, Bernard Newmarch, in 1092, on the river Yscir, five miles above the present town of Brecon. At the same time, and on the same field, fell Rhys ab Tewdwr, Prince of Dyfed.

"I may perhaps be allowed to indulge in an imaginary though probable description of the encounter," says Mr. Theophilus Jones. "It has been just hinted that the expedition of Bernard was concerted between him and Fitzhammon, or at least that the success of the latter led to the invasion of Brecknockshire. In his route, therefore, from England, the conqueror of this county very naturally called upon his countrymen in Glamorganshire, who, if they did not join, at least so far assisted him as to point out the road taken by Rhys in his flight from Hirwain-Wogan. Pursuing his steps, the invader came to Caerbannau, which being too strongly fortified by nature as well as art to promise success in an attack on the western side, it would seem that the Normans made a feint of filing off northward, along a ridge parallel with the river Yscir, as if they intended proceeding towards the Epynt Hills and the hundred of Builth. On the south or eastern side of the river, where the British troops were posted, the lane called Heol y Cymry, as far as it bears that name, runs parallel with the supposed march of the Normans. Along this lane the Britons proceeded watching the motions of the enemy, but concealed from them by higher ground on the left hand, so that apprehending no opposition, Bernard and his forces attempted to cross the Yscir through a wood, from this event called Cwm Gwern y Gâd, the Wood of the Vale of Battle. Here, however, they were observed by some British scouts upon the opposite eminence, when the Welsh army, pouring down the common, must certainly have attacked the enemy to great advantage; but the discipline of the Normans prevailed, the assailants were driven back, and in their retreat or flight, tradition informs us, Rhys lost his head near a well on the common just mentioned,

called Ffynnon Pen Rhys. The fury of the battle ceased not till the residence of Bleddin was attacked on the eastern side, where it was most assailable and where he himself was slain while gallantly defending his life, his liberty, and his country against a horde of robbers, who had no pretence or motive for hostilities, except a savage and unjustifiable love of plunder, or any argument to support them but the sword."

The point where this battle was fought was of great strategic importance. Y Gaer or Caerbannau, supposed to be the Roman Bannium, a stone-walled fortress and town, lies at the junction of the Yscir and the Usk. From it radiated Roman roads that were probably traversable when the Norman invasion took place. One came up the Usk Valley from Abergavenny and passed over the ridge eastward to Llandovery and Llanio, where it fell into the great coast road from Carmarthen to Conway. Another came up from Neath, led to Builth, and thence to another radiating point of road, Caer Sws on the Severn. Another, again, came to this great centre from Kenchester, Worcester, Birmingham, and Wall, whence it was continued as the Watling Street, leading up into Eastern Scotland.

Whether Bannium had been repaired and formed into a fortified camp by the Welsh is doubtful. The present remains show no indication that such was the case. But there was an oval camp of earthworks on the same ridge on higher ground that may have been the Caer Bannau of Bleddyn. Then there is a very strongly fortified camp between Battle and Brecon, Pen y Crûg, of a most formidable description, commanding the valleys of the Honddu, the Usk, and the Yscir. If this latter were that held by the Welsh, then they streamed down the hillside and fell on the Normans, as under cover of the woods of Penoyne they were advancing up the Yscir. If Fitzhammon sent a contingent from Morganius to assist Bernard Newmarch, these troops would arrive by the old

road coming over the mountains from the south that debouches at Bannium, and Newmarch would have pressed on to this point to meet it.

I have given Mr. Theophilus Jones' version of the battle. I cannot but think, however, that Bleddyn and Rhys occupied Pen y Gaer, above Brecon, and not the ruins of Y Gaer in the valley. It would be more consistent with British tactics to retire to mountain-tops; and the position was incomparably the stronger. The camp there was not of recent construction—it was an early hill fortress that dates from the Bronze Age. It had the usual disadvantage of such a camp, that it was without water supply in it. Upon the defeat and death of Bleddyn, Bernard Newmarch founded the castle of Brecknock, and proceeded to distribute the conquered land among the knights and gentlemen who had assisted him in his expedition, reserving to himself the principal domains, with the rule over the whole.

Bernard seems to have had slight twinges of compunction for his conduct in thus plundering and annexing Welsh territory, for he behaved with some generosity to Gwrgan, the eldest son of Bleddyn, by surrendering to him the manors of Blanallyn, Aberllyn, and part of Llanfangel tal y Llyn, but Gwrgan was kept under strict supervision; moreover, he founded the noble priory church of S. John, one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in Wales. "It was doubtless commenced at the close of the eleventh century," says Mr. Freeman; "but probably the nave might not have been completed till towards the middle of the twelfth. The choir, transepts, and presbytery, rebuilt during the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries, gradually transformed the Norman nave into a decorated building." Further, in order to soften to the Welsh the grievance of being ruled in Brecknock by a foreign lord, Bernard married Nest, grand-daughter of Gryffydd ab Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales, a union recommended

by policy only, for she was of notoriously bad character. By Fleance, the son of Banquo, who had fled to Wales to avoid punishment for a murder, she had a son, Walter Stuart, or the Steward, ancestor of the Stuarts, kings of Scotland, and afterwards of England. By her Bernard had two children, Mahel and Sibyl. Mahel ought to have succeeded to his father's place and power, but Nest took an inveterate hate against him because he had discovered her carrying on an intrigue with a knight. Thereupon she took oath before Henry I. that Mahel was not the son of Bernard ; accordingly he was declared to be illegitimate, and deprived of his inheritance, which passed to Milo of Gloucester, who married his sister Sibyl.

What became of Mahel, thus dispossessed by the resentment of a shameless woman, we know not. "The historians of the time," says Mr. Theophilus Jones, "have thrown him quietly upon the shelf without either putting him to death or preserving the memory of any incidents that may have occurred to him in the course of his life."

To return once more to Bannium. Much of the walling and the ancient gates remain, also the hypocaust of Roman baths, and in a dry summer the plan of a Roman villa can be distinctly traced in the parched turf. From time to time antiquities have been found here, consisting chiefly of Samian ware, blue glass beads, coins, bricks and tiles, some of the latter stamped "Leg. II. Aug.," showing that the station was occupied by the Second Legion, the headquarters of which were at Caerleon.

Near the station, by the side of the old Roman road, is a sculptured monument bearing on it the figures of a Roman soldier and his wife. The inscription is now almost obliterated, but a couple of centuries ago it could be read: "Alancina civis et conjux ejus, h. s. est," or "Alancina, the citizen, and his wife is here buried." But old readings are eminently untrustworthy.

Near Bannium, on the way to the battlefield, is a fine

menhir in a field. At Llanspyddid Church, also hard by, Anlac, the father of Brychan, was buried under the threshold stone of the door, and in the graveyard is a stone called the Brychan Cross. Brychan is traditionally said to be buried there, but as we have seen, he is recorded to have laid his bones in Ynys Brychan, wherever that be.

About a mile east of Brecon is Pencefnagaer, a mound rising to the height of 810 ft. Near Slwch farmhouse, to the north of the camp, stood formerly a very famous sanctuary, that of S. Aled or Almedha, a daughter of King Brychan. She is said to have been pursued by a pagan Saxon chief, and to have concealed herself on this hill, but the chief discovered her retreat and cut off her head. Giraldus says :—

“The day of her solemnity is every year celebrated in the same place the first of August, whereto great numbers of devout people from distant parts were wont to assemble, and by the merits of that holy virgin receive their desired health from various infirmities. One special thing, usually happening on the solemnity of this blessed virgin, seems to me very remarkable, for you may often see there young men and maids, sometimes in the church, sometimes in the churchyard, and sometimes when they are dancing on the level ground encompassing it, fall down on a sudden to the ground. At first they lie quiet as if rapt in an ecstasy, but presently they will leap up as if possessed, and with both hands and feet before the people, will represent whatsoever servile work they unlawfully performed on the feast days of the Church. One will walk as if he were holding the plough, another as if he were driving oxen with a goad, and both at the same time sing some rude tune as if to lighten their toil. One will act the trade of a shoemaker, another of a tanner, a third of one who is spinning. Here you may see a maid busily weaving, and expressing all the postures usual in the work. After which, all being brought with offerings to the altar, you would be amazed to see how quickly they recover their senses.”

William of Worcester, who wrote in the fifteenth century, says :—

“S. Alud, Virgin and Martyr, one of the twenty-four daughters of the ruler of Brecknock, sleeps in the church of cloistered

virgins in the town of Usk, and was martyred on a mound at one mile from Brecknock, whence a spring arose, and the stone where she was beheaded there remains; and as often as anyone in honour of God and the said saint shall say the Lord's Prayer, or shall drink of the water of said fount, he shall find at his will a woman's hair of the said saint upon the stone by a huge miracle."

The site of the chapel is now marked by a venerable yew; the well is there, but nearly choked with mud and stones. The woman's hair is on the head of the farmer's wife at Slwch.

Llanddew Church (Norman), a cross church without aisles, is very interesting and is in good order. Here lived Giraldus when Archdeacon of Brecon, and here he wrote the account of the strange, hysterical affections of the pilgrims to S. Alyd's Chapel, which he had seen with his own eyes. At Llansantffread, where there is an utterly uninteresting modern church, in the graveyard, lies Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, one of the most charming sacred poets of the seventeenth century.

Tretower, a picturesque old mansion in a ruinous condition in the parish of Cwmdô, was the principal residence of the Vaughans, but the grandfather of the poet migrated to Newton in Llansantffread, and there, in 1621, his son Henry had issue, Henry and Thomas Vaughan, twin brothers; the former of these is the subject of this notice.

At the age of eleven Henry and his brother were sent for education to the Rector of Llangattock, and he passed them on to Oxford. They entered at Jesus College in 1638. They had fallen on times unpropitious to literary pursuits. The great rebellion was fermenting, and politics pushed study into the background. The King, moreover, moved his court from London to Oxford, where he had the sympathy and support of almost all the members of the University. Thomas bore arms on the King's side, and Henry suffered imprisonment for his avowed attachment

to the Royal cause. It is not certain whether he actually served in the King's army.

Thomas was ordained and nominated to the living of Llansantffread, and went to reside there close to his brother. The Parliamentary Commissioners, however, ejected him on the usual charges of drunkenness, swearing, incontinency, and having borne arms for the King, the last being, almost certainly, as in so many other instances, his only real offence.

Thomas then retired to Oxford, where he threw himself into the study of chemistry and alchemy. He died in the plague of 1665 ; and Henry, who loved him dearly, wrote a little poem in memory of his brother, of which here are a few lines :—

“ So violets, so doth the primrose, fall,
At once the Spring's pride, and its funeral.
Such early sweets get off still in their prime,
And stay not here to wear the soil of time ;
While coarser flowers, which none could miss, if past,
To scorching Summers, and cold Autumns last.
Souls need not time. The early forward things
Are always fledged, and gladly use their wings.
Or else great parts, when inspired, quit the crowd,
To shine above still, not behind the cloud.”

Henry studied medicine, took his degree of M.D., and came to practise at Brecon, but did not at all relish the puritanical stamp of those in office there under the Parliament :—

“ Here's brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a strange sight
Of high monumental Hats ” ;

and he retired to Newton, where he exercised his profession.

The poems of George Herbert fascinated him, and exercised a mischievous effect on his muse, inducing him to follow his quips and fantastic turns. Vaughan's poems were published in 1651, but fell very flat.

He was twice married, and had by his first wife five children, and by the second one daughter. He died in

1693, and at his desire the following inscription, so characteristic of his humble and devout mind, was placed on his tomb :—

“*Servus inutilis, peccator maximus. Hic jaceo. Gloria + miserere!*” (“I lie here an unprofitable servant and the chief of sinners. Glory be to God. Lord have mercy on me!”)

I give a portion of one of his most charming poems : it is on the saints. Doubtless he was thinking of those of his own dear Wales as he wrote :—

“They are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

“It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

“I see them walking in an Air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

“He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair Dell or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

“And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep.”

The famous or infamous Sir David Gam belonged to an estated and important family in Brecon. His house was at Newton, near the town, and he claimed descent from Caradog Freichfras, one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, Lord of Gloucester, Cornwall, and Brecon. Sir David's father's name was Llewelyn, and Gam was a nickname given to David because he squinted. In the English camp, where he served under Henry V., he would

have been known as ap Llewelyn, and this with Shakespeare has become Flewellin. In 1402 he formed an iniquitous plot to assassinate Owen Glyndwr, when that great man had summoned a Welsh parliament to meet at Machynlleth. The plot was disclosed, and Glyndwr consigned David Gam to prison, but afterwards released him (1412), when he took a solemn oath not to bear arms, or otherwise to oppose the measures of Glyndwr. But no sooner was he free than he used his liberty to violate in every way his oath. He betrayed the designs of the Welsh prince to Henry whenever he learnt them, and he attacked Glyndwr's partisans whenever he met them. Owen was so exasperated at his perfidy that he entered Brecknock and burnt Gam's house to the ground. After which, meeting one of David's tenants on the road, he tauntingly told him :—

“ If a squinting red-haired knave
Meet thee, and perchance would crave
To know what fate his house befell,
Say that a cinder heap will tell.”

Shortly after, quarrelling with a kinsman in the street of Brecon, David killed him, and to escape prosecution, fled to England and attached himself to the Lancastrian party. He was with Henry V. on the field of Agincourt, where he fell.

The Games family became both wealthy and powerful. But, says Theophilus Jones,

“ Between 1550 and 1700, I have seen the descendants of this hero of Agincourt, who lived like a wolf and died like a lion, in possession of every acre of ground in the county of Brecon; at the commencement of the 18th century I find one of them common bellman of the town of Brecknock, and before the conclusion, two others, supported by the inhabitants of the parish where they resided, and even the name of Games in the legitimate line extinct.”

Sic exit Perfidus.

The lordship of Brecon fell to the Stafford family and

so came to Henry, Duke of Buckingham, who was born at Brecon, and who was the ladder by means of which Richard, Duke of Gloucester, climbed to the throne. When Richard was king he began to regard the Duke with a suspicious eye. He owed too much to him to be satisfied with his presence near him.

"Buck.: Repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
Oh, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my earful head is on."

At Brecon he met Morton, Bishop of Ely, who was confined there in what is still called the Ely Tower. Morton was an able politician, and had been a zealous adherent of Edward IV., consequently, an object of suspicion to the jealous Richard, who had consigned him to Buckingham to be guarded at Brecon. Gaoler and prisoner met.

"Do you recall the fable of *Æsop*?" asked the prelate in one of their interviews. "The lion issued a command that no horned beast should venture into the royal forest. Thereupon an animal scampered away that had a mole on its forehead. Meeting the fox, said Reynard, 'Why so fast?' 'Because,' replied the other beast, 'the lion has ordered that no horned beast shall be in his presence.' 'But you have a mole and not a horn,' said the Fox. 'I know that, but if the lion insist that my mole is a horn, where am I then?'" The Duke said, "No lion and no boar shall get hold of me—for this shall never come to his ears." The boar was the badge of Richard III. He was mistaken. He let Morton slip away to Brittany to communicate with Henry Tudor, but he himself was brought to the scaffold without a trial. He lost his head, and Morton got as a reward the archbishopric of Canterbury.

The eldest son of Henry, Duke of Buckingham, was restored to blood, titles, and estates. He was a man of great pride and ostentation. Upon the celebration of

Prince Arthur's nuptials with Catherine of Spain, he appeared at court in a robe of needlework upon cloth of tissue, trimmed with sable, valued at the enormous sum of fifteen hundred pounds; and in honour of Prince Henry's accession to the throne, he rode to the Tower in a gown of goldsmith's work, "a thing," says Stow, "of great riches." But he quarrelled with Wolsey, and this led him also to the scaffold. The occasion of the quarrel was small. It was the duty of the Duke to hold a basin for the King to wash his hands in. Whilst Henry was so doing, the proud Cardinal came and dipped his fingers in the water. Buckingham was so angry that he threw the contents down over Wolsey's red shoes. The equally haughty prelate retired in a rage, vowing "that he would shortly sit on his skirts." Having been apprised of this remark, next day Buckingham appeared at court without any skirts to his coat, jocularly observing that he did this by way of precaution. Wolsey, in revenge, inspired the King with suspicions against the Duke, as indirectly a claimant to the throne in the event of Henry dying childless. By this means he obtained his execution. When the Emperor Maximilian heard of this, he remarked that "a butcher's dog had run down the finest buck in England." The dukedom of Buckingham now became extinct, and the great lordship of Brecknock was merged in the Crown.

Llangorse Lake is the largest in South Wales; it is about five miles in circumference. A tradition has long existed that a submerged city lies in it, and that this is not mere fiction has been shown by the discovery of a crannog, of which the little island off the north-west bank is the relic. The piles may still be seen under the water. Such water villages have been found in Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, but this is the sole instance that has been lighted on in Wales. There was formerly a causeway on piles connecting the village with the land. A platform of poles was supported above the water by piles driven into the mud, and

on this platform the huts of the inhabitants were erected. As these dwellers on the water threw over into the lake all their refuse and dropped sundry articles between the chinks of the floor, an exploration of a crannog usually yields an extensive collection of household articles as well as implements of war.

A curious story is told by Giraldus relative to this lake. Milo of Gloucester, the husband of Sibyl, daughter of Bernard Newmarch, was talking with Henry I. when he informed the King of a strange circumstance that had happened to him as he was passing the lake in company with Gruffydd, son of Rhys ab Tewdwr, the late Prince of Wales.

"Upon the approach of the rightful prince, the birds of the lake joined in concert, and by the clapping of their wings, seemed to testify an universal joy. 'By Christ's death,' his usual oath, said Henry, 'it is no marvel, there is nothing strange in this, for we have violently and injuriously oppressed the Welsh nation, as it is well known that they are the natural and original possessors of the country.'"

Higden, in his *Polychronicon*, refers to the belief that when a true Prince of Wales approaches Llangorse all the water-birds burst forth into song.

Of one thing I am sure—were the present Prince of Wales to visit Llangorse, or indeed Brecknock, he would be saluted with such a clapping and such song as has never been, since that occasion commemorated by Giraldus.

Between the lake and Talgarth is Trevecca, once a private mansion, but turned by its proprietor, Howell Harris, into a religious community. He was born at Trevecca in 1714, and was entered at S. Mary's Hall, Oxford, but did not complete his education there. He became an intimate friend of Whitefield for a while, but finally quarrelled with him. At the age of five-and-twenty he began his career as an itinerant preacher, wandered about, haranguing in the fields ; but not satisfied with this,

he resolved on converting his paternal mansion into a colony of religious enthusiasts under his autocratic sway. He built a large and costly house and laid out the grounds in the most fantastic manner. "Here a Gothic arch, there a Corinthian capital! towers, battlements, and bastions! peacocks cut in box, and lions hacked in holly," as Malkin describes it in 1804.

Into this house Howell Harris collected a number of families, professing the same enthusiasm for "pure religion" as himself. He bought up farms in the neighbourhood and considerably increased the property of the community. The condition he imposed on those who joined him was that they should work on the land or at their trades for the benefit of the common stock, disclaiming all private property, but leaving him in unchecked control over all. The society was also to renounce the society of strangers, and to obey all the regulations he imposed.

The institution flourished during his lifetime, and maintained numerous families. All the members were required to attend in the meeting-house thrice a day. He was married, and had a daughter who inherited her mother's fortune. He tried very hard to induce her to let him have the fingering of her money, and because she would not cast it into the common stock he left her nothing by his will. He died in 1773, and bequeathed all his possessions, hereditary and accumulated, to the maintenance of the community he had formed. He appointed two trustees, with regulations for replacing them. They were to live in the house, receive the earnings of the people, and conduct the devotional services, and exercise over the society the same despotic authority wherewith he had ruled it.

Attendance at the chapel thrice a day was made compulsory. If any of the members became negligent; if, when allowed their holidays, they exceeded the number of days granted, they lost all benefits of the institution and were expelled.

Malkin thus describes the service which he attended :—

“The service, though so frequent, is very long, and a numerous attendance is by the regulations constantly secured. I happened to arrive there, without any previous knowledge of the institution, about 3 o'clock on a Sunday, when a number of decently-dressed and well-behaved people were assembling, with whose manners outside of their chapel I was well pleased ; but the inside exhibited such a melancholy exhibition of fanatical fatuity as, happily, is rarely to be met but among these jumping enthusiasts. The speaker had his face and head completely muffled with a red pocket-handkerchief tied under his chin. The cause of this might have been toothache, had I not observed at Brecknock that the preachers of these methodistical and jumping sects uniformly array themselves in similar paraphernalia. The rest of his apparel was consistently mean, and all his air and manner indicated the lowest ignorance, though I could not judge of his language. Its effects, however, atoned in power for what it might want in elegance. The groans of his hearers, sometimes in solo, sometimes in chorus, corresponded with the scarcely human contortions and ejaculations of the preacher. Some stood, some knelt, and some were stretched upon the floor in prostrate humiliation. I did not, however, stay for the animating sound of ‘Glory to the Lamb.’”

The community at one time numbered as many as a hundred and fifty persons.

The daughter had quitted the establishment, or been turned out, before her father's death, and married a gentleman in Brecknock of the name of Prichard.

Trevecca changed its character in time and became a college for the education of ministers of the Whitfield Calvinistic Society, and the property is held in the hands of a committee. There are now there about twenty-eight students. Mr. Davies, of Llandinam, North Wales, who made a considerable fortune out of coals, has offered £12,000 to the society if it will amalgamate with the Independent College at Bala and form one with the centre at Aberystwyth. But the difficulty is that Trevecca must anyhow be retained as a religious institution.

There are numerous early inscribed stones in Brecknock, some with very curious carved ornaments on them, as at Llandefaelog-fach, that has on it apparently the figure of a sceptred prince, Briamael ; that of Pentre Poeth with ogams ; and that of Llanhamlach, with a male and a female figure on it—one on each side of a cross. The presence of ogams in Brecknock would show that the Irish had been settled there, even if we had no documentary evidence to that effect.

S. Illtyd of Llantwit must have extended his missionary work into this basin, for there are to be seen not only his supposed tomb, certain flat slabs called Bedd Gwyl Illtyd on the mountain that bears his name, but also his alleged cell or dolmen in the parish of Llanhamlach, called Ty Illtyd, or the House of Illtyd. How it was possible for the saint to have occupied it is not very clear, as it would not allow him to stand up in it. "It is more like a hen-coop or a small pig-stye than the habitation of a man," is the contemptuous expression of the historian of the county.

At Bronllys on a mound stands a single tower. There are earthworks around, but as the whole has been enclosed in the grounds of a private residence, much of the embankment has been levelled, and the original plan cannot be made out. The place is of interest, as it was hence that Gwynllyw carried off his wife Gwladys. Gwynllyw had sent his respectful compliments to Brychan, and with them a request for the hand of his daughter. Brychan returned a curt refusal. Gwynllyw, very wroth, armed three hundred serfs, and crossing the mountains, came down on Talgarth, and pushed forward to Bronllys, where they came on the young lady "sitting with her sisters, and passing the time in modest conversation." Gwynllyw at once set her behind him on his horse and rode away with the lady. Brychan, having heard of this high-handed proceeding, went in pursuit.

As they rode over the mountains, Brychan caught up the ravisher, and a fight ensued, when a great many fell on both sides, but Brychan suffered worst, and had to withdraw.

Gwynllyw pursued his course, and fell in with King Arthur and his company. "Arthur was immediately seized with love towards the lady, and full of bad thoughts." He would have fought the Prince of Gwentloog and carried off the fair Gwladys had he not been dissuaded from so doing by some of his counsellors.

Lastly, the Brecknock Beacons must be mentioned, prominent in every view from near Brecon. They stand up 2,900 feet, and the beauty of their form renders them an irresistible attraction; but it is a stiff climb to reach the summit, and a mountaineer will obtain more advantage in ascending the Carmarthen Pass, 2,630 feet, where the view is finer, and where there are bold crags, and two still lakes below them, and on whose slope the Usk has its source. Buallt, a district of which Builth is the capital, was only united to Brycheiniog when the county of Brecknockshire was formed. It is mainly occupied by the Eppynt Mountain, which is not so fine in outline as the Brecon Beacons or the Black Mountains, yet can show scenes of great wildness and beauty, as the Wye Valley between Llanstephan and Aberedw and the peculiarly savage Bach Howey Glen with Craig Pwlldu overhanging it.

Builth itself possesses little of interest. It was burnt down in 1691, and scarcely a house left standing. Letters patent were granted by the Crown authorising collections to be made throughout England and Wales for the relief of the sufferers by the rebuilding of the town. But although a large sum was gathered by this means, only one little brick house was erected with the money—all the rest went into the pockets of the collectors, who proceeded to invest it for their own benefit. Llangammarch was the birth-place of that eccentric writer James Howel, whose *Epistolæ*

Hoeliana have gone through numerous editions, and were read and re-read with delight by our ancestors in the Stuart times. Howel's letters are about the earliest specimens that exist of epistolary literature in our language.

"As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts,"

he said. His *Familiar Letters* are models of what such letters should be, and it is surprising to find in an age of



BRONLLYS

euphemistic periphrasis that James Howel should have arrived at once at the highest point of excellence. His letters are serious and humorous, practical, concise, and always to the point. They are manly and delightful in style, and are full of shrewd observation and of good-humour.

Howel was one of fifteen children, and was educated at Hereford and Oxford, and went to London in 1617, when he was appointed steward of a London glass factory, and in 1619 went abroad to engage "gentlemen workmen." He travelled till 1621, corresponding in the meantime with dignitaries and noblemen, and on his return still followed his stewardship. Then, after a while, he became a travelling companion. He was "a true cosmopolite," as Anthony

à Wood says, "and not born to land, lease, house, or office." In 1622 he was sent to Spain to recover a rich English vessel that had been seized by the Viceroy of Sardinia, and he was witness to "Babie's" or "Steenie's" romantic attempt at a Spanish marriage. Next he became secretary to Lord Scrope as President of the North, and was elected member for Richmond. He afterwards went to Copenhagen as Secretary to the British Ambassador. In 1640 he was made Clerk of the Council by Charles I., but he was imprisoned by the Parliament in the Fleet; he was deeply in debt, and whilst in prison maintained himself by his pen. His brother Thomas had been consecrated to the bishopric of Bristol in 1644, but was ejected by the Parliamentary Commissioners, and died in 1646.

After the King's death James was released, and at the Restoration was appointed Historiographer Royal, an office created for him, but to which no pay was attached, and he still kept himself alive by his pen. He died in 1666, the year of the Great Fire. It has been doubted whether his *Familiar Letters* were really sent to the persons, the great men, to whom they were addressed; whether such a rolling stone as James Howel, of no fortune, very moderate birth, and no position of importance, could have been on such intimate terms as is implied by these letters to dukes, earls, and marquesses. The question was complicated when the publisher of a later edition tacked dates to the letters which Howel had perhaps judiciously omitted to give, and which might have convicted the author of chronological errors. But whether genuine or not, the letters are amusing, and are often too full of trivialities, of local touch and colouring, the most evanescent of qualities, to have been reeled off in the Fleet Prison, as has been supposed.

In his very first page Howel defines what an epistle should be in one written to Sir J. S. (John Smith) at Leeds Castle.

"It was a quaint difference the ancients did put 'twixt a *letter* and an *oration*—that the one should be attir'd like a woman, the other like a man; the latter of the two is allowed large side-ropes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a letter should be short-coated and closely couch'd; a hungerlin [jacket] becomes a *letter* more handsomely than a gown. Indeed, we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in short and succinct terms. The *tongue* and the *pen* are both interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue being seated in a most slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen, having the greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error. There are some who, in lieu of letters, write Homelies; they preach when they should epistolize. There are others that must go freighted with meer Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, lifted with pedantic shreds of schoolboy verses."

To judge by his letters, he was an adviser to men in the highest public station, and a counsellor to literary men. He writes to the Duke of Buckingham to recommend him to surrender his office of Lord High Admiral, and to an author to advise him that his satires have given offence to the King. He writes an account of a "solemn supper" to which he was invited by Ben Jonson.

"Ther was good company, excellent chear, choice wines, and jovial welcom; one thing interven'd which almost spoyl'd the relish of the rest, that B[en] began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by villifying others to magnifie his own muse."

This is dated 1636, and Ben Jonson died in 1637. If Howel did sup with him, he heard the peevish complaints of a broken man; but it is quite possible that the supper was a fiction of his brain. He wrote on every conceivable topic, on the politics of the day, on the Pied Piper of Hamelin, on the Spanish Inquisition, he describes the making of an Olla-Podrida, on Platonic Love, on Carrier Pigeons, on the Mulberry as a pattern of Wisdom, on

Canary as the best of Wines, and Christianity as the best of Religions. The letters are certainly amusing, and whether all sent to those to whom addressed or not, they furnish us with a peep into the minds of the men of the age of James I., Charles I., and the Commonwealth.

The line from Llandovery to Craven Arms, and that from Three Cocks to Builth, has opened up a country that must have been remote from the great current of busy life, and has given access to the springs that rise at Builth, Llangammarch, and Llanwytid. This last was discovered by Theophilus Evans, Vicar of Llangammarch, in 1737. He thus describes it:—

“The writer hereof being almost worn out by a radicated scurvy, of many years continuance, and very near a leprosy, so that his blood and juices were tainted, was casually informed of this then reputed venomous spring: his curiosity led him that way, which, by the smell, he could easily find without a guide: he sat on the brink of it a long time, dubious what to do; as he was thus musing and revolving in his thought what he had best to do, a frog popped out of the bottom, looked cheerfully, and as it were invited him to taste of the water: he then immediately concluded that the water could not have any poisonous quality, because of the creature's living so comfortably there, and took a moderate draught, without any concern or dread of danger, repeated the same in about half an hour's time, and it had this effect upon him, as to create a keen appetite. This is the first origin of its discovery.

“As to my own case it was thus: I mentioned before my being reduced to a most deplorable condition by an inveterate scurvy, so that I looked upon myself as in a desperate condition; but the happy discovery of this well infused fresh courage in me.

“By the use of this for about two months, and washing my body every day with the water, I was, by God's blessing, made perfectly whole.”

If the lines connecting Builth with the world at large were a little more direct, and the train service better, these springs in the Irfon Valley would be more sought than they at present are.

Finally, Buallt saw the end of the old Welsh royal family in its last king, Llewelyn.

In November, 1282, Edward I. was in possession of all the north coast-land of Wales, and of Anglesey, "the finest feather in Llewelyn's tail," as he said. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury vainly endeavoured to persuade Llewelyn to submit to the English king. But the terms offered by Edward were not such as a Welsh prince could accept with honour. He remained in Snowdon till the final rupture of conference, when the angry prelate, disgusted at his failure, warned him that he would now fall under the displeasure of the Pope, as well as incur the vengeance of the English king.

In South Wales, acting on orders from Edward, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, was carrying on a ruthless war against the Welsh, and finally, in a pitched battle fought at Llandeilo Fawr, he almost exterminated the Welsh army. Anxious to follow up this success, and to cut communication between Llewelyn in Snowdon and those who were engaged in the cause of their country in the south, Edward ordered all the military tenants in Glamorgan, Brecon, Pembroke, and Cardigan to unite under the Earl of Pembroke and crush out the embers of revolt.

Llewelyn now quitted Snowdon, leaving his strongholds there under the charge of his brother David, and led his army into Cardigan, ravaging the English settlements there; then he passed through the lands of Rhys ab Iaredudd, who was a partisan of the English, and after plundering and burning his castles, advanced to Aberedw on the Wye, three miles below Builth, where a conference had been determined on by him with some chiefs of his party in the south. But he found that the men of Buallt were indisposed to take up arms in the national cause, that the chiefs held aloof, and he had reason to suspect that a plot was being executed to deliver him into the hands

of the enemy. In fact, he had been lured to Aberedw for this very purpose, and notice had been sent to Edmund Mortimer and John Giffard, who were at the head of the Herefordshire levies, that Llewelyn might be taken at Aberedw.

The Prince seems to have been kept in the dark as to the approach of the English till they were nearly on him. Then he fled to Builth, taking care to break down the bridge over the Wye so as to hamper pursuit. At Builth the inhabitants refused to receive him within their walls, and he turned up the Yrfon, along the south bank, till he reached the bridge Pont-y-coed, which he crossed into the parish of Llanganten, intending to escape into North Wales. He posted a guard on the bridge, which held the English in check for a while, giving Llewelyn time to escape into a dingle, since called Cwm Llewelyn. As the English could not force their way over the bridge in the face of such determined resistance, a knight, Elias Walwyn, crossed the river at a ford lower down, and marching up-stream, the Welsh defenders of the bridge found themselves taken in the rear, and were overpowered.

Meanwhile Llewelyn had induced a blacksmith, Madog Goch, "with the Wide Mouth," to reverse the shoes of his horse, as the land was covered with snow, so as to deceive the pursuers. But the wretched man betrayed what he had done so soon as the English came to his smithy, and soon after Llewelyn was caught in the dell, and one of the mercenaries of Mortimer, Adam de Francton, ran him through with a spear.

Various local legends attach to his end. One is to the effect that an old woman brought a cup of water to the dying Prince. Another is to the effect that he endeavoured to conceal himself in a field of broom, and when he received his death-wound he cursed the plant for not having better hidden him. But, oh! by what fatality did a Welsh prince trust to a Plantagenet?

CHAPTER XIV

RADNORSHIRE

Gwrtheyrnion—Vortigern and Rowena—Name of Radnor—Harold—The tour through Wales of Archbishop Baldwin—The coming home—William de Braos—Reginald de Braos—The Mortimers—Caer Caradog—Caratacus—Pilleth—The battle—Ruin of Radnorshire castles—Painscastle—Maud Castle—Abbey of Cwmhir—The churches of Radnorshire—Llanbister—Elen Gethin—Charles I. at Old Radnor—Elfael—S. Maelog—Llowes Cross—Llandrindod Wells—Gold finds—Enamels—Dancing in churchyards.

RADNORSHIRE is probably the least visited of all the Welsh counties, lying as it does away from main lines of communication. One railway does traverse it, that from the Craven Arms to Llandovery, and Llandrindod Wells has been hitherto the only attraction that has drawn people from outside into the county. It does not possess the magnificent scenery of North Wales, nor has it the industries of Glamorganshire. But it is a county that will repay a prolonged visit, for it contains scenery that is pleasing, and objects of no common interest.

Malkin, who visited Radnorshire in his walks through South Wales, says, in 1804 :—

“Radnorshire is generally considered, in a picturesque point of view, the least interesting of the Welsh counties. If this is to be said as applying to it as a whole, it is undoubtedly true ; for both its grandeur and beauty are, with a few exceptions, confined to its western side, on a narrow edge of the Wye, and to that north-western nook which touches on the counties of Montgomery and Cardigan. But Radnorshire, independently of the Wye, has insulated scenes which vie with anything to be found in the whole compass of the district which surrounds it.”

Radnorshire comprises the old principalities of Gwrtheyrnion and of Elfael.

Gwrtheyrnion was the little kingdom over which Vortigern, whom the Welsh knew as Gwrtheyrn, held rule. But probably his sway extended as well over Bualt. Gwrtheyrnion is now represented by the hundred of Rhayader. The story of this unfortunate prince is so involved in fable, and so little that is trustworthy is known about him, that nothing concerning him can be stated with any confidence. How, in 449, he invited over the Jutes to assist the Britons against Picts and Scots is well known. The story of his fascination by the beautiful Rowena, daughter of Hengist, is matter of legend; but it comes to us on the authority of Nennius, who wrote about 796 in Bualt, and would therefore give the traditions current in his time in the region where Vortigern held his court.

The story in Nennius is this. Hengist despatched messengers to his own land to bring over more auxiliaries, and with them his beautiful daughter, Rowena.

“And now the Saxon chief prepared a banquet, to which he invited the King, his officers, and Ceredig his interpreter, having previously enjoined his daughter to serve them profusely with wine and ale, so that the guests might become intoxicated. The plan succeeded; and Vortigern, enamoured with the beauty of the damsel, demanded her, through the interpreter, of the father, promising to give for her whatever he should ask. Then Hengist, after consultation with the chiefs of the Aengel race, demanded for his daughter the cession of the province called in English Kentland, but in British Ceint. The cession was made without the knowledge of the King of Ceint, named Guoyrancgon, and who suffered much grief at seeing his kingdom thus clandestinely, fraudulently, and imprudently resigned to foreigners. Thus the maid was delivered up to the King, who loved her exceedingly.”

How Vortigern was able to do this is explained by the fact that he had been elected Pendragon, or Overking of the British. The Welsh Triads call Vortigern one of “the

three drunkards of the Isle of Britain, who, when he was intoxicated, gave up the Isle of Thanet to Hengist."

The gallant Vortimer, son of Vortigern, fought hard against the invaders, but was wounded in battle, and died, poisoned, so it was said, by Rowena.

Afterwards, thoroughly discredited and deposed, with most of the Britons in revolt against him under Aurelius Ambrosius, Vortigern fled to his castle in Gwrtheyrnion, but was there besieged, and obliged again to fly into Ceredigion, where he perished miserably.

Where Caer Gwrtheyrnion was cannot now be told. It is spoken of as having been fortified by Maelgwn Fychan in 1242, and as having been rased to the ground by Prince Llewelyn in 1256, after which all mention of it ceases, and now its very site is unknown. Jonathan Williams, in his *History of Radnorshire*, mentions a Nant Caer Gwtheyrn in the parish of Llanbister, but states that no trace of any camp or fortification of any sort can be found in the parish.

In the reign of Howel Dda Radnorshire was divided into three *cantrefs*—Maelienydd, Elfael, and Y Clawdd. The name Radnor is first found in a charter by Offa, of the date 774. The region had speedily been entered and annexed by the Saxons, lying as it did unprotected towards the east, and with the Wye offering an open door in the south, and the Temone in the north.

Old Radnor, whatever was its early name, was destroyed by Meredydd ab Owen, who carried away into captivity the chief men of the place, and only released them on receiving a heavy ransom. It was held as his own possession by Harold, and it was he who created New Radnor, where a castle was erected. After the Conquest it was held by the Mortimers.

When, in 1188, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by Giraldus, made his tour through Wales, preaching the Crusade, he began his mission at Radnor, and

was there met by Rhys ab Ednfydd, Prince of South Wales. The Archbishop made an impressive address, which not a Welshman present understood, and then ensued a scene that had been rehearsed previously. Giraldus threw himself at the feet of the prelate, and with tears begged to be given the cross. He had not the slightest intention of going a-crusading, but it was necessary to stir up the Welsh to follow suit by someone leading off. Peter, Bishop of S. David's, followed, also without any sincere purpose. Rhys somewhat reluctantly consented to adopt the badge, and began to make preparations for his expedition. But his enthusiasm disappeared when he heard the bitter jest of one of his young men: "Why, who with any spirit will hesitate to go on this journey, when the worst bit of luck that can befall him is to return alive?" Rhys looked at his pretty wife, Gwenllian, thought of his pleasant home by the Towy, and of the many neighbours and tributaries who would take advantage of his absence to seize his estates. Yes, the coming home would be the worst experience he would meet; so he very judiciously tore the red cross off his sleeve and put it into the fire. The Crusaders started—without Rhys, who took his opportunity and stormed the town and castle of Radnor, and defeated Roger Mortimer and Hugh de Saye, who also had stayed at home, thinking to better themselves in Wales rather than in Palestine; he defeated them with great slaughter in a field now called the War Close.

The barony and castle of Radnor came into the hands of William de Braos either by grant or by mortgage from King John, and William is believed to have been the builder of Radnor Castle. This family of De Braos played so important a part in the history of the country that a few words may be spent upon it.

The first of the family to come into Wales was Philip de Braos, who married the sister and coheiress of Roger, Earl of Hereford, who took the Benedictine habit at

Gloucester, and died in 1154. By this alliance he became owner of the lordships of Brecon and Hay. The De Braoses were a wealthy and powerful family, and in addition to their Welsh estates, they owned the kingdom of Limerick and lands in Devonshire.

On the death of Philip de Braos he was succeeded by his son William, who married Maud de S. Valery, a woman of strong character and great energy. She has been remembered in the country, and many tales are told of her, as that she built Hay Castle in one night. One legend is to the effect that she carried the stones for this purpose in her apron, and on the way one, nine feet long, got into her shoe and annoyed her, so she took off her shoe and shook out the obnoxious pebble in Llowes churchyard, and there it remains to this day.

It would seem that the suspicious John became alarmed at the power and wealth of De Braos, and, desirous of picking a quarrel with him, ordered him to contribute the large sum of a thousand marks towards the expenses of his expedition into Wales. Devoured by doubt, apprehension, and suspicion, John had required all the earls, barons, and tenants of the Crown to renew their oath of fealty to him, as he anticipated that the Pope would launch excommunication against him. De Braos had taken the required oath, but he was incapable of collecting the enormous subsidy demanded of him in the space of four days, the term fixed by John. As he did not comply with the royal demand, John ordered a distress to be levied on all his property in Wales. Alarmed at this, Maud and De Braos's nephew, the Earl Ferrers, met the King at Gloucester, and requested that John would admit William to an interview.

The favour was granted. William met the King at Hereford, and surrendered into his hands the castles of Radnor, Hay, and Brecon, as security for the payment of the subsidy.

Then John required that William should surrender his sons as hostages. But Maud, anticipating this, had fled to Ireland, and when the King's messengers made the demand, she refused to be parted from her sons, saying, "My boys I will not deliver up to your King John, who murdered his nephew Arthur, whom it was his duty to protect." This John regarded as "a malapert answer." There was too much truth in it to make it pleasant, and when somewhat later, after that Maud escaped into Scotland, he managed to secure her person and that of her eldest son and daughter-in-law, he had them brought to Windsor and walled up without food to die of starvation.

William was proclaimed an outlaw and a traitor, and all his lands and honours were confiscated. He fled to France, a penniless exile, obliged to beg his bread from door to door, and died at Corboyle, in Normandy, in 1213. In 1213, the same year, the lands of William were restored to his son Giles de Braos, Bishop of Hereford. He died in 1215, leaving his brother Reginald as his heir.

This was the eventful year in which the barons took the field against John, and finally forced him to sign the Great Charter at Runnymede. Reginald seized his opportunity, and, joining his father-in-law, the Welsh prince, Llewelyn, asserted his independence, and threw in his lot with the barons of England. John hastened to Hereford and thence to Hay, where he burnt and destroyed both the castle and the town.

A few months later John was dead and a new king on the throne; then Reginald de Braos resumed his allegiance, and took possession of his property. He was succeeded in 1220 by his son William, who met a violent death, having been summarily hanged at Crokin in 1230 by Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, with whom he was staying as a guest. But William deserved his fate; he had crept into the apartment of Llewelyn's wife, with whom he was carrying on an intrigue. Acting on the advice of his

council, Llewelyn had him hanged like a felon in the presence of eight hundred spectators.

The lordship of Radnor and all other possessions now devolved on Black Gladys, the widow of Reginald, and she took Roger Mortimer as her second husband, and by this means installed the Mortimers, who got their hold on Radnor, which was further secured by the marriage of Roger Mortimer, in or about 1269, with Maud de Braos, one of the four daughters and coheiresses of Reginald's son William. The last of the Mortimers was Edmund, who died without issue in 1425; but his sister Anne, who had married Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, transmitted her brother's vast estates, as well as claim to the crown, to her son Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who was slain in the battle of Wakefield, 1460, and was succeeded by his son Edward. He was proclaimed king in the following year under the title of Edward IV.

Near Knighton, in the north of the county, is Caer Caradog, one of the claimants to have been the scene of the last stand made by Caratacus against Ostorius Scapula and the Romans in the year A.D. 50. Tacitus says:—

“Caratacus chose a place against which it was difficult to advance, and from which it was just as difficult to retreat, in every way incommodious to our army, and in every way favourable to his own. He thus took post upon the ridges of some lofty mountains, and where their sides were gently sloped and accessible he piled up stones for a rampart. His position was also skirted by a river, dangerous to be forded; and troops of soldiers manned his entrenchments.

“This display of courage and alacrity amazed the Roman general; what with the river to be passed, the rampart that had been raised, the frowning ridges of the mountains, the general tokens of fierce determination to resist, he was somewhat daunted. But the soldiers insisted upon battle. All things, they cried, could be overcome by courage; and the præfects and tribunes, being of the same opinion, inflamed the ardour of the army. Ostorius, seizing the auspicious moment, having carefully surveyed the situation, where inaccessible, and where to be

passed, led them on in their excitement, and without much difficulty got across the river. When he approached the bulwark, while the conflict was being carried on by means of missiles, there were many of our men wounded, and many fell; but, after they had formed into a military tortoise, they succeeded in demolishing the rude and shapeless structure of stones, and encountered the enemy hand to hand. The barbarians then retreated higher up the mountain, and thither our soldiers pursued them, both the light and the heavy armed, the former discharging darts at them, the latter fighting foot to foot. The ranks of the Britons were broken, as they had no covering of breastplates or helmets; and if they resisted the Auxiliaries they were slaughtered by the swords and javelins of the heavy armed, and by the sabres and spears of the Auxiliaries when they turned to face the heavy armed. The victory was glorious. The wife and daughter of Caratacus were taken prisoners, and his brothers surrendered at discretion."

The situation of *Caer Caradog* answers very fairly to the description; there are the ramparts of loose stones fortifying the mountain-top, which rises to the height of 1,250 ft. The river spoken of by Tacitus was perhaps the Teme, which is certainly easily fordable, and he admits gave Ostorius Scapula and his army no difficulty. If it was *Caer Caradog* that was stormed, then the Romans crossed a mile below Knighton, pushed up the valley by what is now the main road to Clun to the point now called Five Turnings, and ascended from the west, where the hill is least precipitous. Ostorius, doubtless, had mounted Stow Hill, that rises to 1,425 ft. and commands the camp, and had studied thence both the nature of the defences and the best method of approach.

South of Knighton, at Pilleth, was the scene of another great battle at a much later period. This was in 1402, when Owen Glyndwr marched against Sir Edmund Mortimer at the head of the Herefordshire levies.

Williams, in his *History of Radnorshire*, says:—

"On the field of action are to be seen two straight-lined parapets of earth, thrown up to the height of above five or six feet,

facing each other, and at a distance of 300 or 400 yards from one another. These two lines of breastwork, or redoubts, were occupied, it is supposed, by the two hostile armies, and that the battle was fought on the level ground that lies between these breastworks—man to man—by main strength, and not by manœuvring."

In this battle eleven hundred English fell, and Sir Edmund Mortimer was taken prisoner. After the battle the Welshwomen of the neighbourhood swarmed over the field and terribly mutilated the corpses.

Edmund Mortimer, uncle of the Earl of March, the true heir to the crown, was regarded with considerable suspicion by Henry IV., who hated and dreaded the whole family; and he declined to ransom Mortimer. Shakespeare has immortalised this incident, which brought about the rupture with the Percies.

After having defeated Mortimer at Pilleth, Glyndwr pushed on to Radnor, laid siege to and took the castle, and butchered in cold blood every man of the garrison.

The castles in Radnorshire are in utter ruin, yet they were notable structures.

Pains Castle is a complete wreck. It was built by Paganus FitzJohn in the reign of Henry I. A legendary tale is connected with it. William de Braos and his attendants were out hunting when they saw a beautiful girl with her attendants disporting themselves on the lake Bwch Llyn, about two miles from Pains Castle, and he at once with his men carried off the damsel to his castle. She was of royal Welsh race, and her kinsfolk sought for her in vain, but suspected that the brutal Norman baron had taken her away. They appealed to Rhys ab Gruffydd, the prince, and he demanded her release. De Braos pretended that he was slandered, that he was guiltless in the matter, and that he knew not where she was. However, the girl made signals by means of a candle in her window. And Rhys, now convinced that she was there, gathered

a large force, attacked the castle, and De Braos, unable to hold out, was forced to surrender the lady.

There is a certain amount of foundation for the story. Rhys did attack Pains Castle, and brought De Braos to terms; but we do not know that any lady was mixed up in the facts of the story. However a later Rhys ab Mardudd, in the time of Edward I., did capture one of the royal castles and left his wife there whilst he pursued his ravages. But the English drove him back, and it was only by means of a clever ruse that he was able to get his wife out of the castle and take her away with him. It was then, doubtless, that the signals with the candle were made. Three years after Rhys ab Gruffydd had attacked Pains Castle, it was besieged by Gwenwynwyn, Prince of Powys, but after lying before it three weeks, he retired without having succeeded. It is this siege that has been made use of by Sir Walter Scott in his novel *The Betrothed*.

Maud Castle is perhaps the Caer Colwyn of the Welsh; it received its name from William de Braos, who named it after his wife, Maud de S. Valery. Of this now hardly one stone reposes upon another. A deep moat and a grassy plot are all that remain to show where it was. It was near this that a battle was fought between Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales, and Sir Edmund Mortimer, who received in it a mortal wound, from which he died shortly after.

Cefn y Llys, on the summit of a steep hill above the Ithon, was in complete ruin in Camden's time. There were eleven or twelve strong fortresses in Radnor, and all are laid low with the ground.

And the same may be said of the great abbey of Cwm-hir, that was founded by Cadwallon ab Madog in 1143. He designed it to be equal in dimensions to those in other kingdoms; and, in fact, the church was the largest in Wales, and was only exceeded in England by Winchester, Durham, and York. And now of it scarce a scrap remains

—only fishponds, foundations, and some curious banks drawn across the valley for the protection of the abbey against marauding bands alike of Welsh and of English.

Cwmhir became the property, in 1680, of Sir William Fowler, concerning whom it was said :—

“There is neither a park nor a deer
To be seen in all Radnorshire,
Nor a man with five hundred a year
Save Fowler of Abbey Cwmhir.”

Nor can it be said that the churches in Denbighshire are of remarkable architectural beauty. Two, however, preserve their fine carved rood-screens; these are Old Radnor and Llanafan.

So far, the history of Radnorshire has been one of alarum, excursion, and butchery. We will conclude the series with a story of bloodshed of a private nature.

In the parish of Llanbister is the old mansion of Llwynwent. Here in the fifteenth century was held a festive gathering, during which a quarrel arose between David Fychan and his cousin-german, John Hir, Long John, son of Philip Fychan, as to the extent of their respective estates. They fought with swords, and David was run through the body and killed. His sister Ellen, wife of Thomas ab Rosser Vaughan, of Hergest, resolved on avenging his death. Disguised as a man, she repaired to an archery meeting in the adjoining parish of Llanddewi Ystradenny, and challenged the best archer in the field. Long John accepted the challenge, and fixed his arrow in the centre of the target. He was followed by Ellen, who placed the arrow on the string, drew the bow to full stretch, and then, suddenly turning, sent it through the heart of John Hir. For this deed she earned the sobriquet of Gethin, or The Terrible. She is also spoken of as “a devilish woman.” The tombs of her family are in Kington Church. Jones, in his *History of Brecon*, gives the story, and says that Philp Hir came from Tyle Glas in Glasebury.

In 1645 King Charles I. spent the night of August 6th at Old Radnor. The diary of one of his followers says :—

“The King lay in a poor low chamber, and my Lord of Linsey and others by the kitching fire on hay ; no better were we accommodat’d for victuals, which makes me remember the passage ; when ye King was at his supper eating a pullet and a piece of cheese, ye room without was full, but ye men’s stomachs empty for want of meat : ye good wife troubled with continual calling upon her for victuals, and having, it seems, but ye one cheese, comes into ye room where ye King was, and very soberly asks if ye King had done with ye cheese, for ye gentlemen without desired it.”

Tradition adds that Charles, who lay in the public-house, having found on inquiry that it was named “The Bush,” desired that in future it might be called “The Beggar’s Bush.”

The very fine screen in Old Radnor Church has been already mentioned. The church contains, moreover, an interesting early organ-case, dated 1605, that was long without pipes, but has been of late years fitted up for use.

The second portion of Radnorshire, of which so far nothing has been said, is Elfael, the hilly portion to the south lying in a bend of the Wye.

Llowes is interesting as a settlement of S. Maelog, brother of Gildas the historian, and for the very curious cross in the churchyard, which oddly enough was long supposed by antiquaries to be a pagan idol, the statue of a man, the broken limbs of the cross being taken as the arms of the idol. Here is what Mr. Jonathan Williams says of it :—

“In the churchyard is a singular monument of remote antiquity. This consists of a stone of immense weight and dimension, placed erect, and measuring in height about seven yards from the surface of the ground, and in breadth about two yards, and nearly six feet in thickness, and *carved or sculptured into the similitude of a human body*. On its breast is delineated a large circle, divided into four semilunar compartments, separated by rich sculpture. The lower parts of the body are decorated with lozenges and triangles. Its arms have been broken off by accident,

or by violence, or by the corroding hand of time. The amputation affords just matter for regret ; as, if these parts had remained unmutilated and entire, they might have given a clue to discover the hidden meaning of this astonishing piece of emblematical sculpture. Some suppose that this formidable figure represents Malen, the British Minerva, the Goddess of War."

Who from this would conjecture that the figure is neither more nor less than an old British cross? Moreover, instead of being seven yards high, its height is seven feet. It is a block of limestone, and must have been brought from a considerable distance, as no limestone is found in the neighbourhood. The country people say it was the stone cast by Moll Walbe, *i.e.* Maud de S. Valery, out of her shoe. The ornamentation is unlike that on other carved stones in Wales. Curiously enough, a stone with very similar sculpture was found in Durham Cathedral, and it is possible that the decoration may be Saxon and not Celtic at all. S. Maelog, the founder of Llowes, was a son of Caw, a king in Strathclyde, who was driven from his possessions by the Picts and Scots. He must have followed the military profession for a while, as he is called Maelog the Knight. However, he embraced the religious life, and was with S. Cybi in the Isle of Aran off the West Coast of Ireland for a while. He was for a time among the mountains of Glamorgan, and then settled at Llowes.

No district is without some attraction ; either a merciful Nature has given it a grant of supreme loveliness, or some mineral endowment, or else the genius of man has erected on it great works of art. Radnorshire can boast neither of fine architectural creations nor of landscape scenery of the first quality, though it does possess hills and valleys full of beauty. But instead of all these attractions, it has its wells, above all, that of Llandrindod, which draw to them many thousands seeking healing or alleviation through the salutary waters. Whether these were known to the

Romans is doubtful, but that they were acquainted with the place is certain, for there they mined for lead. The mineral waters were resorted to in comparatively modern times, first in 1696; in 1749 they were extensively advertised, and a rowdy and disreputable collection of persons made it their resort mainly for gambling purposes, and such persons may have been seen there as frequented S. Ronan's Well, who have been described by Sir Walter Scott. That is all of the past, and Llandrindod is now frequented by valetudinarians seeking "*la santé avant tout.*" The place lies high on a wide bleak common, so that the season is short. The air is bracing, and helps to invigorate the system. The springs are of three qualities—chalybeate, saline, and sulphureous—and are recommended in scrofulous and cutaneous disorders.

In the year 1899 a boy, named James Marston was searching for foxes among the Careg Wynion Rocks, Nantmel, near Rhayader, when in a crack among the stones he lighted on some splendid Romano-British gold ornaments. Like a straightforward, honest lad, he at once communicated with the High Sheriff of the county, and they are now in the British Museum. Relics of the period are extremely scarce. A gold torque is in Lord Mostyn's collection; some gold ornaments have been found at Dolau Cothi, Carmarthenshire, and in 1903 a beautiful bronze fibula with the purest Celtic ornament, overlaid with gold, was found at Tre'r Ceiri, in Lleyn. Those found at Nantmel consisted in a necklet of carnelians and blue stones set in embossed gold, two armlets, and a ring. The armlet is of a different character from that of the necklet. It is a solid plate of gold with interlaced wire-work, of precisely the same kind as the ornamentation found on the Welsh Celtic crosses. The clasps were enriched with scroll-work of conventional leaves, filled in with blue and green enamel. The whole showed great refinement and delicacy of design, and is surpassed by

none of the most beautiful gold work in the Copenhagen Museum.

Enamel was a Celtic discovery in Europe, and the earliest examples we possess are of that origin. But the Egyptians, perhaps, knew how to stain glass with metallic oxides, leaving them either opaque or transparent. Two enamelled bracelets were found inside one of the pyramids of Meroe, but it is not certain that they are of the date of the pyramid, as with it were found Roman bronzes of a period subsequent to the Christian era. In Gallo-Roman tombs and camps, however, numerous pieces of enamel have been found.

And as there is no very certain evidence that enamelling was practised by the Egyptians, whereas among the Celts the knowledge of the art is established as having existed, we may fairly attribute the independent discovery to them.

The custom of dancing in the churchyards on the revels or village feasts has died out comparatively recently, and has been killed, not so much because of a sense of the incongruity of such proceedings in God's acre, as through the dead set made by the dissenting preachers against all dancing as devilish. Malkin, in 1804, says:—

“The custom of dancing in the churchyard, at their feasts and revels, is universal in Radnorshire, and very common in other parts of the Principality. Indeed, this solemn abode is rendered a kind of circus for every sport and exercise. The young men play at fives and tennis against the wall of the church. It is not, however, to be understood that they literally dance over the graves of their progenitors. This amusement takes place on the north side of the churchyard, where it is the custom not to bury.”

And he particularly instances Aberdwy, where in the churchyard are two enormous yew trees.

“An intelligent clergyman of the neighbourhood informed me that he had frequently seen sixty couples dancing, at Aberdwy feast, under the shade of these yews. The boughs of the two trees intertwine, and afford ample space for the evolutions of so numerous a company within this ample covering.”

The custom of dancing in churchyards on vigils is very ancient and widespread. In all probability it was originally a pagan rite in connection with one of the feasts of the Celtic year. When the people became Christian they transferred the celebration with dances to the Gwyl, or Vigil of the Patron Saint. The clergy in the Middle Ages vainly strove to put the custom down. Bishops and Councils thundered against it—all to no purpose. People would assemble in the churchyard on the eves of saints' days and spend the night in dances there. Our word "carol" in connection with Christmas really means a square-dance, and the song was sung and danced to on the Vigil of the Nativity. As early as the ninth century Pope Eugenius II. was obliged to forbid the invasion of the churches by the dancers, who were not content to carry on their capers in the graveyard outside. In 533 the Council of Orléans forbade the fulfilment of vows made to sing and dance inside the churches. The Council of Braga, in 572, put those to penance for three months who danced before the churches. The Council of Châlons-sur-Saône, in 650, forbade, under pain of excommunication, women dancing within the churches or in the porches on festivals. In 1212 processions danced round the churches in Paris. A Scottish Council, in 1225, forbade dances in cemeteries.

Stephen de Bourbon, whom I have already quoted in connection with the dog Gelert that was revered as a saint under another name, and who died in 1261, tells us how prevalent the custom was in France in his day, "*danciarum et springacionum*," to use his atrociously bad Latin. In Roussillon the hobby-horse even came into the church and capered there, in defiance of the priest, who had forbidden it. At Vermenton, while the devout were listening to the curé preaching in the church, the noise made by the dancers outside deafened his audience. Then one of the congregation went out to stop the

disturbance, and laid hold of the head-dress of one of the most persistent female dancers, when off it came along with her wig in his hand, and exposed a bald head with a few grey hairs sprouting out of it. But she would not desist; she drew up the skirt of her gown and threw it over her bald noddle, and continued footing it, with very ludicrous effect, as her nether garments were of the scantiest.

John Pauli, a Franciscan friar of Elsass, in 1519, wrote a collection of the good and curious stories he had heard, and in his book is the following:—

“A party of young people would dance in the churchyard on a Saint's Day eve, and disturb the service going on in the church. The Rector came out and reprimanded them, but they would not attend, so he said: ‘Dance on, then, in a ring for a year and a day.’ And it was so. They danced, holding hands, round the church night and day, and never gave over; their shoes did not wear out, nor did they require food, nor pause for one minute. One of the dancers was the priest's own daughter; her brother laid hold of her arm to force her to quit the ring, but the arm came off; no blood flowed, and she continued dancing. When the year and a day were out, all at once the whole party desisted; some went to sleep for a fortnight, and could not be roused, and after that languished on for a while, and then died. Some went off their heads, and remained idiots. The priest's daughter and one or two others died as soon as they ceased from dancing. Now, the curious thing was that from dancing in a ring incessantly for so long they had worn a furrow or trench in the ground to the depth of their knees.”

The story is remarkable as showing that “a dreadful judgment” had to be invented to deter dancers in cemeteries from performing their gambols so late as the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is possible that the “clipping” of the churches which continued to Hone's day in England may have been a faded reminiscence of these circular dances in churchyards.

In England, after the Reformation, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the Lords of Misrule at Christmas and at Midsummer

used to flock to churches and to cemeteries with pipes and drums, there to dance. In the seventeenth century the servants and apprentices of York were accustomed to dance in the nave of the Minster on Shrove Tuesday ; and Dean Lake was almost killed by them for endeavouring to prevent their intrusion for this purpose into the sacred building. There was a curious tenure in Wiltshire, by which the inhabitants of Wishford and Batford went up to dance annually in Salisbury Cathedral.

A French traveller, Combey, who was in Brittany in 1765, avers that he was eye-witness of a dance in a chapel and graveyard of a small place near Brest. He adds that he remembered well having seen frequently performed in Brittany what were called " Danses de passion," in which Punch took part as representing a maker of wooden shoes.

At Seville, twice in the year, the ten choristers, dressed in the costume of pages of the time of Philip III. and wearing plumed hats, dance for half an hour, to the clicking of castanets, a grave minuet within the iron screens in front of the altar.

The wonderful dancing procession of Echternach in Luxembourg on Monday in Whitsun week is well known. Sometimes as many as eight hundred persons take part in it. The procession dances up to the church, and then round the altar.

The dance of double choirs at the return of Saul and David from the defeat of the Philistines was no spontaneous outburst of secular triumph, but a portion of the tabernacle ceremonial. And David himself engaged in a liturgical dance.

" When David danced before the Ark,
It shocked Queen Michal greatly,
That he should not demean himself
Before men's eyes sedately ;
To her the Ark's return was nought,
She thought his conduct madness ;

But David cared not what she thought,
 He danced to show his gladness.
 For religion, my friends, is a thing of the heart,
 Wherein joy and sorrow must each take part."

And David exhorts all decent people to follow his example: "Let the children of Zion praise Him in the dance," "Praise Him with timbrel and dance."

Sir Charles Eliot ("Odysseus"), in his *Turkey in Europe*, gives an account of a visit paid by him to a community of Dancing Dervishes at Konia. This Mohammedan sect dates from the thirteenth century. It is related of Mohammed himself that "when he heard the noise of a musical pipe he put his fingers into his ears"; but Ielalu'd-Din, the founder of the Dancing Dervishes, was passionately devoted to music, and he instituted the practice of dancing to the sound of reed flutes as a means of attaining spiritual ecstasy. Ielalu'd-Din composed a poem, the *Mesnevi*, in which he embodied his system. When Sir C. Eliot visited the community at Konia he made the acquaintance of the superior, "a stoutish man, of about forty, dressed like the others, but his shaggy yellow beard and golden spectacles made him look more like a German Professor than a dancing dervish." He had heard that the *Mesnevi* had been translated into English, and was anxious to know whether it had created a stir in the religious world in London. When his visitor could hardly assure him that this was the case, he said, "But music has been introduced into English services—it is but natural that British congregations should take to dancing as well."

Well—Radnorshire may flatter itself with having been the last corner of Britain in which dancing in the churchyards took place.

INDEX

- Abergavenny, 54-60.
 Aberystwyth, 263-4.
 Ad Menapiam, 207.
 Aedan, 184-5.
 Agricola, 9.
 Alud, 291-2.
 Aneurin, 109-10.
 Arthur, King, 13-39.
 Arthur's Stone, 136.
 Asser, 214-15.
 Aust passage, 18.

 Backstone, 66.
 Bacon, Anthony, 113.
 Bailey family, 119-21.
 Ballads, 27.
 Bannium, 288.
 Barlow, Bishop, 216-18.
 Bendiith y Mamau, 240.
 Bernard Newmarch, 289-90.
 Black pagans, 17.
 Bleddyn ab Maenarch, 287-9.
 Boat, Norse, 18.
 Bourbon, Stephen de, 61-2.
 Bramble, Matthew, 89.
 Braos, Maud de, 313-14.
 — William de, 56-8, 312-14.
 Brecknock Beacons, 302.
 Brecon, 282.
 Brendan, 148.
 Breoc, 244-5.
 Bronllys, 301.
 Brychan, 283-5, 291, 301-2.
 Brynach, 236-7.
 Buckingham, Henry Duke of, 246-7.
 Builth, 306-7.

 Cadoc, 91-3, 112, 153-4, 198, 278.
 Caer Caradog, 215-16.
 Caerleon, 33, 37-44.

 Caerphilly, 63.
 Caerwent, 16.
 Caldey, 191-3.
Cantref, drowned, 248.
 Caradog of Llancarfan, 17.
 — ab Gruffydd, 18.
 Caranog, 246.
 Caratacus, 9, 315-16.
 Cardiff, 81.
 Cardigan, 256.
 Cardiganshire, 244.
 Careg Cennen, 152.
 Carew, 132-3.
 Carmarthen, 144-7.
 Castles, 3, 82-3, 138-9, 149, 150,
 152, 172-3, 176, 178-9, 188, 257,
 258, 264.
 — Martin cattle, 197-8.
 Caves, 131-3.
 Cemetery, early Christian, 185-7.
 Cennydd, 129.
 Ceredig, 254.
 Ceredigion, 244.
 Charles I., 2, 4, 58, 126, 320.
 — II., 223-6.
 Chartists, 50-3.
 Chepstow, 3, 5.
 Cherbury, Lord Herbert of, 34-6.
 Chimney, robber in, 135.
 Chimneys, Flemish, 171.
 Cilgerran, 258.
 Clare family, 4, 20, 73-4.
 Clegyr Voya, 212-13.
 Colmer, John, 37-8.
 Coracles, 147-8.
 Corpse-candles, 150-3.
 Crawshay family, 117-21.
 Crymmych, 241.
 Cyfarthfa, 114, 117, 120, 121.
 Cynwyl Gaio, 157, 159.

Dafydd ab Gwilym, 46-50, 272-3.
 Dancing in churchyards, 323-7.
 David, S., 129, 185, 209-14, 378-9.
 David's, S., 207, 209-20.
 — Head, 220.
 Degan, 232-3.
 Deheubarth, 70.
 Devil's Bridge, 266-8.
 — Punch-bowl, 196.
 Dogmael's, S., 259.
 Dog-wheels, 42-3.
 Dolaucothi, 158.
 Dolmens, 136-8.
 Donat's, S., 162.
 Druids, 66.
 Dubricius, 69, 85.
 Dunes, 140-3.
 Dynevor, 150, 152.

 Edward II., 102-7.
 Einion ab Collwyn, 70.
 Elen Gethin, 319.
 Elidor, 139-40.
 Enamels, 383.
Epistola Hoeliana, 303-5.
 Exodus from Caerleon, 17.

 Fairies, 255-6.
 Ferrar, Robert, 218-19.
 Ffos y Mynach, 212.
 Fishguard, 206.
 — invasion of, 226-32.
 Fitzhamon, Robert, 70.
 FitzOsbern, William, 19.
 Five pilgrims, 149.
 — sleepers, 157-8.
 Flemings, 131, 167-8.
 Funerals, 250.
 — phantom, 253-4.

 Galleon, 133-4.
 Gam, Sir David, 294-5.
 Garn Goch, 152.
 Gelert, 60.
 Gellygaer, 125-6.
 Geoffrey of Monmouth, 12-13, 65.
 Ghost story, 135, 202-4.
 Gilbert Earl of Gloucester, 20.
 Gildas, 14, 92, 110.
 Giraldus, 138, 179-84, 311-12.
 Glamorganshire, 67.
 Goldcliff, 10, 12, 45.

Gold ornaments, 322.
 Govan, S., 194.
 Gower, 128-43.
 Griffiths, Rev. David, 237.
 Guest family, 113, 121.
 Gwent, 17.
 Gwladys, 31, 301.
 Gwrtheyrnion, 310.
 Gwynllyw, 17, 29-31, 301-2.

Harold, King, 7, 18.
 Helen of Wales, 175.
 Henry II., 39-41, 56-7, 83.
 — V., 66.
 — VII., 175.
 — VIII., 19.
 Herbert family, 33-6.
 Homfrey family, 115-17.
 Howell Dda, 151.
 — James, 303-6.
 Hoyle's Mouth, 197.

Iestyn ab Gwrgant, 70.
 Illtyd, 93-9, 301.
 Inundation, 10-11.
 Inventory, 25-6.
 Iolo Morganwg, 75-80, 100.
 Iorwerth ab Owen, 39-42.

Jenkins, Sir Leoline, 107-8.
 Jesse tree, 62.
 Joan of Acre, 20.

Kemeys' Folly, 38.
 Knighton, 306.

Leek, 24-5.
 Lampeter, 261.
 Llanbadarn, 264-6.
 Llancafarn, 90-3.
 Llandaff, 84-5.
 — Book of, 89-90.
 Llandewy Brefi, 278.
 Llandilo, 144, 150.
 Llandovery, 160.
 Landrindod, 321-2.
 Lanfihangel, 149.
 Langadoc, 154.
 Langeitho, 279.
 Langendeirne, 150.
 Llangorse, 284, 287, 297-8.

- Llanmadoc, 134.
 Llanstephan, 149.
 Llanthony, 62-5.
 Llantrisant, 102, 109.
 Llantwit, 93, 98-101.
 Llanwenny, 360.
 Llanwyltyd, 306.
 Llawhaden, 184.
 Llewelyn, the last Prince, 307-8.
 Llowes, 320-1.
 Lucius, King, 69-70.

 Mabel, 290.
Mabinogion, 122, 190.
 Maelog, 320.
 Manawyddan, 188-90.
 Manorbeer, 178-9.
 Mareschal family, 173-4.
 Maud Castle, 318.
 Merlin, 145.
 Merthyr Tydfil, 112-27.
 Meugant, 221-2.
 Monmouth, 65.
 — Geoffrey of, 65-6.
 Monmouthshire, 1-2, 19-24.
 Morgan, David, 126-7.
 — family, 20.
 — Hên, 19, 67.
 — Prince, 17.
 Morganwg, 67.
 Mortimer, Edmund, 317-18.
 Myddfai, 154.
 Mynydd Dinas, 108.
 — Mallaen, 159.

 Narberth, 188-90.
 Nest, 175.
 Nevern, 236.
 Newport, 235-41.
 — in Monmouth, 29-53.
 Non, 210-11.
 Norman occupation, 71.

 Ogam stones, 234-5.
 Owen ab Cadwgan, 175.

 Padarn, 264-5.
 Pains Castle, 317.
 Partrishow, 65.
 Patrick's Chair, 208.
 Paulinus, 158.

 Pembroke Castle, 172-3, 175.
 — name of, 197.
 Pembrokeshire, English in, 166-7.
 Pepiau Clavorauc, 68.
 Perrot, Sir John, 176-8.
 Phillips, Katharine, 257-8.
 Physicians of Myddfai, 154-6.
 Picton, Sir Thomas, 199-202.
 Piro, 192.
 Plynllymon, 271-2.
 Portcullis, 32.
 Porthskewit, 2.
 Precelly, 205-6, 241.
 Pritchard, Rees, 160-3.
 Proger of Werndee, 22.

 Radnor (Old), 311.
 Radnorshire, 309-17.
 Raglan Castle, 58-60.
 Ramsay Island, 220-1.
 Rebecca riots, 163-5.
 Rhodri, Mawr, 150.
 Rhosilly, 133.
 Rhys ab Tewdwr, 70.
 — ab Thomas, 146, 175-6.
 Richard of Cirencester, 207-8.
 Robert Duke of Normandy, 72.
 — Earl of Gloucester, 20, 71-2, 81.
 Round Table, 42.
 Rowland, David, 280-1.

 Samphire, 100.
 Samson, 192, 194, 265.
 Sea wall, 10.
 Silures, 8.
 Sin-eating, 254-5.
 Spy, 101.
 Stackpole, 187, 193.
 Steel, Sir Richard, 145-6.
 Strata Florida, 272-3.

 Taliesin, 268-70.
 Talley Abbey, 156.
 Tathan, 17, 92.
 Teilo, 5, 88-9, 129.
 Tenby, 168.
 Tintern, 7.
 Towy, 147.
 Treble, 158-9.
 Tregaron, 273.
 Trelech, 7.
 Tretower, 116.

Trevecca, 298-300.
 Trevethick, 116.
 Twm Shôn Catti, 160, 273-8.
 Ty Gwyn, 210, 221-2.
 Uffelwy, 130-1.
 Urien Rheged, 184.
 Usher, Archbishop, 102.
 Vaughan, Henry, 292-4.
 Virgil, 92.
 Vortigern, 144-5, 246, 310-11.

Walter, Lucy, 222-6.
 Wedding customs, 248-50.
 Welshman's candle, 161-3.
 Wentloog, 1-2, 17.
 Wentwood, 22-3.
 Wigs, 54-5.
 Worm's Head, 136.
 Wye, 3-6.
 Wyndcliff, 6.
 Yellow death, 84, 92, 158, 264.
 Ynyr Gwent, 17.

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS PUBLISHED BY METHUEN AND COMPANY: LONDON 36 ESSEX STREET W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
GENERAL LITERATURE, . . .	2-20	LITTLE BOOKS ON ART, . . .	26
ANTIQUARY'S BOOKS, . . .	20	LITTLE GALLERIES, . . .	26
BEGINNER'S BOOKS, . . .	20	LITTLE GUIDES, . . .	27
BUSINESS BOOKS, . . .	20	LITTLE LIBRARY, . . .	27
BYZANTINE TEXTS, . . .	21	METHUEN'S MINIATURE LIBRARY,	28
CHURCHMAN'S BIBLE, . . .	21	OXFORD BIOGRAPHIES, . . .	28
CHURCHMAN'S LIBRARY, . . .	21	SCHOOL EXAMINATION SERIES, .	29
CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS, . .	22	SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY, .	29
COMMERCIAL SERIES, . . .	22	TEXTBOOKS OF TECHNOLOGY, .	29
CONNOISSEUR'S LIBRARY, . . .	23	HANDBOOKS OF THEOLOGY, . .	30
LIBRARY OF DEVOTION, . . .	23	METHUEN'S STANDARD LIBRARY,	30
ILLUSTRATED POCKET LIBRARY OF		WESTMINSTER COMMENTARIES, .	31
PLAIN AND COLOURED BOOKS, .	23		
JUNIOR EXAMINATION SERIES, .	25	FICTION,	32-40
METHUEN'S JUNIOR SCHOOL-BOOKS,	25	METHUEN'S SHILLING NOVELS, .	39
LEADERS OF RELIGION, . . .	26	BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, .	40
LITTLE BLUE BOOKS, . . .	26	NOVELS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS, .	40

APRIL 1905

A CATALOGUE OF MESSRS. METHUEN'S PUBLICATIONS

Colonial Editions are published of all Messrs. METHUEN'S Novels issued at a price above 2s. 6d., and similar editions are published of some works of General Literature. These are marked in the Catalogue. Colonial editions are only for circulation in the British Colonies and India.

An asterisk denotes that a book is in the Press.

PART I.—GENERAL LITERATURE

- Abbot (Jacob). See Little Blue Books.
 Acetos (M. J.), Modern Language Master at King Edward School, Birmingham.
 See Junior School Books.
 Adams (Frank). JACK SPRATT. With 24 Coloured Pictures. *Super Royal 16mo.* 2s.
 Adeney (W. F.), M.A. See Bennett and Adeney.
 Æschylus. See Classical Translations.
 Æsop. See Illustrated Pocket Library.
 Ainsworth (W. Harrison). See Illustrated Pocket Library.
 *Alderson (J. P.), MR. ASQUITH. With Portraits and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
 Alexander (William), D.D., Archbishop of Armagh. THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS OF MANY YEARS. Selected by J. H. BURN, B.D. *Demy 16mo.* 2s. 6d.
 Alken (Henry). THE NATIONAL SPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. With descriptions in English and French. With 51 Coloured Plates. *Royal Folio.* Five Guineas net.
 See Illustrated Pocket Library.
 Allen (Jessie). See Little Books on Art.
 Allen (J. Romilly), F.S.A. See Antiquary's Books.
 Almack (E.). See Little Books on Art.
 Amherst (Lady). A SKETCH OF EGYPTIAN HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. With many Illustrations, some of which are in Colour. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
 Anderson (F. M.). THE STORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE FOR CHILDREN. With many Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 2s.
 Andrews (Bishop). PRECES PRIVATÆ. Edited, with Notes, by F. E. BRIGHTMAN, M.A., of Pusey House, Oxford. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
 Aristophanes. THE FROGS. Translated into English by E. W. HUNTINGFORD, M.A., Professor of Classics in Trinity College, Toronto. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
 Aristotle. THE NICOMACHEAN ETHICS. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by JOHN BURNET, M.A., Professor of Greek at St. Andrews. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
 Ashton (E.). See Little Blue Books.
 Atkins (H. G.). See Oxford Biographies.
 Atkinson (C. M.). JEREMY BENTHAM. *Demy 8vo.* 5s. net.
 A biography of this great thinker, and an estimate of his work and influence.
 Atkinson (T. D.). A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. With over 200 Illustrations by the Author and others. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
 Aurelius (Marcus). See Methuen's Universal Library.
 Austen (Jane). See Little Library and Methuen's Universal Library.
 Aves (Ernest). See Books on Business.
 Bacon (Francis). See Little Library and Methuen's Universal Library.
 Baden-Powell (R. S. S.), Major-General. THE DOWNFALL OF PREMPEH. A Diary of Life in Ashanti, 1895. With 21 Illustrations and a Map. *Third Edition.* Large *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
 A Colonial Edition is also published.

- THE MATABELE CAMPAIGN, 1896.** With nearly 100 Illustrations. *Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Large Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Baker (W. G.), M.A.** See Junior Examination Series.
- Baker (Julian L.), F.I.C., F.C.S.** See Books on Business.
- Balfour (Graham).** **THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.** *Second Edition. Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 25s. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Bally (S. E.).** See Commercial Series.
- Banks (Elizabeth L.).** **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A 'NEWSPAPER GIRL.** With a Portrait of the Author and her Dog. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Barham (R. H.).** See Little Library.
- Baring-Gould (S.).** Author of 'Mehalah,' etc. **THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE.** With over 450 Illustrations in the Text, and 12 Photogravure Plates. *Gilt top. Large quarto. 36s.*
- THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS.** With numerous Illustrations from Busts, Gems, Cameos, etc. *Fifth Edition. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES.** With numerous Illustrations and Initial Letters by ARTHUR J. GASKIN. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF BRITTANY.** With numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
Uniform in scope and size with Mr. Baring-Gould's well-known books on Devon, Cornwall, and Dartmoor.
- OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALES.** With numerous Illustrations by F. D. BEDFORD. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW: A Biography.** A new and Revised Edition. With a Portrait. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
A completely new edition of the well-known biography of R. S. Hawker.
- DARTMOOR: A Descriptive and Historical Sketch.** With Plans and numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE BOOK OF THE WEST.** With numerous Illustrations. *Two volumes. Vol. i. Devon. Second Edition. Vol. ii. Cornwall. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*
- A BOOK OF NORTH WALES.** With numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
This book is uniform with Mr. Baring-Gould's books on Devon, Dartmoor, and Brittany.
- *A BOOK OF SOUTH WALES.** With many Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF GHOSTS.** With 8 Illustrations by D. Murray Smith. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- OLD COUNTRY LIFE.** With 67 Illustrations. *Fifth Edition. Large Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- *AN OLD ENGLISH HOME.** With numerous Plans and Illustrations. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- *YORKSHIRE ODDITIES AND STRANGE EVENTS.** *Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- *STRANGE SURVIVALS AND SUPERSTITIONS.** *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- A GARLAND OF COUNTRY SONG: English Folk Songs with their Traditional Melodies.** Collected and arranged by S. BARING-GOULD and H. F. SHEPPARD. *Demy 4to. 6s.*
- SONGS OF THE WEST: Traditional Ballads and Songs of the West of England, with their Melodies.** Collected by S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., and H. F. SHEPPARD, M.A. In 4 Parts. *Parts I., II., III., 2s. 6d. each. Part IV., 4s. In One Volume, French Morocco, 10s. net.; Roan, 15s.*
See also *The Little Guides*.
- Barker (Aldred F.),** Author of 'Pattern Analysis,' etc. See Textbooks of Technology.
- Barnes (W. E.), D.D.,** Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. See Churchman's Bible.
- Barnett (Mrs. P. A.).** See Little Library.
- Baron (R. B. N.), M.A.** **FRENCH PROSE COMPOSITION.** *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. Key, 3s. net.* See also Junior School Books.
- Barron (H. M.), M.A.,** Wadham College, Oxford. **TEXTS FOR SERMONS.** With a Preface by Canon SCOTT HOLLAND. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Bastable (G. F.), M.A.,** Professor of Economics at Trinity College, Dublin. See Social Questions Series.
- Batson (Mrs. Stephen).** **A BOOK OF THE COUNTRY AND THE GARDEN.** Illustrated by F. CARRUTHERS GOULD and A. C. GOULD. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
- A CONCISE HANDBOOK OF GARDEN FLOWERS.** *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

- ***Batten (Loring W.)**, Ph.D., S.T.D., Rector of St. Mark's Church, New York; sometime Professor in the Philadelphia Divinity School. **THE HEBREW PROPHET.** *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*
- Beaman (A. Hulme)**. **PONS ASINORUM; OR, A GUIDE TO BRIDGE.** *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 2s.
- Beard (W. E.)**. See Junior Examination Series.
- EASY EXERCISES IN ARITHMETIC.** Arranged by. *Cr. 8vo.* Without Answers, 1s. With Answers, 1s. 3d.
- Beckford (Peter)**. **THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.** Edited by J. OTHO PAGET, and illustrated by G. H. JALLAND. *Second and Cheaper Edition. Demy 8vo.* 6s.
- Beckford (William)**. See Little Library.
- Beeching (H. C.)**, M.A., Canon of Westminster. See Library of Devotion.
- Behnen (Jacob)**. **THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE.** Edited by BERNARD HOLLAND. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Belloc (Hilaire)**. **PARIS.** With Maps and Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Bellet (H. H. L.)**, M.A. **THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE.** With numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 6s. *net.*
- See also L. A. A. JONES.
- Bennett (W. H.)**, M.A. **A PRIMER OF THE BIBLE.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Bennett (W. H.) and Adeney (W. F.)**. **A BIBLICAL INTRODUCTION.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
- Benson (Archbishop)**. **GOD'S BOARD: Communion Addresses.** *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*
- Benson (A. C.)**, M.A. See Oxford Biographies.
- Benson (E. M.)**. **THE WAY OF HOLINESS: a Devotional Commentary on the 119th Psalm.** *Crown 8vo.* 5s.
- Bernard (E. E.)**, M.A., Canon of Salisbury. **THE ENGLISH SUNDAY.** *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s. 6d.
- Bertouch (Baroness de)**. **THE LIFE OF FATHER IGNATIUS, O.S.B., THE MONK OF LLANTHONY.** With Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Bethune-Baker (J. F.)**, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. See Handbooks of Theology.
- Bidez (M.)**. See Byzantine Texts.
- Biggs (C. R. D.)**, D.D. See Churchman's Bible.
- Bindley (T. Herbert)**, B.D. **THE OECUMENICAL DOCUMENTS OF THE FAITH.** With Introductions and Notes. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- A historical account of the Creeds.
- Binyon (Laurence)**. **THE DEATH OF ADAM, AND OTHER POEMS.** *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*
- Birnstingl (Ethel)**. See Little Books on Art.
- Blair (Robert)**. See Illustrated Pocket Library.
- Blake (William)**. See Illustrated Pocket Library and Little Library.
- Blaxland (E.)**, M.A. See Library of Devotion.
- Bloom (T. Harvey)**, M.A. **SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.** With Illustrations. *Fcap. 8vo.* 7s. 6d.; *leather.* 4s. 6d. *net.*
- Blouet (Henri)**. See The Beginner's Books.
- Boardman (T. H.)**. See Text Books of Technology.
- Bodley (J. E. C.)**. Author of 'France.' **THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII.** *Demy 8vo.* 21s. *net.* By Command of the King.
- Body (George)**, D.D. **THE SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE: Devotional Readings from his published and unpublished writings.** Selected and arranged by J. H. BURN, B.D. F.R.S.E. *Pott 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Bona (Cardinal)**. See Library of Devotion.
- Boon (F. C.)**. See Commercial Series.
- Borrow (George)**. See Little Library.
- Bos (J. Ritzema)**. **AGRICULTURAL ZOOLOGY.** Translated by J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M.A. With an Introduction by ELEANOR A. ORMEROD, F.E.S. With 153 Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* *Third Edition.* 3s. 6d.
- Botting (C. G.)**, B.A. **EASY GREEK EXERCISES.** *Crown 8vo.* 2s. See also Junior Examination Series.
- Boulton (E. S.)**. **GEOMETRY ON MODERN LINES.** *Crown 8vo.* 2s.
- Bowden (E. M.)**. **THE IMITATION OF BUDDHA: Being Quotations from Buddhist Literature for each Day in the Year.** *Fourth Edition. Crown 16mo.* 2s. 6d.

- Boyle (W.).** CHRISTMAS AT THE ZOO. With Verses by W. BOYLE and 24 Coloured Pictures by H. B. NEILSON. *Super Royal 16mo.* 2s.
- Brabant (F. G.), M.A.** See *The Little Guides*.
- Brodrick (Mary) and Morton (Anderson).** A CONCISE HANDBOOK OF EGYPTIAN ARCHEOLOGY. With many Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Brooks (A. S.), M.A.** SLINGSBY AND SLINGSBY CASTLE. With many Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
- Brooks (E. W.).** See *Byzantine Tests*.
- Brown (P. H.),** Fraser Professor of Ancient (Scottish) History at the University of Edinburgh. SCOTLAND IN THE TIME OF QUEEN MARY. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- Browne (Sir Thomas).** See *Methuen's Universal Library*.
- Brownell (C. L.).** THE HEART OF JAPAN. Illustrated. *Third Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 6s.; also *Demy 8vo.* 6d.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Browning (Robert).** See *Little Library*.
- Buckland (Francis T.).** CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. With Illustrations by HARRY B. NEILSON. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Buckton (A. M.).** THE BURDEN OF ENGELA: a Ballad-Epic. *Third Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
- EAGER HEART: A Mystery Play.** *Third Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 1s. net.
- Budge (E. A. Wallis).** THE GODS OF THE EGYPTIANS. With over 100 Coloured Plates and many Illustrations. *Two Volumes.* *Royal 8vo.* £3, 3s. net.
- Bull (Paul),** Army Chaplain. GOD AND OUR SOLDIERS. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Bulley (Miss).** See *Social Questions Series*.
- Bunyan (John).** THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Edited, with an Introduction, by C. H. FIRTH, M.A. With 39 Illustrations by R. ANNING BELL. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s. See also *Library of Devotion* and *Methuen's Universal Library*.
- Burch (G. J.), M.A., F.R.S.** A MANUAL OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE. With numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 3s.
- Burgess (Gelett).** GOOPS AND HOW TO BE THEM. With numerous Illustrations. *Small 4to.* 6s.
- Burke (Edmund).** See *Methuen's Universal Library*.
- Burn (A. E.), D.D.,** Prebendary of Lichfield. See *Handbooks of Theology*.
- Burn (J. H.), B.D.** See *Library of Devotion*.
- Burnard (Sir F. C.).** RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES, PERSONAL AND GENERAL. With many Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* *Two Volumes.* *Third Edition.* 25s. net.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Burns (Robert),** THE POEMS OF. Edited by ANDREW LANG and W. A. CRAIGIE. With Portrait. *Third Edition.* *Demy 8vo, gilt top.* 6s.
- Burndie (W. F.), M.A.** OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY FOR USE IN SCHOOLS. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Burton (Alfred).** See *Illustrated Pocket Library*.
- Butler (Joseph).** See *Methuen's Universal Library*.
- Caldecott (Alfred), D.D.** See *Handbooks of Theology*.
- Calderwood (D. S.),** Headmaster of the Normal School, Edinburgh. TEST CARDS IN EUCLID AND ALGEBRA. In three packets of 40, with Answers. 1s. each. Or in three Books, price 2d., 2d., and 3d.
- Cambridge (Ada) [Mrs. Cross].** THIRTY YEARS IN AUSTRALIA. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Canning (George).** See *Little Library*.
- Capey (E. F. H.).** See *Oxford Biographies*.
- Careless (John).** See *Illustrated Pocket Library*.
- Carlyle (Thomas).** THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Edited by C. R. L. FLETCHER, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. *Three Volumes.* *Crown 8vo.* 18s.
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.** With an Introduction by C. H. FIRTH, M.A., and Notes and Appendices by Mrs. S. C. LOMAS. *Three Volumes.* *Demy 8vo.* 18s. net.
- Carlyle (R. M. and A. J.), M.A.** See *Leaders of Religion*.
- Chamberlin (Wilbur B.).** ORDERED TO CHINA. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Channer (O. O.) and Roberts (M. E.).** LACE-MAKING IN THE MIDLANDS, PAST AND PRESENT. With 16 full-page Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Chatterton (Thomas).** See *Methuen's Universal Library*.

- Chesterfield (Lord), THE LETTERS OF, TO HIS SON.** Edited, with an Introduction by C. STRACHEY, and Notes by A. CALTMOP. *Two Volumes. Cr. 8vo. 12s.*
- Christian (F. W.), THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.** With many Illustrations and Maps. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*
- Cicero.** See Classical Translations.
- Clarke (F. A.), M.A.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Cleather (A. L.) and Crump (B.). RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS:** Interpretations, embodying Wagner's own explanations. *In Four Volumes. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. each.*
- VOL. I.—THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.**
- VOL. II.—PARSIFAL, LOHENGRIN, and THE HOLY GRAIL.**
- Clinch (G.).** See The Little Guides.
- Clough (W. T.),** Head of the Physical Department East Ham Technical College. See Junior School Books.
- Coast (W. G.), B.A. EXAMINATION PAPERS IN VERGIL.** *Crown 8vo. 2s.*
- Cobb (T.).** See Little Blue Books.
- Collingwood (W. G.), M.A. THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN.** With Portraits. *New and Cheaper Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.* Also a Popular Edition. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Collins (W. E.), M.A.** See Churchman's Library.
- Colonna. HYPNEROTOMACHIA POLIPHILI UBI HUMANA OMNIA NON NISI SOMNIUM ESSE DOCET ATQUE OBITER PLURIMA SCITU SANE QUAM DIGNA COMMEMORAT.** An edition limited to 350 copies on handmade paper. *Folio. Three Guineas net.*
- Combe (William).** See Illustrated Pocket Library.
- Cook (A. M.), M.A.** See E. C. Marchant.
- Cooke-Taylor (R. W.).** See Social Questions Series.
- Corelli (Marie). THE PASSING OF THE GREAT QUEEN: A Tribute to the Noble Life of Victoria Regina.** *Small 4to. 1s.*
- A CHRISTMAS GREETING.** *Sm. 4to. 1s.*
- Corkran (Alice).** See Little Books on Art.
- Cotes (Rosemary). DANTE'S GARDEN.** With a Frontispiece. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. 6d. net.*
- BIBLE FLOWERS.** With a Frontispiece and Plan. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Cowley (Abraham).** See Little Library.
- Cox (J. Charles), LL.D., F.S.A.** See Little Guides.
- Cox (Harold), B.A.** See Social Questions Series.
- Crabbe (George).** See Little Library.
- Craigie (W. A.). A PRIMER OF BURNS.** *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Craik (Mrs.).** See Little Library.
- Crashaw (Richard).** See Little Library.
- Crawford (F. G.).** See Mary C. Danson.
- Crouch (W.). BRYAN KING.** With a Portrait. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Cruikshank (G.) THE LOVING BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.** With 11 Plates. *Crown 16mo. 1s. 6d. net.*
- From the edition published by C. Tilt, 1811.
- Crump (B.).** See A. L. Cleather.
- Cunliffe (F. H. E.), Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. THE HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR.** With many Illustrations, Plans, and Portraits. *In 2 vols. Quarto. 15s. each.*
- Cutts (E. L.), D.D.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Daniell (G. W.), M.A.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Danson (Mary C.) and Crawford (F. G.). FATHERS IN THE FAITH.** *Small 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- Dante. LA COMMEDIA DI DANTE.** The Italian Text edited by PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A., D.Litt. *Crown 8vo. 6s.* See also Paget Toynbee, Little Library, and Methuen's Universal Library.
- Darley (George).** See Little Library.
- Davenport (Gyrl).** See Connoisseur's Library and Little Books on Art.
- Dawson (A. J.). MOROCCO.** Being a bundle of jottings, notes, impressions, tales, and tributes. With many Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Deane (A. G.).** See Little Library.
- Delbos (Leon). THE METRIC SYSTEM.** *Crown 8vo. 2s.*
- Demosthenes: THE OLYNTHIACS AND PHILIPPICS.** Translated upon a new principle by OTHO HOLLAND. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

- Demosthenes.** AGAINST CONON AND CALLICLES. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary, by F. DARWIN SWIFT, M.A. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s.*
- Dickens (Charles).** See Illustrated Pocket Library.
- Dickinson (Emily).** POEMS. First Series. *Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.*
- Dickson (G. L.), M.A.,** Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. THE GREEK VIEW OF LIFE. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Dickson (H. N.), F.R.S.E., F.R.Met. Soc.** METEOROLOGY. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Dilke (Lady).** See Social Questions Series.
- Dillon (Edward).** See Connoisseur's Library.
- Ditchfield (P. H.), M.A., F.S.A.** ENGLISH VILLAGES. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- THE STORY OF OUR ENGLISH TOWNS.** With an Introduction by AUGUSTUS JESSOFF, D.D. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS:** Extant at the Present Time. An Account of Local Observances, Festival Customs, and Ancient Ceremonies yet Surviving in Great Britain. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Dixon (W. M.), M.A.** A PRIMER OF TENNYSON. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- ENGLISH POETRY FROM BLAKE TO BROWNING.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Dole N. H.).** FAMOUS COMPOSERS. With Portraits. *Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 12s. net.*
- Dowden (J.), D.D.,** Lord Bishop of Edinburgh. See Churchman's Library.
- Drage (G.)** See Books on Business.
- Driver (S. R.), D.D.,** Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford. SERMONS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE OLD TESTAMENT. *Crown 8vo. 6s.* See also Westminster Commentaries.
- Dryhurst (A. R.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Duguid (Charles),** City Editor of the *Morning Post*, Author of the 'Story of the Stock Exchange,' etc. See Books on Business.
- Duncan (S. J.) (Mrs. CORES),** Author of 'A Voyage of Consolation.' ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LATCH. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Dunn (J. T.), D.Sc., and Mundella (V. A.).** GENERAL ELEMENTARY SCIENCE. With 114 Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Dunstan (A. E.), B.Sc.,** Head of the Chemical Department, East Ham Technical College. See Junior School Books.
- *Durham (The Earl of).** A REPORT ON CANADA. With an Introductory Note. *Demy 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.*
- Dutt (W. A.).** A POPULAR GUIDE TO NORFOLK. *Medium 8vo. 6d. net.*
- THE NORFOLK BROADS.** With coloured and other Illustrations by FRANK SOUTHGATE. *Large Demy 8vo. 21s. net.* See also The Little Guides.
- Earle (John),** Bishop of Salisbury. MICROCOSMOGRAPHIE, OR A PIECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED; IN ESSAYS AND CHARACTERS. *Post 16mo. 2s. net.*
- Reprinted from the Sixth Edition published by Robert Allot in 1633.
- Edwards (Clement).** See Social Questions Series.
- Edwards (W. Douglas).** See Commercial Series.
- *Edwards (Betham).** HOME LIFE IN FRANCE. With many Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- Egan (Pierce).** See Illustrated Pocket Library.
- Egerton (H. E.), M.A.** A HISTORY OF BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.*
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Ellaby (C. G.).** See The Little Guides.
- Ellerton (F. G.).** See S. J. Stone.
- Elwood (Thomas),** THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF. Edited by C. G. CRUMP, M.A. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Engel (E.).** A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: From its Beginning to Tennyson. Translated from the German. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- Fairbrother (W. H.), M.A.** THE PHILOSOPHY OF T. H. GREEN. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- FELISSA; OR, THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF A KITTEN OF SENTIMENT.** With 12 Coloured Plates. *Post 16mo. 2s. 6d. net. (5½×3½).*
- From the edition published by J. Harris, 1811.

Farrer (Reginald). THE GARDEN OF ASIA. *Second Edition.* Crown 8vo. 6s.

A Colonial Edition is also published.

Ferrier (Susan). See Little Library.

Fidler (T. Claxton), M. Inst. C.E., Professor of Engineering, University College, Dundee in the University of St. Andrews. See Books on Business.

Fielding (Henry). See Methuen's Universal Library.

Finn (S. W.), M.A. See Junior Examination Series.

Firth (G. H.), M.A. CROMWELL'S ARMY: A History of the English Soldier during the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Fisher (G. W.), M.A. ANNALS OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FitzGerald (Edward). THE RUB'AIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Printed from the Fifth and last Edition. With a Commentary by Mrs. STEPHEN BATSON, and a Biography of Omar by E. D. ROSS. Crown 8vo. 6s. See also Miniature Library.

Fletcher (W. H.), M.A., D.C.L. Headmaster of the Dean Close School, Cheltenham. THE STUDENT'S PRAYER BOOK. Part I. MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER AND LITANY. With an Introduction and Notes. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Flax (A. W.), M.A., William Dow Professor of Political Economy in McGill University, Montreal: sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and formerly Stanley-Jevons Professor of Political Economy in the Owens Coll., Manchester. ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Fortescue (Mrs. G.) See Little Books on Art.

Fraser (David). A MODERN CAMPAIGN; OR, WAR AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN THE FAR EAST. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Fraser (J. F.). ROUND THE WORLD ON A WHEEL. With 100 Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

A Colonial Edition is also published.

French (W.). See Textbooks of Technology.

Freudenreich (Ed. von). DAIRY BACTERIOLOGY. A Short Manual for the Use of Students. Translated by J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M.A. Second Edition. Revised. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Fulford (H. W.), M.A. See Churchman's Bible.

G. G., and F. C. G. JOHN BULL'S ADVENTURES IN THE FISCAL WONDERLAND. By CHARLES GEAKE. With 46 Illustrations by F. CARRUTHERS GOULD. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Gallichan (W. M.). See The Little Guides.

Gambado (Geoffrey, Esq.). See Illustrated Pocket Library.

Gaskell (Mrs.). See Little Library.

Gasquet, the Right Rev. Abbot, O.S.B. See Antiquary's Books.

George (H. B.), M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. With numerous Plans. Fourth Edition. Revised, with a new Chapter including the South African War. Crown 8vo. 6s.

A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Gibbins (H. de B.), Litt.D., M.A. INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND: HISTORICAL OUTLINES. With 5 Maps. Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A COMPANION GERMAN GRAMMAR. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Tenth Edition. Revised. With Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo. 3s.

ENGLISH SOCIAL REFORMERS. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

See also Commercial Series and Social Questions Series.

Gibbon (Edward). THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. A New Edition, edited with Notes, Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY, M.A., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. In Seven Volumes. Demy 8vo. Gill top, 8s. 6d. each. Also, Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE AND WRITINGS. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by G. BIRKBECK HILL, LL.D. Crown 8vo. 6s.

See also Methuen's Universal Library.

Gibson (E. O. S.), D.D., Vicar of Leeds. See Westminster Commentaries, Handbooks of Theology, and Oxford Biographies.

Gilbert (A. E.). See Little Books on Art.

Godfrey (Elizabeth). A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Godley (A. D.), M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. LYRA FRIVOLA. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

VERSES TO ORDER. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

SECOND STRINGS. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

- Goldsmith (Oliver).** THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. With 24 Coloured Plates by T. ROWLANDSON. *Royal 8vo. One Guinea net.*
Reprinted from the edition of 1817. Also *Fcap. 32mo.* With 10 Plates in Photogravure by Tony Johannot. *Leather, 2s. 6d. net.* See also Illustrated Pocket Library and Methuen's Universal Library.
- Goudge (H. L.), M.A.,** Principal of Wells Theological College. See Westminster Commentaries.
- Graham (P. Anderson).** See Social Questions Series.
- Granger (F. S.), M.A., Litt.D.** PSYCHOLOGY. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- THE SOUL OF A CHRISTIAN.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Gray (E. M'Queen).** GERMAN PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Gray (P. L.), B.Sc.,** formerly Lecturer in Physics in Mason University College, Birmingham. THE PRINCIPLES OF MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY: an Elementary Text-Book. With 181 Diagrams. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Green (G. Buckland), M.A.,** Assistant Master at Edinburgh Academy, late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon. NOTES ON GREEK AND LATIN SYNTAX. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Green (E. T.), M.A.** See Churchman's Library.
- Greenidge (A. H. J.), M.A.** A HISTORY OF ROME: During the Later Republic and the Early Principate. *In Six Volumes. Demy 8vo. Vol. I. (133-104 B.C.). 10s. 6d. net.*
- Greenwell (Dora).** See Miniature Library.
- Gregory (R. A.)** THE VAULT OF HEAVEN. A Popular Introduction to Astronomy. With numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Gregory (Miss E. C.).** See Library of Devotion.
- Greville Minor.** A MODERN JOURNAL. Edited by J. A. SPENDER. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Grinling (C. H.).** A HISTORY OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, 1845-95. With Illustrations. Revised, with an additional chapter. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
- Grubb (H. C.).** See Textbooks of Technology.
- Groune (Louisa I.).** HURRELL FROUDE: Memoranda and Comments. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Gwynn (M. L.).** A BIRTHDAY BOOK. *Royal 8vo. 12s.*
- Hackett (John), B.D.** A HISTORY OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH OF CYPRUS, With Maps and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*
- Haddon (A. C.), Sc.D., F.R.S.** HEAD-HUNTERS, BLACK, WHITE, AND BROWN, With many Illustrations and a Map. *Demy 8vo. 15s.*
- Hadfield (R. A.).** See Social Questions Series.
- Hall (R. N.) and Neal (W. G.).** THE ANCIENT RUINS OF RHODESIA. With numerous Illustrations. *Second Edition, revised. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Hall (R. N.).** GREAT ZIMBABWE. With numerous Plans and Illustrations. *Royal 8vo. 21s. net.*
- Hamilton (F. J.), D.D.** See Byzantine Texts.
- Hammond (J. L.).** CHARLES JAMES FOX: A Biographical Study. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
- Hannay (D.).** A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NAVY, FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. Illustrated. *Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. each. Vol. I. 1200-1688.*
- Hannay (James O.), M.A.** THE SPIRIT AND ORIGIN OF CHRISTIAN MONASTICISM. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE WISDOM OF THE DESERT.** *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Hare, (A. T.), M.A.** THE CONSTRUCTION OF LARGE INDUCTION COILS. With numerous Diagrams. *Demy 8vo. 6s.*
- Harrison (Clifford).** READING AND READERS. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Hawthorne (Nathaniel).** See Little Library.
- HEALTH, WEALTH AND WISDOM.** *Crown 8vo. 1s. net.*
- Heath (Frank R.).** See The Little Guides.
- Heath (Dudley).** See Connoisseur's Library.
- Hello (Ernest).** STUDIES IN SAINTSHIP. Translated from the French by V. M. CRAWFORD. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Henderson (E. W.),** Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. THE LIFE AND PRINCIPATE OF THE EMPEROR NERO. With Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Henderson (T. F.).** See Little Library and Oxford Biographies.
- Henley (W. E.).** ENGLISH LYRICS. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Henley (W. E.) and Whibley (G.).** A BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. *Crown 8vo. Buckram, gilt top. 6s.*
- Henson (H. H.), B.D.,** Canon of Westminster. APOSTOLIC CHRISTIANITY: As Illustrated by the Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

- LIGHT AND LEAVEN: HISTORICAL AND SOCIAL SERMONS.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
DISCIPLINE AND LAW. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
Herbert (George). See Library of Devotion.
Herbert of Cherbury (Lord). See Miniature Library.
Hewins (W. A. S.), B.A. ENGLISH TRADE AND FINANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
Heywood (W.). PALIO AND PONTE: A Book of Tuscan Games. Illustrated. *Royal 8vo. 21s. net.*
Hilbert (T.). See Little Blue Books.
Hill (Clare), Registered Teacher to the City and Guilds of London Institute. See Textbooks of Technology.
Hill (Henry), B.A., Headmaster of the Boy's High School, Worcester, Cape Colony. **A SOUTH AFRICAN ARITHMETIC.** *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 This book has been specially written for use in South African schools.
Hillegas (Howard C.). WITH THE BOER FORCES. With 24 Illustrations. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
Hobhouse (Emily). THE BRUNT OF THE WAR. With Map and Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 A Colonial Edition is also published.
Hobhouse (L. T.), Fellow of C.C.C., Oxford. **THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE.** *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
Hobson (J. A.), M.A. INTERNATIONAL TRADE: A Study of Economic Principles. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.* See also Social Questions Series.
Hodgkin (T.), D.C.L. See Leaders of Religion.
Hogg (Thomas Jefferson). SHELLEY AT OXFORD. With an Introduction by R. A. STREATFIELD. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. net.*
Holden-Stone (G. de). See Books on Business.
Holdich (Sir T. H.), K.C.I.E. THE INDIAN BORDERLAND: being a Personal Record of Twenty Years. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
Holdsworth (W. S.), M.A. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW. In Two Volumes. *Vol. I. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
Holyoake (G. J.). See Social Questions Series.
Hoppner. See Little Galleries.
Horace. See Classical Translations.
Horsburgh (E. L. S.), M.A. WATERLOO: A Narrative and Criticism. With Plans. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.* See also Oxford Biographies.
Horth (A. C.), Master of Art and Manual Training Departments, Roan School, Greenwich. See Textbooks of Technology.
Horton (R. F.), D.D. See Leaders of Religion.
Hosie (Alexander). MANCHURIA. With Illustrations and a Map. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
How (F. D.). SIX GREAT SCHOOLMASTERS. With Portraits and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.*
Howell (G.). See Social Questions Series.
Hudson (Robert). MEMORIALS OF A WARWICKSHIRE PARISH. With many Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*
Hughes (C. E.). THE PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE. An English Anthology. With a Preface by SIDNEY LEE. *Demy 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
Hughes (Thomas). TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS. With an Introduction and Notes by VERNON RENDALL. *Leather. Royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. net.*
Hutchinson (Horace G.). THE NEW FOREST. Described by. Illustrated in colour with 50 Pictures by WALTER TYNDALE and 4 by Miss LUCY KEMP WELCH. *Large Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*
Hutton (A. W.), M.A. See Leaders of Religion.
Hutton (R. H.). See Leaders of Religion.
Hutton (W. H.), M.A. THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE. With Portraits. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.* See also Leaders of Religion.
Hyett (F. A.). A SHORT HISTORY OF FLORENCE. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
Ibsen (Henrik). BRAND. A Drama. Translated by WILLIAM WILSON. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
Inge (W. R.), M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford. **CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM.** The Bampton Lectures for 1899. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.* See also Library of Devotion.
Innes (A. D.), M.A. A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH IN INDIA. With Maps and Plans. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

- Jackson (S.), M.A.** See Commercial Series.
- Jackson (F. Hamilton).** See The Little Guides.
- Jacob (F.), M.A.** See Junior Examination Series.
- Jeans (J. Stephen).** See Social Questions Series.
- Jeffreys (D. Gwyn).** DOLLY'S THEATRICALS. Described and Illustrated with 24 Coloured Pictures. *Super Royal 16mo.* 2s. 6d.
- Jenks (E.), M.A.,** Reader of Law in the University of Oxford. ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Jessopp (Augustus), D.D.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Jevons (F. B.), M.A., Litt.D.,** Principal of Hatfield Hall, Durham. See Churchman's Library and Handbooks of Theology.
- Johnson (Mrs. Barham).** WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE AND HIS FRIENDS. With Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
- Johnston (Sir H. H.), K.C.B.** BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA. With nearly 200 Illustrations and Six Maps. *Second Edition. Crown 4to.* 18s. net.
- Jones (H.).** See Commercial Series.
- Jones (L. A. Atherley), K.C., M.P., and Bellot (Hugh H. L.).** THE MINERS' GUIDE TO THE COAL MINES' REGULATION ACTS. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d. net.
- Jonson (Ben).** See Methuen's Universal Library.
- Julian (Lady) of Norwich.** REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE. Edited by GRACE WARRACK. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Juvenal.** See Classical Translations.
- Kaufmann (M.).** See Social Questions Series.
- Keating (J. F.), D.D.** THE AGAPE AND THE EUCHARIST. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Keats (John).** THE POEMS OF. Edited with Introduction and Notes by E. de Selincourt, M.A. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net. See also Little Library and Methuen's Universal Library.
- Keble (John).** THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. With an Introduction and Notes by W. Lock, D.D., Warden of Keble College. Illustrated by R. ANNING BELL. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.; *padded morocco*, 5s. See also Library of Devotion.
- Kempis (Thomas A.).** THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. With an Introduction by DEAN FARPAR. Illustrated by C. M. GERE. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.; *padded morocco*, 5s. See also Library of Devotion and Methuen's Universal Library.
- Also Translated by C. BIGG, D.D. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Kennedy (James Houghton), D.D.,** Assistant Lecturer in Divinity in the University of Dublin. ST. PAUL'S SECOND AND THIRD EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS. With Introduction, Dissertations and Notes. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Kestell (J. D.).** THROUGH SHOT AND FLAME: Being the Adventures and Experiences of J. D. KESTELL, Chaplain to General Christian de Wet. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Kimmins (C. W.), M.A.** THE CHEMISTRY OF LIFE AND HEALTH. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Kinglake (A. W.).** See Little Library.
- Kipling (Rudyard).** BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. 73rd Thousand. *Cr. 8vo.* Twentieth Edition. 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE SEVEN SEAS.** 62nd Thousand. Tenth Edition. *Crown 8vo.* gilt top, 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE FIVE NATIONS.** 41st Thousand. Second Edition. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.** Sixteenth Edition. *Crown 8vo.* Buckram. 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Knowing (R. J.), M.A.,** Professor of New Testament Exegesis at King's College, London. See Westminster Commentaries.
- Lamb (Charles and Mary).** THE WORKS OF. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. With Numerous Illustrations. In Seven Volumes. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. each.
- THE ESSAYS OF ELIA.** With over 100 Illustrations by A. GARTH JONES, and an Introduction by E. V. LUCAS. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
- THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS:** An 1805 Book for Children. Illustrated by WILLIAM MULREADY. A new edition, in facsimile, edited by E. V. LUCAS. 1s. 6d.
- See also Little Library.
- Lambert (F. A. H.).** See The Little Guides.
- Lambros (Professor).** See Byzantine Texts.
- Lane-Poole (Stanley).** A HISTORY OF EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Fully Illustrated. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

- Langbridge (F.)** M.A. **BALLADS OF THE BRAVE: Poems of Chivalry, Enterprise, Courage, and Constancy.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Law (William).** See Library of Devotion.
- Leach (Henry).** **THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.** A Biography. With 12 Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- *Lee (Captain L. Melville).** **A HISTORY OF POLICE IN ENGLAND.** *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Leigh (Percival).** **THE COMIC ENGLISH GRAMMAR.** Embellished with upwards of 50 characteristic Illustrations by JOHN LEECH. *Post 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Lewes (V. B.), M.A.** **AIR AND WATER.** Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Lisle (Fortunée de).** See Little Books on Art.
- Littlehales (H.).** See Antiquary's Books.
- Lock (Walter), D.D.,** Warden of Keble College. **ST. PAUL, THE MASTER-BUILDER.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.* See also Leaders of Religion.
- Locke (John).** See Methuen's Universal Library.
- Locker (F.).** See Little Library.
- Longfellow (H. W.).** See Little Library.
- Lorimer (George Horace).** **LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON.** *Twelfth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- OLD GORGON GRAHAM.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Lover (Samuel).** See Illustrated Pocket Library
- E. V. L. and C. L. G.** **ENGLAND DAY BY DAY: Or, The Englishman's Handbook to Efficiency.** Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. *Fourth Edition. Fcap. 4to. 1s. net.*
A burlesque Year-Book and Almanac.
- Lucas (E. V.).** **THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB.** With numerous Portraits and Illustrations. *Two Vols. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*
- Lucian.** See Classical Translations.
- Lyde (L. W.), M.A.** See Commercial Series.
- Lydon (Noel S.).** See Junior School Books.
- Lytelton (Hon. Mrs. A.).** **WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.** *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- M. M.** **HOW TO DRESS AND WHAT TO WEAR.** *Crown 8vo. 1s. net.*
- Macaulay (Lord).** **CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS.** Edited by F. C. MONTAGUE, M.A. *Three Volumes. Cr. 8vo. 18s.*
The only edition of this book completely annotated.
- M'Allen (J. E. B.), M.A.** See Commercial Series.
- MacCulloch (J. A.).** See Churchman's Library.
- MacCunn (F.).** See Leaders of Religion.
- McDermott, (E. R.),** Editor of the *Railway News*, City Editor of the *Daily News*. See Books on Business.
- M'Dowall (A. S.).** See Oxford Biographies.
- Mackay (A. M.).** See Churchman's Library.
- Magnus (Laurie), M.A.** **A PRIMER OF WORDSWORTH.** *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Mahaffy (J. P.), Litt.D.** **A HISTORY OF THE EGYPT OF THE PTOLEMIES.** Fully Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Maitland (F. W.), LL.D.,** Downing Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge. **CANON LAW IN ENGLAND.** *Royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.*
- Malden (H. E.), M.A.** **ENGLISH RECORDS.** A Companion to the History of England. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- THE ENGLISH CITIZEN: HIS RIGHTS AND DUTIES.** *Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- Marchant (E. C.), M.A.,** Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. **A GREEK ANTHOLOGY.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Marchant (E. C.), M.A., and Cook (A. M.), M.A.** **PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Marlowe (Christopher).** See Methuen's Universal Library.
- Marr (J. E.), F.R.S.,** Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge. **THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF SCENERY.** *Second Edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY.** With numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Marvell (Andrew).** See Little Library.
- Maskell (A.).** See Connoisseur's Library.
- Mason (A. J.), D.D.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Massee (George).** **THE EVOLUTION OF PLANT LIFE: Lower Forms.** With Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

- Masterman (C. F. G.), M.A.** TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
May (Phil). THE PHIL MAY ALBUM. *Second Edition. 4to. 1s. net.*
Mellows (Emma S.). A SHORT STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
Michell (E. B.). THE ART AND PRACTICE OF HAWKING. With 3 Photogravures by G. E. LODGE, and other Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
***Millaïs (J. G.).** THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, President of the Royal Academy. With 319 Illustrations, of which 9 are in Photogravure. *New Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
Millaïs (Sir John Everett). See Little Galleries.
Millis (C. T.), M.I.M.E., Principal of the Borough Polytechnic College. See Textbooks of Technology.
Milne (J. G.), M.A. A HISTORY OF ROMAN EGYPT. Fully Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
Milton, John, THE POEMS OF, BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN, Compos'd at several times. Printed by his true Copies.
 The Songs were set in Music by Mr. HENRY LAWES, Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of His Majesties Private Musick.
 Printed and publish'd according to Order.
 Printed by RUTH RAWORTH for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes Armes in Pauls Churchyard, 1645.
 See also Little Library and Methuen's Universal Library.
Minchin (H. C.), M.A. See Little Galleries.
Mitchell (P. Chalmers), M.A. OUTLINES OF BIOLOGY. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 A text-book designed to cover the Schedule issued by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.
'Moll (A.).' See Books on Business.
Moir (D. M.). See Little Library.
Moore (H. E.). See Social Questions Series.
Moran (Clarence G.). See Books on Business.
More (Sir Thomas). See Methuen's Universal Library.
Morfill (W. R.), Oriel College, Oxford. A HISTORY OF RUSSIA FROM PETER THE GREAT TO ALEXANDER II. With Maps and Plans. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
Morich (R. J.), late of Clifton College. See School Examination Series.
Morris (J. E.). See The Little Guides.
Morton (Miss Anderson). See Miss Brodrick.
Moule (H. C. G.), D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. See Leaders of Religion.
Muir (M. M. Pattison), M.A. THE CHEMISTRY OF FIRE. The Elementary Principles of Chemistry. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
Mundella (V. A.), M.A. See J. T. Dunn.
Munro (R.), LL.D. See The Antiquary's Books.
Naval Officer (A.). See Illustrated Pocket Library.
Neal (W. G.). See R. N. Hall.
Newman (J. H.) and others. See Library of Devotion.
Nichols (J. B. B.). See Little Library.
Nicklin (T.), M.A. EXAMINATION PAPERS IN THUCYDIDES. *Crown 8vo. 2s.*
Nimrod. See Illustrated Pocket Library.
Northcote (James), R.A. THE CONVERSATIONS OF JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A., AND JAMES WARD. Edited by ERNEST FLETCHER. With many Portraits. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
***Norway (A. H.),** Author of 'Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall.' NAPLES. With 24 Coloured Illustrations by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. A New Edition. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
Novalis. THE DISCIPLES AT SAÏS AND OTHER FRAGMENTS. Edited by Miss UNA BIRCH. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
Oliphant (Mrs.). See Leaders of Religion.
Osman (C. W. C.), M.A., Fellow of All Souls', Oxford. A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR. Vol. II.: The Middle Ages, from the Fourth to the Fourteenth Century. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
Ottley (R. L.), D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford and Canon of Christ Church. See Handbooks of Theology and Leaders of Religion.
Owen (Douglas), Barrister-at-Law, Secretary to the Alliance Marine and General Assurance Company. See Books on Business.
Oxford (M. W.), of Guy's Hospital. A HANDBOOK OF NURSING. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

- Pakes (W. G. C.).** THE SCIENCE OF HYGIENE. With numerous Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 15s.
- Palmer (Frederick).** WITH KUROKI IN MANCHUPIA. With many Illustrations. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Parker (Gilbert).** A LOVER'S DIARY: SONGS IN SEQUENCE. *Fcap. 8vo.* 5s.
- Parkinson (John).** PARADISI IN SOLE PARADISUS TERRISTRIS, OR A GARDEN OF ALL SORTS OF PLEASANT FLOWERS. *Folio.* £5, 5s. net.
- Also an Edition of 20 copies on Japanese vellum. *Ten Guineas net.*
- Parmenter (John).** HELIO-TROPES, OR NEW POSIES FOR SUNDIALS, 1625. Edited by PERCIVAL LONDON. *Quarto.* 3s. 6d. net.
- Parmentier (Prof. Léon).** See Byzantine Texts.
- Pascal.** See Library of Devotion.
- Paston (George).** SOCIAL CARICATURES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *Imperial Quarto.* £2, 12s. 6d. net. See also Little Books on Art and Illustrated Pocket Library.
- Paterson (W. R.)** (Benjamin Swift). LIFE'S QUESTIONINGS. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
- Patterson (A. H.).** NOTES OF AN EAST COAST NATURALIST. Illustrated in Colour by F. SOUTHGATE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- Peacock (N.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Pearce (R. H.).** M.A. ANNALS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. With many Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
- Peary (R. E.).** Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. NORTHWARD OVER THE GREAT ICE. With over 800 Illustrations. 2 vols. *Royal 8vo.* 32s. net.
- Peel (Sidney),** late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Secretary to the Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws. PRACTICAL LICENSING REFORM. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d.
- Peters (J. P.).** D.D. See Churchman's Library.
- Petrie (W. M. Flinders),** D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Egyptology at University College. A HISTORY OF EGYPT, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. Fully Illustrated. *In six volumes. Crown 8vo.* 6s. each.
- VOL. I. PREHISTORIC TIMES TO XVIIth DYNASTY. *Fifth Edition.*
- VOL. II. THE XVIIth AND XVIIIth DYNASTIES. *Fourth Edition.*
- VOL. III. XIXth TO XXXth DYNASTIES.
- VOL. IV. THE EGYPT OF THE PTOLEMIES. J. P. MAHAFFY, Litt.D.
- VOL. V. ROMAN EGYPT. J. G. MILNE, M.A.
- VOL. VI. EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES. STANLEY LANE-POOLE, M.A.
- RELIGION AND CONSCIENCE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. Fully Illustrated. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- SYRIA AND EGYPT, FROM THE TELL EL AMARNA TABLETS. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- EGYPTIAN TALES. Illustrated by TRISTRAM ELLIS. *In Two Volumes. Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d. each.
- EGYPTIAN DECORATIVE ART. With 120 Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Phillips (W. A.).** See Oxford Biographies.
- Phillipotts (Eden).** MY DEVON YEAR. With 38 Illustrations by J. LEY PETHYBRIDGE. *Second and Cheaper Edition. Large Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Pienaar (Philip).** WITH STEYN AND DE WET. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Plautus.** THE CAPTIVE. Edited, with an Introduction, Textual Notes, and a Commentary, by W. M. LINDSAY, Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
- Flowden-Wardlaw (J. T.),** B.A., King's Coll. Camb. See School Examination Series.
- Pocock (Roger).** A FRONTIERSMAN. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Podmore (Frank).** MODERN SPIRITUALISM. *Two Volumes. Demy 8vo.* 21s. net.
- A History and a Criticism.
- Poer (J. Patrick Le).** A MODERN LEGIONARY. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Pollard (Alice).** See Little Books on Art.
- Pollard (A. W.).** OLD PICTURE BOOKS. With many Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- Pollard (Eliza F.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Pollock (David),** M.I.N.A., Author of 'Modern Shipbuilding and the Men engaged in it, etc., etc. See Books on Business.
- Potter (M. G.),** M.A., F.L.S. A TEXT-BOOK OF AGRICULTURAL BOTANY. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo.* 4s. 6d.

- Potter Boy (An Old).** WHEN I WAS A CHILD. *Crown 8vo.* 2s.
- Pradeau (G.).** A KEY TO THE TIME ALLUSIONS IN THE DIVINE COMEDY. With a Dial. *Small quarto.* 3s. 6d.
- France (G.).** See R. Wyon.
- Prescott (O. L.).** ABOUT MUSIC, AND WHAT IT IS MADE OF. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
- Price (L. L.), M.A.,** Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POLITICAL ECONOMY. *Fourth Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Primrose (Deborah).** A MODERN ÆOTIA. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- PROTECTION AND INDUSTRY.** By various Writers. *Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d. net.
- Pugin and Rowlandson.** THE MICROCOSM OF LONDON, OR LONDON IN MINIA. TURR. With 104 Illustrations in colour. *In Three Volumes.* *Small 4to.* £3, 3s. net.
- 'Q' (A. T. Quiller Couch).** THE GOLDEN POMP. A Procession of English Lyrics. *Second Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d. net.
- Quevedo Villegas.** See Miniature Library.
- G.R. and E.S.** THE WOODHOUSE CORRESPONDENCE. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Rackham (R. B.), M.A.** See Westminster Commentaries.
- Randolph (B. W.), D.D.,** Principal of the Theological College, Ely. See Library of Devotion.
- Rannie (D. W.), M.A.** A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Rashdall (Hastings), M.A.,** Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. DOCTRINE AND DEVELOPMENT. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Rawstorne (Lawrence, Esq.).** See Illustrated Pocket Library.
- A Real Paddy.** See Illustrated Pocket Library.
- Reason (W.), M.A.** See Social Questions Series.
- Redfern (W. B.),** Author of 'Ancient Wood and Iron Work in Cambridge,' etc. ROYAL AND HISTORIC GLOVES AND ANCIENT SHOES. Profusely Illustrated in colour and half-tone. *Quarto.* £2, 2s. net.
- Reynolds.** See Little Galleries.
- Roberts (M. E.).** See C. C. Channer.
- Robertson, (A.), D.D.,** Lord Bishop of Exeter. REGNUM DEI. The Bampton Lectures of 1901. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. net.
- Robertson (C. Grant), M.A.,** Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, Examiner in the Honour School of Modern History, Oxford, 1901-1904. SELECT STATUTES, CASES, AND CONSTITUTIONAL DOCUMENTS, 1660-1832. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
- *Robertson (Sir G. S.) K.C.S.I.** CHITRAL: The Story of a Minor Siege. With numerous Illustrations, Map and Plans. *Fourth Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d. net.
- Robinson (A. W.), M.A.** See Churchman's Bible.
- Robinson (Cecilia).** THE MINISTRY OF DEACONESSSES. With an Introduction by the late Archbishop of Canterbury. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Rochefoucauld (La),** See Little Library.
- Rodwell (G.), B.A.** NEW TESTAMENT GREEK. A Course for Beginners. With a Preface by WALTER LOCK, D.D., Warden of Keble College. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Roe (Fred).** ANCIENT COFFERS AND CUPBOARDS: Their History and Description. With many Illustrations. *Quarto.* £3, 3s. net.
- Rogers (A. G. L.), M.A.,** Editor of the last volume of 'The History of Agriculture and Prices in England.' See Books on Business.
- Romney.** See Little Galleries.
- Roscoe (E. S.).** ROBERT HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. This is the only life of Harley in existence. See also The Little Guides.
- Rose (Edward).** THE ROSE READER. With numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d. Also in 4 Parts. *Parts I. and II.* 6d. each; *Part III.* 8d.; *Part IV.* 10d.
- Ruble (A. E.), D.D.,** Head Master of College, Eltham. See Junior School Books.
- Russell (W. Olark).** THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD. With Illustrations by F. BRANGWYN. *Fourth Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 6s. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- St. Anselm.** See Library of Devotion.
- St. Augustine.** See Library of Devotion.
- 'Saki' (H. Munro).** REGINALD. *Second Edition.* *Fcap. 8vo.* 2s. 6d. net.
- Sales (St. Francis de).** See Library of Devotion.
- Salmon (A. L.).** A POPULAR GUIDE TO DEVON. *Medium 8vo.* 6d. net. See also The Little Guides.
- Sargeant (J.), M.A.** ANNALS OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL. With numerous Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
- Sathas (G.).** See Byzantine Texts.

- Schmitt (John).** See Byzantine Texts.
- Scott, (A. M.)** WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL. With Portraits and Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Sealey (H. G.)** F.R.S. DRAGONS OF THE AIR. With many Illustrations. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- Sellincourt (E. de), M.A.** THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS. With an Introduction and Notes, and a Portrait in Photogravure. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- Sells (V. F.), M.A.** THE MECHANICS OF DAILY LIFE. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Selous (Edmund).** TOMMY SMITH'S ANIMALS. Illustrated by G. W. ORD. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Settle (J. H.).** ANECDOTES OF SOLDIERS. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Shakespeare (William).**
THE FOUR FOLIOS, 1623; 1632; 1664; 1685. Each *Four Guineas net*, or a complete set, *Twelve Guineas net*.
- The Arden Shakespeare.**
Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d. net each volume. General Editor, W. J. CRAIG. An Edition of Shakespeare in single Plays. Edited with a full Introduction, Textual Notes, and a Commentary at the foot of the page.
- HAMLET.** Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN, Litt.D.
ROMEO AND JULIET. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN, Litt.D.
KING LEAR. Edited by W. J. CRAIG.
JULIUS CAESAR. Edited by M. MACMILLAN, M.A.
THE TEMPEST. Edited by MORETON LUCE.
OTHELLO. Edited by H. C. HART.
TITUS ANDRONICUS. Edited by H. B. BAILDON.
CYMBELINE. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. Edited by H. C. HART.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Edited by H. CUNNINGHAM.
KING HENRY V. Edited by H. A. EVANS.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Edited by W. O. BRIGSTOCKER.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Edited by R. WARWICK BOND.
TIMON OF ATHENS. Edited by K. DRIGHTON.
The Little Quarto Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. CRAIG. With Introductions and Notes. *Pott 16mo.* In 40 Volumes. *Leather, price 1s. net each volume.*
- See also Methuen's Universal Library.
- Sharp (A.).** VICTORIAN POETS. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Sharp (Mrs. E. A.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Shedlock (J. S.).** THE PIANOFORTE SONATA: Its Origin and Development. *Crown 8vo.* 5s.
- Shelley (Percy B.).** ADONAI; an Elegy on the death of John Keats, Author of 'Endymion,' etc. Pisa. From the types of Didot, 1821. 2s. net.
See also Methuen's Universal Library.
- Sherwell (Arthur), M.A.** See Social Questions Series.
- *Shipley (Mary E.).** AN ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN. With a Preface by the Bishop of Gibraltar, late Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, London. With Maps and Illustrations. Part I. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d. net.
- Michel (Walter).** DISRAELI: A Study in Personality and Ideas. With 3 Portraits. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. net.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
See also Oxford Biographies.
- Sime (J.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Simonson (G. A.).** FRANCESCO GUARDI. With 41 Plates. *Royal folio.* 5s. 2s. net.
- Sketchley (R. E. D.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Skipton (H. F. E.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Sladen (Douglas).** SICILY. With over 200 Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 5s. net.
- Small (Evan), M.A.** THE EARTH. An Introduction to Physiography. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Smallwood, (M. G.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Smedley (F. E.).** See Illustrated Pocket Library.
- Smith (Adam).** THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. Edited with an Introduction and numerous Notes by EDWIN CANNAN, M.A. *Two volumes. Demy 8vo.* 21s. net.
See also Methuen's Universal Library.
- Smith (Horace and James).** See Little Library.
- Snell (F. J.).** A BOOK OF EXMOOR. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Sophocles.** See Classical Translations.

- Bornet (L. A.)**, Modern Language Master at King Edward School, Birmingham.
See Junior School Books.
- South (Wilson E.), M.A.** See Junior School Books.
- Southey (R.)** ENGLISH SEAMEN. Edited, with an Introduction, by DAVID HANNAY.
Vol. I. (Howard, Clifford, Hawkins, Drake, Cavendish). *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
Vol. II. (Richard Hawkins, Grenville, Essex, and Raleigh). *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Sponson (O. H.), M.A.**, Clifton College. See School Examination Series.
- Spooner (W. A.), M.A.**, Warden of New College, Oxford. See Leaders of Religion.
- Stanbridge (J. W.), B.D.**, late Canon of York, and sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. See Library of Devotion.
- 'Stancilino' GOLF DO'S AND DONT'S.** *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.*
- Stedman (A. M. M.), M.A.**
- INITIAL LATINA: Easy Lessons on Elementary Accidence.** *Seventh Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.*
- FIRST LATIN LESSONS.** *Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo. 1s.*
- FIRST LATIN READER.** With Notes adapted to the Shorter Latin Primer and Vocabulary.
Sixth Edition revised. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- EASY SELECTIONS FROM CÆSAR.** The Helvetian War. *Second Edition. 18mo. 1s.*
- EASY SELECTIONS FROM LIVY.** Part I. The Kings of Rome. *18mo. Second Edition. 1s. 6d.*
- EASY LATIN PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION.** *Tenth Edition Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- EXEMPLA LATINA.** First Exercises in Latin Accidence. With Vocabulary. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 1s.*
- EASY LATIN EXERCISES ON THE SYNTAX OF THE SHORTER AND REVISED LATIN PRIMER.** With Vocabulary. *Ninth and Cheaper Edition, rewritten. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. Original Edition. 2s. 6d. Key, 4s. net.*
- THE LATIN COMPOUND SENTENCE: Rules and Exercises.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. With Vocabulary. 2s.*
- NOTANDA QUÆDAM: Miscellaneous Latin Exercises on Common Rules and Idioms.** *Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. With Vocabulary. 2s. Key, 2s. net.*
- LATIN VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION: Arranged according to Subjects.**
Twelfth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- A VOCABULARY OF LATIN IDIOMS.** *18mo. Second Edition. 1s.*
- STEPS TO GREEK.** *Second Edition, revised. 18mo. 1s.*
- A SHORTER GREEK PRIMER.** *Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- EASY GREEK PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION.** *Third Edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- GREEK VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION.** Arranged according to Subjects.
Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- GREEK TESTAMENT SELECTIONS.** For the use of Schools. With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. *Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- STEPS TO FRENCH.** *Sixth Edition. 18mo. 8d.*
- FIRST FRENCH LESSONS.** *Sixth Edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 1s.*
- EASY FRENCH PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION.** *Fifth Edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- EASY FRENCH EXERCISES ON ELEMENTARY SYNTAX.** With Vocabulary.
Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. Key. 3s. net.
- FRENCH VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION: Arranged according to Subjects.**
Twelfth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.
- Steel (R. Elliott), M.A., F.C.S.** THE WORLD OF SCIENCE. Including Chemistry, Heat, Light, Sound, Magnetism, Electricity, Botany, Zoology, Physiology, Astronomy, and Geology. 147 Illustrations. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.* See also School Examination Series.
- Stephenson (G.)**, of the Technical College, Bradford, and **Suddards (F.)** of the Yorkshire College, Leeds. ORNAMENTAL DESIGN FOR WOVEN FABRICS. Illustrated.
Demy 8vo. Second Edition. 7s. 6d.
- Stephenson (J.), M.A.** THE CHIEF TRUTHS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Sterne (Laurence).** See Little Library.
- Starry (W.), M.A.** ANNALS OF ETON COLLEGE. With numerous Illustrations.
Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Stewart (Katherine).** BY ALLAN WATER. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Stevenson (R. L.)** THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. Selected and Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by SIDNEY COLVIN. *Sixth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 12s.*

LIBRARY EDITION. *Demy 8vo. 2 vols. 25s. net.*

A Colonial Edition is also published.

VAILIMA LETTERS. With an Etched Portrait by WILLIAM STRANG. *Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*

A Colonial Edition is also published.

THE LIFE OF R. L. STEVENSON. See G. Balfour.

Stevenson (M. L.). FROM SARANAC TO THE MARQUESAS. Being Letters written by Mrs. M. L. STEVENSON during 1887-8 to her sister, Miss JANE WHYTE BALFOUR. With an Introduction by GEORGE W. BALFOUR, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.S. *Crown 8vo. 6s. net.*

A Colonial Edition is also published.

Stoddart (Anna M.). See Oxford Biographies.

Stone (E. D.), M.A., late Assistant Master at Eton. **SELECTIONS FROM THE ODYSSEY.** *Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*

Stone (S. J.). POEMS AND HYMNS. With a Memoir by F. G. ELLERTON, M.A. With Portrait. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

Straker (F.), Assoc. of the Institute of Bankers, and Lecturer to the London Chamber of Commerce. See Books on Business.

Streane (A. W.), D.D. See Churchman's Bible.

Stroud (H.), D.Sc., M.A., Professor of Physics in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne. See Textbooks of Technology.

Strutt (Joseph). THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. Illustrated by many engravings. Revised by J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. *Quarto. 21s. net.*

Stuart (Capt. Donald). THE STRUGGLE FOR PERSIA. With a Map. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

Sturch (F.). Manual Training Instructor to the Surrey County Council. **SOLUTIONS TO THE CITY AND GUILDS QUESTIONS IN MANUAL INSTRUCTION DRAWING.** *Imp. 4to. 2s.*

Suckling (Sir John). FRAGMENTA AUREA: A Collection of all the Incomparable Peeces, written by. And published by a friend to perpetuate his memory. Printed by his own copies.

Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the Princes Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1646.

Suddards (F.). See C. Stephenson.

Surtees (R. B.). See Illustrated Pocket Library.

Swift (Jonathan). THE JOURNAL TO STELLA. Edited by G. A. AITKEN. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Symes (J. E.), M.A. THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Syrett (Netta). See Little Blue Books.

Tadtus. AGRICOLA. With Introduction, Notes, Map, etc. By R. F. DAVIS, M.A., late Assistant Master at Weymouth College. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s.*

GERMANIA. By the same Editor. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s.* See also Classical Translations.

Tauler (J.). See Library of Devotion.

Taunton (E. L.). A HISTORY OF THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND. With Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*

Taylor (A. E.). THE ELEMENTS OF METAPHYSICS. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

Taylor (F. G.), M.A. See Commercial Series.

Taylor (I. A.). See Oxford Biographies.

Taylor (T. M.), M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. **A CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF ROME.** *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

Tennyson (Alfred, Lord). THE EARLY POEMS OF. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by J. CHURTON COLLINS, M.A. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

IN MEMORIAM, MAUD, AND THE PRINCESS. Edited by J. CHURTON COLLINS, M.A. *Crown 8vo. 6s.* See also Little Library.

Terry (C. B.). See Oxford Biographies.

Terton (Alice). LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN A HOSPITAL. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Thackeray (W. M.). See Little Library.

Theobald (F. W.), M.A. INSECT LIFE. Illustrated. *Second Ed. Revised. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

Thompson (A. H.). See The Little Guides.

Tilston (Mary W.). DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEEDS. *Tenth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.* Also editions in superior binding 5s. and 6s.

Tompkins (H. W.), F.R.H.S. See The Little Guides.

Townley (Lady Susan). MY CHINESE NOTE-BOOK. With 16 Illustrations and 2 Maps. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*

A Colonial Edition is also published.

Toynbee (Paget), M.A., D.Litt. DANTE STUDIES AND RESEARCHES. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.* See also Oxford Biographies.

- Trench (Herbert).** DEIRDRE WED: and Other Poems. *Crown 8vo.* 5s.
- Trevelyan (G. M.),** Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS. With Maps and Plans. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
- Troutbeck (G. E.).** See The Little Guides.
- Tuckwell (Gertrude).** See Social Questions Series.
- Twining (Louisa).** See Social Questions Series.
- Tyler (E. A.),** B.A., F.C.S., Head of Chemical Department, Swansea Technical College. See Junior School Books.
- Tyrell-Gill (Frances).** See Little Books on Art.
- Vaughan (Henry).** See Little Library.
- Vogelin (A.),** M.A. See Junior Examination Series.
- Wade (G. W.),** D.D. OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. With Maps. *Third Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Wagner (Richard).** See A. L. Cleather.
- Wall (J. C.)** DEVILS. Illustrated by the Author and from photographs. *Demy 8vo.* 4s. 6d. net. See also The Antiquary's Books.
- Walters (H. B.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Walton (Isaac) and Cotton (Charles).** See Illustrated Pocket Library, Methuen's Universal Library, and Little Library.
- Warmelo (D. S. Van).** ON COMMANDO. With Portrait. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Waterhouse (Mrs. Alfred).** WITH THE SIMPLE-HEARTED: Little Homilies to Women in Country Places. *Small Pott 8vo.* 2s. net. See also Little Library.
- Weatherhead (T. C.),** M.A. EXAMINATION PAPERS IN HORACE. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. See also Junior Examination Series.
- Webb (W. T.).** See Little Blue Books.
- Webber (F. C.).** See Textbooks of Technology.
- Wells (Sidney H.).** See Textbooks of Technology.
- Wells (J.),** M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. OXFORD AND OXFORD LIFE. By Members of the University. *Third Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME.** *Fifth Edition.* With 3 Maps. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. This book is intended for the Middle and Upper Forms of Public Schools and for Pass Students at the Universities. It contains copious Tables, etc. See also The Little Guides.
- Wetmore (Helen G.).** THE LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS ('Buffalo Bill'). With Illustrations. *Second Edition.* *Demy 8vo.* 6s.
- Whibley (C.).** See Henley and Whibley.
- Whibley (L.),** M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. GREEK OLIGARCHIES: THEIR ORGANISATION AND CHARACTER. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
- Whitaker (G. H.),** M.A. See Churchman's Bible.
- White (Gilbert).** THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. Edited by L. C. MIALl, F.R.S., assisted by W. WARDE FOWLER, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 6s. See also Methuen's Universal Library.
- Whitfield (E. E.).** See Commercial Series.
- Whitehead (A. W.).** GASPARD DE COLIGNY. With many Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. net.
- Whitley (Miss).** See Social Questions Series.
- Whyte (A. G.),** B.Sc., Editor of *Electrical Investments*. See Books on Business.
- Wilberforce (Wilfrid)** See Little Books on Art.
- Wilde (Oscar).** DE PROFUNDIS. *Fourth Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 5s. net. Also a Limited Edition on Japanese Vellum. *Demy 8vo.* £2, 2s. net; and a Limited Edition on hand-made paper. *Demy 8vo.* 21s. net. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Wilkins (W. H.),** B.A. See Social Questions Series.
- Wilkinson (J. Frome).** See Social Questions Series.
- Williamson (W.).** THE BRITISH GARDENER. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
- Williamson (W.),** B.A. EASY DICTATION AND SPELLING. *Third Edition.* *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s. See also Junior Examination Series and Junior School Books.
- Willmot-Buxton (E. M.).** MAKERS OF EUROPE. *Crown 8vo.* *Third Edition.* 3s. 6d. A Text-book of European History for Middle Forms.
- THE ANCIENT WORLD.** With Maps and Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d. See also The Beginner's Books.
- Wilson (Bishop).** See Library of Devotion.
- Willson (Beckles).** LORD STRATHCONA: the Story of his Life. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Wilson (A. J.),** Editor of the *Investor's Review*, City Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. See Books on Business.
- Wilson (H. A.).** See Books on Business.

Wilton (Richard), M.A. *LYRA PASTORALIS: Songs of Nature, Church, and Home.* *Pp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

A volume of devotional poems.

Winbolt (S. E.), M.A., Assistant Master in Christ's Hospital. *EXERCISES IN LATIN ACCIDENCE.* *Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.*

An elementary book adapted for Lower Forms to accompany the Shorter Latin Primer.

LATIN HEXAMETER VERSE: An Aid to Composition. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. KEY, 5s. net.*

Windle (B. C. A.), D.Sc., F.R.S. See Antiquary's Books and The Little Guides.

Winterbotham (Canon), M.A., B.Sc., LL.B. See Churchman's Library.

Wood (J. A. E.). See Textbooks of Technology.

Wordsworth (Christopher). See Antiquary's Books.

Wordsworth (W.). See Little Library.

Wordsworth (W.) and Coleridge (S. T.). See Little Library.

Wright (Arthur), M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. See Churchman's Library.

Wright (Sophie). *GERMAN VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION.* *Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*

***Wrong, (George M.), Professor of History in the University of Toronto.** *THE EARL OF*

ELGIN. With Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Wylde (A. B.). *MODERN ABYSSINIA.* With a Map and a Portrait. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*

Wyndham (G.), M.P. *THE POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.* With an Introduction and Notes. *Demy 8vo. Buckram, gilt top. 10s. 6d.*

Wyon (R.) and Prance (G.). *THE LAND OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.* Being a description of Montenegro. With 40 Illustrations. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

A Colonial Edition is also published.

Yeats (W. B.). *AN ANTHOLOGY OF IRISH VERSE.* Revised and Enlarged Edition. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

Yendis (M.). *THE GREAT RED FROG.* A Story told in 40 Coloured Pictures. *Fcap. 8vo. 1s. net.*

Young (Filson). *THE COMPLETE MOTORIST.* With 138 Illustrations. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*

Young (T. M.). *THE AMERICAN COTTON INDUSTRY: A Study of Work and Workers.* With an Introduction by ELIJAH HELM, Secretary to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. *Crown 8vo. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper boards, 1s. 6d.*

Zenker (E. V.). *ANARCHISM.* *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

Zimmer (Antonia). *WHAT DO WE KNOW CONCERNING ELECTRICITY?* *Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.*

Antiquary's Books, The

General Editor, J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A.

A series of volumes dealing with various branches of English Antiquities; comprehensive and popular, as well as accurate and scholarly.

ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. By the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. Illustrated. *Second Edition, revised. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

REMAINS OF THE PREHISTORIC AGE IN ENGLAND. By B. C. A. Windle, D.Sc., F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations and Plans. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

OLD SERVICE BOOKS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. By Christopher Wordsworth, M.A.; and Henry Littlehales. With Coloured and other Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

CELTIC ART. By J. Romilly Allen, F.S.A. With numerous Illustrations and Plans. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

***ARCHÆOLOGY AND FALSE ANTIQUITIES.** By R. Munro, LL.D. With numerous Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

SHRINES OF BRITISH SAINTS. By J. C. Wall. With numerous Illustrations and Plans. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Beginner's Books, The

***EASY FRENCH RHYMES.** By Henri Blouet. Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo. 1s.*

***EASY STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.** By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, Author of 'Makers of Europe.' *Fcap. 8vo. 1s.*

Business Books on

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

A series of volumes dealing with all the most important aspects of commercial and financial activity. The volumes are intended to treat separately all the considerable

industries and forms of business, and to explain accurately and clearly what they do and how they do it. The first Twelve volumes are—

- PORTS AND DOCKS. By Douglas Owen.
 RAILWAYS. By E. R. McDermott.
 THE STOCK EXCHANGE. By Chas. Duguid. *Second Edition.*
 THE BUSINESS OF INSURANCE. By A. J. Wilson.
 THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY: LIGHTING, TRACTION, AND POWER. By A. G. Whyte, B.Sc.
 THE SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY. By David Pollock, M.I.N.A.
 THE MONEY MARKET. By F. Straker.
 THE BUSINESS SIDE OF AGRICULTURE. By A. G. L. Rogers, M.A.
 LAW IN BUSINESS. By H. A. Wilson.
 THE BREWING INDUSTRY. By Julian L. Baker, F.I.C., F.C.S.
 THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY. By G. de H. Stone.
 MINING AND MINING INVESTMENTS. By 'A. Moll.'
 *THE BUSINESS OF ADVERTISING. By Clarence G. Moran, Barrister-at-Law. Illustrated.
 *TRADE UNIONS. By G. Drage.
 *CIVIL ENGINEERING. By T. Claxton Fidler, M.Inst. C.E. Illustrated.
 *THE COAL INDUSTRY. By Ernest Ayes. Illustrated.

Byzantine Texts

Edited by J. B. BURY, M.A., Litt.D.

- A series of texts of Byzantine Historians, edited by English and foreign scholars.
 ZACHARIAH OF MYTILENE. Translated by F. J. Hamilton, D.D., and E. W. Brooks. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*
 EVAGRIUS. Edited by Léon Parmentier and M. Bidez. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
 THE HISTORY OF PSELLUS. Edited by C. Sathas. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*
 ECTHESIS CHRONICA. Edited by Professor Lambros. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
 THE CHRONICLE OF MOREA. Edited by John Schmitt. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*

Churchman's Bible, The

General Editor, J. H. BURN, B.D., F.R.S.E.

A series of Expositions on the Books of the Bible, which will be of service to the general reader in the practical and devotional study of the Sacred Text.

Each Book is provided with a full and clear Introductory Section, in which is stated what is known or conjectured respecting the date and occasion of the composition of the Book, and any other particulars that may help to elucidate its meaning as a whole. The Exposition is divided into sections of a convenient length, corresponding as far as possible with the divisions of the Church Lectionary. The Translation of the Authorised Version is printed in full, such corrections as are deemed necessary being placed in footnotes.

- THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. Edited by A. W. Robinson, M.A. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.*
 ECCLESIASTES. Edited by A. W. Streane, D.D. *Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.*
 THE EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS. Edited by C. R. D. Biggs, D.D. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.*
 THE EPISTLE OF ST. JAMES. Edited by H. W. Fulford, M.A. *Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.*
 ISAIAH. Edited by W. E. Barnes, D.D. *Two Volumes. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. net each. With Map.*
 THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE EPHESIANS. Edited by G. H. Whitaker, M.A. *Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.*

Churchman's Library, The

General Editor, J. H. BURN, B.D., F.R.S.E.,

A series of volumes upon such questions as are occupying the attention of Church people at the present time. The Editor has enlisted the services of a band of scholars, who, having made a special study of their respective subjects, are in a position to furnish the best results of modern research accurately and attractively.

- THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY. By W. E. Collins, M.A. With Map. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 SOME NEW TESTAMENT PROBLEMS. By Arthur Wright, M.A. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

- THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN HERE AND HEREFTER. By Canon Winterbotham, M.A., B.Sc., LL.B. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
 THE WORKMANSHIP OF THE PRAYER BOOK: Its Literary and Liturgical Aspects. By J. Dowden, D.D. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
 EVOLUTION. By F. B. Jevons, M.A., Litt.D. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
 THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW SCHOLARSHIP. By J. W. Peters, D.D. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
 THE CHURCHMAN'S INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. By A. M. Mackay, B.A. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
 THE CHURCH OF CHRIST. By E. T. Green, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.
 COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY. By J. A. MacCulloch. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

Classical Translations

Edited by H. F. FOX, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford.
Crown 8vo.

A series of Translations from the Greek and Latin Classics. The Publishers have enlisted the services of some of the best Oxford and Cambridge Scholars, and it is their intention that the series shall be distinguished by literary excellence as well as by scholarly accuracy.

- ÆSCHYLUS—Agamemnon, Choephoroe, Eumenides. Translated by Lewis Campbell, LL.D. 5s.
 CICERO—De Oratore I. Translated by E. N. P. Moor, M.A. 3s. 6d.
 CICERO—Select Orations (Pro Milone, Pro Mureno, Philippic II., in Catilinam). Translated by H. E. D. BLAKISTON, M.A. 5s.
 CICERO—De Natura Deorum. Translated by F. Brooks, M.A. 3s. 6d.
 CICERO—De Officiis. Translated by G. B. Gardiner, M.A. 2s. 6d.
 HORACE—The Odes and Epodes. Translated by A. D. Godley, M.A. 2s.
 LUCIAN—Six Dialogues (Nigrinus, Icaro-Menippus, The Cock, The Ship, The Parasite, The Lover of Falsehood). Translated by S. T. Irwin, M.A. 3s. 6d.
 SOPHOCLES—Electra and Ajax. Translated by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A. 2s. 6d.
 TACITUS—Agricola and Germania. Translated by R. B. Townshend. 2s. 6d.
 THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL. Translated by S. G. Owen. 2s. 6d.

Commercial Series, Methuen's

Edited by H. DE B. GIBBINS, Litt.D., M.A.
Crown 8vo.

A series intended to assist students and young men preparing for a commercial career, by supplying useful handbooks of a clear and practical character, dealing with those subjects which are absolutely essential in the business life.

- COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By E. E. Whitfield, M.A. 5s.
 An introduction to Methuen's Commercial Series treating the question of Commercial Education fully from both the point of view of the teacher and of the parent.
 BRITISH COMMERCE AND COLONIES FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA. By H. de B. Gibbins, Litt.D., M.A. *Third Edition.* 2s.
 COMMERCIAL EXAMINATION PAPERS. By H. de B. Gibbins, Litt.D., M.A. 1s. 6d.
 THE ECONOMICS OF COMMERCE. By H. de B. Gibbins, Litt.D., M.A. 1s. 6d.
 A GERMAN COMMERCIAL READER. By S. E. Bally. With Vocabulary. 2s.
 A COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By L. W. Lyde, M.A. *Fourth Edition.* 2s.
 A COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF FOREIGN NATIONS. By F. C. Boon, B.A. 2s.
 A PRIMER OF BUSINESS. By S. Jackson, M.A. *Third Edition.* 1s. 6d.
 COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC. By F. G. Taylor, M.A. *Third Edition.* 1s. 6d.
 FRENCH COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By S. E. Bally. With Vocabulary. *Third Edition.* 2s.
 GERMAN COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By S. E. Bally. With Vocabulary. 2s. 6d.
 A FRENCH COMMERCIAL READER. By S. E. Bally. With Vocabulary. *Second Edition.* 2s.
 PRECIS WRITING AND OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE. By E. E. Whitfield, M.A. *Second Edition.* 2s.
 A GUIDE TO PROFESSIONS AND BUSINESS. By H. Jones. 1s. 6d.
 THE PRINCIPLES OF BOOK-KEEPING BY DOUBLE ENTRY. By J. E. B. M'Allen, M.A. 2s.
 COMMERCIAL LAW. By W. Douglas Edwards. 2s.

Connoisseur's Library, The*Wide Royal 8vo. 25s. net.*

A sumptuous series of 20 books on art, written by experts for collectors, superbly illustrated in photogravure, colliotype, and colour. The technical side of the art is duly treated. The first volumes are—

MEZZOTINTS. By Cyril Davenport. With 40 Plates in Photogravure.

PORCELAIN. By Edward Dillon. With 19 Plates in Colour, 20 in Colliotype, and 5 in Photogravure.

*MINIATURES. By Dudley Heath. With 9 Plates in Colour, 15 in Colliotype, and 15 in Photogravure.

*IVORIES. By A. Maskell. With 80 Plates in Colliotype and Photogravure.

Devotion, The Library of

With Introductions and (where necessary) Notes.

Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. ; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

The masterpieces of devotional literature. The books are furnished with such Introductions and Notes as may be necessary to explain the standpoint of the author and the obvious difficulties of the text, without unnecessary intrusion between the author and the devout mind.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Edited by C. Bigg, D.D. *Third Edition.*

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. Edited by Walter Lock, D.D. *Second Edition.*

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Edited by C. Bigg, D.D. *Fourth Edition.*

A BOOK OF DEVOTIONS. Edited by J. W. Stanbridge, B.D. *Second Edition.*

LYRA INNOCENTIUM. Edited by Walter Lock, D.D.

A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE. Edited by C. Bigg, D.D. *Second Edition.*

THE TEMPLE. Edited by E. C. S. Gibson, D.D.

A GUIDE TO ETERNITY. Edited by J. W. Stanbridge, B.D.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID. Edited by B. W. Randolph, D.D.

LYRA APOSTOLICA. Edited by Canon Scott Holland and Canon H. C. Beeching, M.A.

THE INNER WAY. By J. Tauler. Edited by A. W. Hutton, M.A.

THE THOUGHTS OF PASCAL. Edited by C. S. Jerram, M.A.

ON THE LOVE OF GOD. By St. Francis de Sales. Edited by W. J. Knox-Little, M.A.

A MANUAL OF CONSOLATION FROM THE SAINTS AND FATHERS. Edited by J. H. Burn, B.D.

THE SONG OF SONGS. Edited by B. Blaxland, M.A.

THE DEVOTIONS OF ST. ANSELM. Edited by C. C. J. Webb, M.A.

GRACE ABUNDING. By John Bunyan. Edited by S. C. Freer, M.A.

BISHOP WILSON'S SACRA PRIVATA. Edited by A. E. Burn, B.D.

LYRA SACRA: A Book of Sacred Verse. Edited by H. C. Beeching, M.A., Canon of Westminster.

A DAY BOOK FROM THE SAINTS AND FATHERS. Edited by J. H. Burn, B.D.

HEAVENLY WISDOM. A Selection from the English Mystics. Edited by E. C. Gregory.

LIGHT, LIFE, and LOVE. A Selection from the German Mystics. Edited by W. R. Inge, M.A.

Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, The

Fcap 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each volume.

A series, in small form, of some of the famous illustrated books of fiction and general literature. These are faithfully reprinted from the first or best editions without introduction or notes.

COLOURED BOOKS

OLD COLOURED BOOKS. By George Paston. With 16 Coloured Plates. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. net.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. By Nimrod. With 18 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken and T. J. Rawlins. *Third Edition. 3s. 6d. net.*

Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. *30s. net.*

THE LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN. By Nimrod. With 35 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken. *3s. 6d. net.*

Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. *30s. net.*

HANDLEY CROSS. By R. S. SURTEES. With 17 Coloured Plates and 100 Woodcuts in the Text by John Leech. *3s. 6d. net.*

Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. *30s. net.*

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR. By R. S. SURTEES. With 13 Coloured Plates and 90 Woodcuts in the Text by John Leech. *3s. 6d. net.*

Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. *30s. net.*

- JORROCKS' JAUNTS AND JOLITIES.** By R. S. Surtees. With 15 Coloured Plates by H. Alken. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
 This volume is reprinted from the extremely rare and costly edition of 1843, which contains Alken's very fine illustrations instead of the usual ones by Phil.
- ASK MAMMA.** By R. S. Surtees. With 13 Coloured Plates and 70 Woodcuts in the Text by John Leech. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
- THE ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD.** By R. S. Surtees. With 7 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken, and 43 Illustrations on Wood. 3s. 6d. *net.*
- THE TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.** By William Combe. With 30 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
- THE TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.** By William Combe. With 24 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
- THE THIRD TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.** By William Combe. With 24 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
- THE HISTORY OF JOHNNY QUAE GENUS: the Little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax.** By the Author of 'The Three Tours.' With 24 Coloured Plates by Rowlandson. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
- THE ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH, from the Designs of T. Rowlandson, with Metrical Illustrations by the Author of 'Doctor Syntax.'** *Two Volumes. 7s. net.*
 This book contains 76 Coloured Plates.
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
- THE DANCE OF LIFE: A Poem.** By the Author of 'Doctor Syntax.' Illustrated with 26 Coloured Engravings by T. Rowlandson. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
- LIFE IN LONDON: or, the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his Elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom.** By Pierce Egan. With 36 Coloured Plates by I. R. and G. Cruikshank. With numerous Designs on Wood. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
- *REAL LIFE IN LONDON: or, the Rambles and Adventures of Bob Tallyho, Esq., and his Cousin, The Hon. Tom Dashall.** By an Amateur (Pierce Egan). With 31 Coloured Plates by Alken and Rowlandson, etc. *Two Volumes. 7s. net.*
- THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.** By Pierce Egan. With 27 Coloured Plates by Theodore Lane, and several Designs on Wood. 3s. 6d. *net.*
- THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.** By Oliver Goldsmith. With 24 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
 A reproduction of a very rare book.
- THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME.** By an Officer. With 15 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson. 3s. 6d. *net.*
- THE NATIONAL SPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.** With Descriptions and 51 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken. 3s. 6d. *net.*
 Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper. 3ds. *net.*
 This book is completely different from the large folio edition of 'National Sports' by the same artist, and none of the plates are similar.
- THE ADVENTURES OF A POST CAPTAIN.** By A Naval Officer. With 24 Coloured Plates by Mr. Williams. 3s. 6d. *net.*
- GAMONIA: or, the Art of Preserving Game; and an Improved Method of making Plantations and Covers, explained and illustrated by Lawrence Rawstorne, Esq.** With 15 Coloured Plates by T. Rawlins. 3s. 6d. *net.*
- AN ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN: Containing the completest Instructions for Walking, Trotting, Cantering, Galloping, Stumbling, and Tumbling.** Illustrated with 27 Coloured Plates, and adorned with a Portrait of the Author. By Geoffrey Gambado, Esq. 3s. 6d. *net.*
- REAL LIFE IN IRELAND, or, the Day and Night Scenes of Brian Boru, Esq., and his Elegant Friend, Sir Shawn O'Dogherty.** By a Real Paddy. With 19 Coloured Plates by Heath, Marks, etc. 3s. 6d. *net.*
- THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME IN THE NAVY.** By Alfred Burton. With 16 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson. 3s. 6d. *net.*
- THE OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE: A Poem.** By John Careless, Esq. With 20 Coloured Plates after the style of T. Rowlandson.

PLAIN BOOKS

THE GRAVE: A Poem. By Robert Blair. Illustrated by 12 Etchings executed by Louis Schiavonetti from the original inventions of William Blake. With an Engraved Title Page and a Portrait of Blake by T. Phillips, R.A. 3s. 6d. net.

The illustrations are reproduced in photogravure. Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper, with India proofs and a duplicate set of the plates. 15s. net.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB. Invented and engraved by William Blake. 3s. 6d. net.

These famous Illustrations—21 in number—are reproduced in photogravure. Also a limited edition on large Japanese paper, with India proofs and a duplicate set of the plates. 15s. net.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. With 380 Woodcuts by Thomas Bewick. 3s. 6d. net.

WINDSOR CASTLE. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. With 22 Plates and 87 Woodcuts in the Text by George Cruikshank. 3s. 6d. net.

THE TOWER OF LONDON. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. With 40 Plates and 58 Woodcuts in the Text by George Cruikshank. 3s. 6d. net.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH. By F. E. Smedley. With 30 Plates by George Cruikshank. 3s. 6d. net.

HANDY ANDY. By Samuel Lover. With 24 Illustrations by the Author. 3s. 6d. net.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. With 14 Plates and 77 Woodcuts in the Text. 3s. 6d. net.

This volume is reproduced from the beautiful edition of John Major of 1824.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By Charles Dickens. With the 43 Illustrations by Seymour and Phiz, the two Buss Plates, and the 32 Contemporary Onwhyn Plates. 3s. 6d. net.

Junior Examination Series

Edited by A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s.

This series is intended to lead up to the School Examination Series, and is intended for the use of teachers and students, to supply material for the former and practice for the latter. The papers are carefully graduated, cover the whole of the subject usually taught, and are intended to form part of the ordinary class work. They may be used *visû voce* or as a written examination.

JUNIOR FRENCH EXAMINATION PAPERS. By F. Jacob, M.A.

JUNIOR LATIN EXAMINATION PAPERS. By C. G. Botting, M.A. *Third Edition.*

JUNIOR ENGLISH EXAMINATION PAPERS. By W. Williamson, M.A.

JUNIOR ARITHMETIC EXAMINATION PAPERS. By W. S. Beard. *Second Edition.*

JUNIOR ALGEBRA EXAMINATION PAPERS. By S. W. Finn, M.A.

JUNIOR GREEK EXAMINATION PAPERS. By T. C. Weatherhead, M.A.

JUNIOR GENERAL INFORMATION EXAMINATION PAPERS. By W. S. Beard.

JUNIOR GEOGRAPHY EXAMINATION PAPERS. By W. G. Baker, M.A.

JUNIOR GERMAN EXAMINATION PAPERS. By A. Voegelin, M.A.

Junior School-Books, Methuen's

Edited by O. D. INSKIP, LL.D., and W. WILLIAMSON, B.A.

A series of elementary books for pupils in lower forms, simply written by teachers of experience.

A CLASS-BOOK OF DICTATION PASSAGES. By W. Williamson, B.A. *Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 1s. 6d.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. Edited by E. Wilton South, M.A. With Three Maps. *Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK. Edited by A. E. Rubie, D.D. With Three Maps. *Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d.

A JUNIOR ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By W. Williamson, B.A. With numerous passages for parsing and analysis, and a chapter on Essay Writing. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo.* 2s.

A JUNIOR CHEMISTRY. By E. A. Tyler, B.A., F.C.S. With 73 Illustrations. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Edited by A. E. Rubie, D.D. *Crown 8vo.* 2s.

A JUNIOR FRENCH GRAMMAR. By L. A. Sornet and M. J. Acatos. *Crown 8vo.* 2s.

ELEMENTARY EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE. PHYSICS by W. T. Clough, A.R.C.S. **CHEMISTRY** by A. E. Dunstan, B.Sc. With 2 Plates and 154 Diagrams. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

A JUNIOR GEOMETRY. By Noel S. Lydon. With 230 Diagrams. *Crown 8vo.* 2s.

A JUNIOR MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By W. T. Clough. With many Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY. By A. E. Dunstan, B.Sc. With many Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 2s.

A JUNIOR FRENCH PROSE. By R. R. N. Baron, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 2s.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE. With an Introduction and Notes by William Williamson, B.A. With Three Maps. *Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d.

Leaders of Religion

Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A., Canon of Westminster. *With Portraits.*

Crown 8vo. 2s. net.

A series of short biographies of the most prominent leaders of religious life and thought of all ages and countries.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. By R. H. Hutton.

JOHN WESLEY. By J. H. Overton, M.A.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE. By G. W. Daniell, M.A.

CARDINAL MANNING. By A. W. Hutton, M.A.

CHARLES SIMON. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D.

JOHN KEBLE. By Walter Lock, D.D.

THOMAS CHALMERS. By Mrs. Oliphant.

LANCELOT ANDREWS. By R. L. Ottley, D.D. *Second Edition.*

AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY. By E. I. Cutts, D.D.

WILLIAM LAUD. By W. H. Hutton, M.A.

Second Edition.

JOHN KNOX. By F. MacCunn. *Second Edition.*

JOHN HOWE. By R. F. Horton, D.D.

BISHOP KEN. By F. A. Clarke, M.A.

GEORGE FOX, THE QUAKER. By T. Hodgkin, D.C.L.

JOHN DONNE. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D.

THOMAS CRANMER. By A. J. Mason, D.D.

BISHOP LATIMER. By R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle, M.A.

BISHOP BUTLER. By W. A. Spooner, M.A.

Little Blue Books, The

General Editor, E. V. LUCAS.

Illustrated. Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d.

A series of books for children. The aim of the editor is to get entertaining or exciting stories about normal children, the moral of which is implied rather than expressed.

1. THE CASTAWAYS OF MEADOWBANK. By Thomas Cobb.

2. THE BEECHNUT BOOK. By Jacob Abbott. Edited by E. V. Lucas.

3. THE AIR GUN. By T. Hilbert.

4. A SCHOOL YEAR. By Netta Syrett.

5. THE PRELES AT THE CAPITAL. By Roger Ashton.

6. THE TREASURE OF PRINCEGATE PRIORY. By T. Cobb.

7. MRS. BARBERRY'S GENERAL SHOP. By Roger Ashton.

8. A BOOK OF BAD CHILDREN. By W. T. Webb.

9. THE LOST BALL. By Thomas Cobb.

Little Books on Art

With many Illustrations. Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

A series of monographs in miniature, containing the complete outline of the subject under treatment and rejecting minute details. These books are produced with the greatest care. Each volume consists of about 200 pages, and contains from 30 to 40 illustrations, including a frontispiece in photogravure.

GREEK ART. H. B. Walters. *Second Ed.*

BOOKPLATES. E. Almack.

REYNOLDS. J. Sime.

ROMNEY. George Paston.

WATTS. Miss R. E. D. Sketchley.

LEIGHTON. Alice Corkran.

VELASQUEZ. Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert.

GREUZE AND BOUCHER. Eliza F. Pollard.

VANDYCK. M. G. SMALLWOOD.

TURNER. F. Tyrell-Gill.

DÜRER. Jessie Allen.

HOPFFNER. H. P. K. Skipton.

HOLBEIN. Mrs. G. Fortescue.

BURNE-JONES. Fortunée de Lisle.

REMBRANDT. Mrs. E. A. Sharp.

COROT. Alice Pollard and Ethel Birnstingl.

MILLET. Netta Peacock.

*RAPHAEL. A. R. DRYHURST.

*ILLUMINATED MSS. J. W. Bradley.

Little Galleries, The

Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

A series of little books containing examples of the best work of the great painters. Each volume contains 20 plates in photogravure, together with a short outline of the life and work of the master to whom the book is devoted.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF REYNOLDS.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF ROMNEY.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF HOPFFNER.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF MILLAIS.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF ENGLISH PORTRAITS.

Little Guides, The*Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.; leather, 3s. 6d. net.*OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES. By J. Wells, M.A. Illustrated by E. H. New. *Fourth Edition.*CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES. By A. Hamilton Thompson. *Second Edition.* Illustrated by E. H. New.

THE MALVERN COUNTRY. By B. C. A. Windle, D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated by E. H. New.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. By B. C. A. Windle, D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated by E. H. New. *Second Edition.*

SUSSEX. By F. G. Brabant, M.A. Illustrated by E. H. New.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By G. E. Troutbeck. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford.

NORFOLK. By W. A. Dutt. Illustrated by B. C. Boulter.

CORNWALL. By A. L. Salmon. Illustrated by B. C. Boulter.

BRITTANY. By S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated by J. Wylie.

HERTFORDSHIRE. By H. W. Tompkins, F.R.H.S. Illustrated by E. H. New.

THE ENGLISH LAKES. By F. G. Brabant, M.A. Illustrated by E. H. New.

KENT. By G. Clinch. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford.

ROME. By C. G. Ellaby. Illustrated by B. C. Boulter.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT. By G. Clinch. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford.

SURREY. By F. A. H. Lambert. Illustrated by E. H. New.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. By E. S. Roscoe. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford.

SUFFOLK. By W. A. Dutt. Illustrated by J. Wylie.

DERBYSHIRE. By J. C. Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated by J. C. Wall.

THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE. By J. E. Morris. Illustrated by R. J. S. Bertram.

HAMPSHIRE. By J. C. Cox. Illustrated by M. E. Purser.

SICILY. By F. H. Jackson. With many Illustrations by the Author.

*DORSET. By Frank R. Heath. Illustrated.

*CHESHIRE. By W. M. Gallichan. Illustrated by Elizabeth Hartley.

Little Library, The

With Introductions, Notes, and Photogravure Frontispieces.

Small Pott 8vo. Each Volume, cloth, 1s. 6d. net.; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

A series of small books under the above title, containing some of the famous works in English and other literatures, in the domains of fiction, poetry, and belles lettres. The series also contains volumes of selections in prose and verse.

The books are edited with the most sympathetic and scholarly care. Each one contains an introduction which gives (1) a short biography of the author; (2) a critical estimate of the book. Where they are necessary, short notes are added at the foot of the page.

Each volume has a photogravure frontispiece, and the books are produced with great care.

ENGLISH LYRICS, A LITTLE BOOK OF. Anon.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. By Jane Austen. Edited by E. V. Lucas. *Two Volumes.*

NORTHANGER ABBEY. By Jane Austen. Edited by E. V. Lucas.

THE ESSAYS OF LORD BACON. Edited by Edward Wright.

THE INGOLSBY LEGENDS. By R. H. Barham. Edited by J. B. Atlay. *Two Volumes.*

A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. Edited by Mrs. P. A. Barnett.

THE HISTORY OF THE CALIPH VATHEK. By William Beckford. Edited by E. Denison Ross.

SELECTIONS FROM WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by M. Perugini.

LAVENGRO. By George Borrow. Edited by F. Hinde Groome. *Two Volumes.*

THE ROMANY RYE. By George Borrow. Edited by John Sampson.

SELECTIONS FROM THE EARLY POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Edited by W. Hall Griffin, M.A.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ANTI-JACOBIN; with George Canning's additional Poems. Edited by Lloyd Sanders.

THE ESSAYS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY. Edited by H. C. Minchin.

SELECTIONS FROM GEORGE CRABBE. Edited by A. C. Deane.

JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN. By Mrs. Craik. Edited by Annie Matheson. *Two Volumes.*

THE ENGLISH POEMS OF RICHARD CRAWSHAW. Edited by Edward Hutton.

THE INFERNO OF DANTE. Translated by H. F. Cary. Edited by Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt.

THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE. Translated by H. F. Cary. Edited by Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt.

- THE PARADISO OF DANTE. Translated by H. F. Cary. Edited by Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt.
 SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE DARLEY. Edited by R. A. Streatfeild.
 A LITTLE BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE. Edited by A. C. Deane.
 MARRIAGE. By Susan Ferrier. Edited by Miss Goodrich Freer and Lord Iddesleigh. *Two Volumes.*
 THE INHERITANCE. By Susan Ferrier. Edited by Miss Goodrich Freer and Lord Iddesleigh. *Two Volumes.*
 CRANFORD. By Mrs. Gaskell. Edited by E. V. Lucas. *Second Edition.*
 THE SCARLET LETTER. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited by Percy Dearmer.
 A LITTLE BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE. Edited by T. F. Henderson.
 POEMS. By John Keats. With an Introduction by L. Binyon and Notes by J. MASEFIELD.
 EOTHEN. By A. W. Kinglake. With an Introduction and Notes. *Second Edition.*
 ELIA, AND THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA. By Charles Lamb. Edited by E. V. Lucas.
 LONDON LYRICS. By F. Locker. Edited by A. D. Godley, M.A.
 A reprint of the First Edition.
 SELECTIONS FROM LONGFELLOW. Edited by L. M. Faithfull.
 THE POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL. Edited by E. Wright.
 THE MINOR POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A.
 MANSIE WAUCH. By D. M. Moir. Edited by T. F. Henderson.
 A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH SONNETS. Edited by J. B. B. Nichols.
 THE MAXIMS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. Translated by Dean Stanhope. Edited by G. H. Powell.
 REJECTED ADDRESSES. By Horace and James Smith. Edited by A. D. Godley, M.A.
 A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. By Laurence Sterne. Edited by H. W. Paul.
 THE EARLY POEMS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Edited by J. Churton Collins, M.A.
 IN MEMORIAM. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Edited by H. C. Beeching, M.A.
 THE PRINCESS. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Edited by Elizabeth Wordsworth.
 MAUD. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Edited by Elizabeth Wordsworth.
 VANITY FAIR. By W. M. Thackeray. Edited by S. Gwynn. *Three Volumes.*
 PENDENNIS. By W. M. Thackeray. Edited by S. Gwynn. *Three Volumes.*
 ESMOND. By W. M. Thackeray. Edited by S. Gwynn.
 CHRISTMAS BOOKS. By W. M. Thackeray. Edited by S. Gwynn.
 THE POEMS OF HENRY VAUGHAN. Edited by Edward Hutton.
 THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. By Izaak Walton. Edited by J. Buchan.
 A LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH. Edited by Mrs. Alfred Waterhouse. *Sixth Edition.*
 SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH. Edited by Nowell C. Smith.
 LYRICAL BALLADS. By W. Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge. Edited by George Sampson.

Miniature Library, Methuen's

Reprints in miniature of a few interesting books which have qualities of humanity, devotion, or literary genius.

- EUPHRANOR; A Dialogue on Youth. By Edward FitzGerald. From the edition published by W. Pickering in 1851. *Demy 32mo, Leather, 2s. net.*
 POLONIUS: or Wise Saws and Modern Instances. By Edward FitzGerald. From the edition published by W. Pickering in 1852. *Demy 32mo, Leather, 2s. net.*
 THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. By Edward FitzGerald. From the 1st edition of 1859, *Third Edition. Leather, 2s. net.*
 THE LIFE OF EDWARD, LORD HERRERT OF CHERBURY. Written by himself. From the edition printed at Strawberry Hill in the year 1764. *Medium 32mo, Leather, 2s. net.*
 THE VISIONS OF DOM FRANCISCO QUEVEDO VILLEGAS, Knight of the Order of St. James Made English by R. L. From the edition printed for H. Herringman 1668. *Leather, 2s. net.*
 POEMS. By Dora Greenwell. From the edition of 1848. *Leather, 2s. net.*

The Oxford Biographies

Fcap. 8vo. Each volume, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.

These books are written by scholars of repute, who combine knowledge and literary skill with the power of popular presentation. They are illustrated from authentic material.

- DANTE ALIGHIERI. By Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt. With 12 Illustrations. *Second Edition.*
 SAVONAROLA. By E. L. S. Horsburgh, M.A. With 12 Illustrations. *Second Edition.*
 JOHN HOWARD. By E. C. S. Gibson, D.D., Vicar of Leeds. With 12 Illustrations.

- TENNYSON. By A. C. BENSON, M.A. With 9 Illustrations.
 WALTER RALEIGH. By I. A. Taylor. With 12 Illustrations.
 ERASMUS. By E. F. H. Capey. With 12 Illustrations.
 THE YOUNG PRETENDER. By C. S. Terry. With 12 Illustrations.
 ROBERT BURNS. By T. F. Henderson. With 12 Illustrations.
 CHATHAM. By A. S. M'Dowall. With 12 Illustrations.
 ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By Anna M. Stoddart. With 16 Illustrations.
 CANNING. By W. A. Phillips. With 12 Illustrations.
 BEACONSFIELD. By Walter Sichel. With 12 Illustrations.
 GOETHE. By H. G. Atkins. With 12 Illustrations.

School Examination Series

Edited by A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

- FRENCH EXAMINATION PAPERS. By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. *Thirteenth Edition.*
 A KEY, issued to Tutors and Private Students only to be had on application to the Publishers. *Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.*
 LATIN EXAMINATION PAPERS. By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. *Twelfth Edition.*
 KEY (*Fourth Edition*) issued as above. *6s. net.*
 GREEK EXAMINATION PAPERS. By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. *Seventh Edition.*
 KEY (*Second Edition*) issued as above. *6s. net.*
 GERMAN EXAMINATION PAPERS. By R. J. Morich. *Fifth Edition.*
 KEY (*Second Edition*) issued as above. *6s. net.*
 HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY EXAMINATION PAPERS. By C. H. Spence, M.A. *Second Edition.*
 PHYSICS EXAMINATION PAPERS. By R. E. Steel, M.A., F.C.S.
 GENERAL KNOWLEDGE EXAMINATION PAPERS. By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. *Fourth Edition.*
 KEY (*Third Edition*) issued as above. *7s. net.*
 EXAMINATION PAPERS IN ENGLISH HISTORY. By J. Tait Plowden-Wardlaw, B.A.

Social Questions of To-day

Edited by H. DE B. GIBBINS, Litt.D., M.A. *Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

A series of volumes upon those topics of social, economic, and industrial interest that are foremost in the public mind.

Each volume is written by an author who is an acknowledged authority upon the subject with which he deals.

- TRADE UNIONISM—NEW AND OLD. By G. Howell. *Third Edition.*
 THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT TO-DAY. By G. J. Holyoake. *Fourth Edition.*
 MUTUAL THRIFT. By J. Frome Wilkinson, M.A.
 PROBLEMS OF POVERTY. By J. A. Hobson, M.A. *Fourth Edition.*
 THE COMMERCE OF NATIONS. By C. F. Bastable, M.A. *Third Edition.*
 THE ALIEN INVASION. By W. H. Wilkins, B.A.
 THE RURAL EXODUS. By P. Anderson Graham.
 LAND NATIONALIZATION. By Harold Cox, B.A.
 A SHORTER WORKING DAY. By H. de Gibbins and R. A. Hadfield.
 BACK TO THE LAND. An Inquiry into Rural Depopulation. By H. E. Moore.
 TRUSTS, POOLS, AND CORNERS. By J. Stephen Jeans.
 THE FACTORY SYSTEM. By R. W. Cooke-Taylor.
 THE STATE AND ITS CHILDREN. By Gertrude Tuckwell.
 WOMEN'S WORK. By Lady Dilke, Miss Bulley, and Miss Whitley.
 SOCIALISM AND MODERN THOUGHT. By M. Kauffmann.
 THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED. By J. A. Hobson, M.A.
 LIFE IN WEST LONDON. By Arthur Sherwell, M.A. *Third Edition.*
 RAILWAY NATIONALIZATION. By Clement Edwards.
 WORKHOUSES AND PAUPERISM. By Louisa Twining.
 UNIVERSITY AND SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS. By W. Reason, M.A.

Technology, Textbooks of

Edited by PROFESSOR J. WERTHEIMER, F.I.C.

Fully Illustrated.

- HOW TO MAKE A DRESS. By J. A. E. Wood. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
 CARPENTRY AND JOINERY. By F. C. Webber. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 PRACTICAL MECHANICS. By Sidney H. Wells. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

- PRACTICAL PHYSICS.** By H. Stroud, D.Sc., M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
MILLINERY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By Clare Hill. *Second Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 2s.
PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY. Part I. By W. French, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* *Third Edition.* 1s. 6d.
PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY. Part II. By W. French, M.A., and T. H. Boardman, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d.
TECHNICAL ARITHMETIC AND GEOMETRY. By C. T. Millis, M.I.M.E. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF TEXTILE DESIGN. By Aldred F. Barker. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
BUILDERS' QUANTITIES. By H. C. Grubb. *Crown 8vo.* 4s. 6d.
***METAL WORK (REPOUSSE).** By A. C. Horth. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

Theology, Handbooks of

Edited by R. L. OTTLEY, D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

The series is intended, in part, to furnish the clergy and teachers or students of Theology with trustworthy Text-books, adequately representing the present position of the questions dealt with; in part, to make accessible to the reading public an accurate and concise statement of facts and principles in all questions bearing on Theology and Religion.

- THE XXXIX. ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.** Edited by E. C. S. Gibson, D.D. *Third and Cheaper Edition in one Volume.* *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d.
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGION. By F. B. Jevons, M.A., Litt.D. *Third Edition.* *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION. By R. L. Ottley, D.D. *Second and Cheaper Edition.* *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d.
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE CREEDS. By A. E. Burn, B.D. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. By Alfred Caldecott, D.D. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
A HISTORY OF EARLY CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By J. F. Bethune Baker, M.A. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.

Methuen's Standard Library

EDITED BY SIDNEY LEE. *In Sixpenny Volumes.*

MESSRS. METHUEN are preparing a new series of reprints containing both books of classical repute, which are accessible in various forms, and also some rarer books, of which no satisfactory edition at a moderate price is in existence. It is their ambition to place the best books of all nations, and particularly of the Anglo-Saxon race, within the reach of every reader. All the great masters of Poetry, Drama, Fiction, History, Biography, and Philosophy will be represented. Mr. Sidney Lee will be the General Editor of the Library, and he will contribute a Note to each book.

The characteristics of METHUEN'S UNIVERSAL LIBRARY are five:—

1. **SOUNDNESS OF TEXT.** A pure and unabridged text is the primary object of the series, and the books will be carefully reprinted under the direction of competent scholars from the best editions. In a series intended for popular use not less than for students, adherence to the old spelling would in many cases leave the matter unintelligible to ordinary readers, and, as the appeal of a classic is universal, the spelling has in general been modernised.
 2. **COMPLETENESS.** Where it seems advisable, the complete works of such masters as Milton, Bacon, Ben Jonson and Sir Thomas Browne will be given. These will be issued in separate volumes, so that the reader who does not desire all the works of an author will have the opportunity of acquiring a single masterpiece.
 3. **CHEAPNESS.** The books will be well printed on good paper at a price which on the whole is without parallel in the history of publishing. Each volume will contain from 100 to 350 pages, and will be issued in paper covers, Crown 8vo, at Sixpence net. In a few cases a long book will be issued as a Double Volume at One Shilling net.
 4. **CLEARNESS OF TYPE.** The type will be a very legible one.
 5. **SIMPLICITY.** There will be no editorial matter except a short biographical and bibliographical note by Mr. Sidney Lee at the beginning of each volume.
- The volumes may also be obtained in cloth at One Shilling net, or in the case of a Double Volume at One and Sixpence net. Thus TOM JONES may be bought in a Double paper volume at One Shilling net, or in one cloth volume at 1s. 6d. net.
- The Library will be issued at regular intervals after the publication of the first six books, all of which will be published together. Due notice will be given of succeeding issues. The orders

of publication will be arranged to give as much variety of subject as possible, and the volume composing the complete works of an author will be issued at convenient intervals.

These are the early Books, all of which are in the Press.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. In 10 volumes.

VOL. I.—The Tempest; The Two Gentlemen of Verona; The Merry Wives of Windsor; Measure for Measure; The Comedy of Errors.

VOL. II.—Much Ado About Nothing; Love's Labour's Lost; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Merchant of Venice; As You Like It.

VOL. III.—The Taming of the Shrew; All's Well that Ends Well; Twelfth Night; The Winter's Tale.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan.

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN. In 5 volumes.

VOL. I.—Sense and Sensibility.

THE ENGLISH WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.

VOL. I.—Essays and Counsels and the New Atlantis.

THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ON THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By Thomas à Kempis.

THE WORKS OF BEN JOHNSON. In about 12 volumes.

VOL. I.—The Case is Altered; Every Man in His Humour; Every Man out of His Humour.

THE PROSE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON.

VOL. I.—Eikonoklastes and The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates.

SELECT WORKS OF EDMUND BURKE.

VOL. I.—Reflections on the French Revolution

VOL. II.—Speeches on America.

THE WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING.

VOL. I.—Tom Jones. (Double Volume.)

VOL. II.—Amelia. (Double Volume.)

THE POEMS OF THOMAS CHATTERTON. In 2 volumes.

VOL. I.—Miscellaneous Poems.

VOL. II.—The Rowley Poems.

THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS. Translated by R. Graves.

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By Edward Gibbon. In 7 volumes.

The Notes have been revised by J. B. Bury, Litt.D.

THE PLAYS OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

VOL. I.—Tamburlane the Great; The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus.

VOL. II.—The Jew of Malta; Edward the Second; The Massacre at Paris; The Tragedy of Dido.

THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBOR'. 1. By Gilbert White.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER. In 2 volumes.

VOL. I.—By Izaak Walton.

VOL. II.—Part 2, by Cotton, and Part 3 by Venables.

THE POEMS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. In 4 volumes.

VOL. I.—Alastor; The Daemon of the World; The Revolt of Islam, etc.

THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE. In 6 volumes.

VOL. I.—Religio Medici and Urn Burial.

THE POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. In 2 volumes.

VOL. I.—Paradise Lost.

VOL. II.—Miscellaneous Poems and Paradise Regained.

HUMPHREY CLINKER. By T. C. Smollett.

SELECT WORKS OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

VOL. I.—Utopia and Poems.

THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION, NATURAL AND REVEALED. By Joseph Butler, D.D.

ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING. By John Locke. In 3 volumes.

THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS. In 2 volumes.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE. The Italian Text edited by Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt. (A Double Volume.)

Westminster Commentaries, The

General Editor, WALTER LOCK, D.D., Warden of Keble College,
Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford.

The object of each commentary is primarily exegetical, to interpret the author's meaning to the present generation. The editors will not deal, except very subordinatedly, with questions of textual criticism or philology; but, taking the English

text in the Revised Version as their basis, they will try to combine a hearty acceptance of critical principles with loyalty to the Catholic Faith.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. Edited with Introduction and Notes by S. R. Driver, D.D. *Fourth Edition*. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF JOHN. Edited by E. C. S. Gibson, D.D. *Second Edition*. Demy 8vo. 6s.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Edited by R. B. Rackham, M.A. *Demy 8vo. Second and Cheaper Edition*. 10s. 6d.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. Edited by H. L. Goudge, M.A. *Demy 8vo. 6s.*

THE EPISTLE OF ST. JAMES. Edited with Introduction and Notes by R. J. Knowling, M.A. *Demy 8vo. 6s.*

PART II.—FICTION

Marie Corelli's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS. *Twenty-Fifth Edition.*

VENDETTA. *Twenty-First Edition.*

THELMA. *Thirty-Second Edition.*

ARDATH: THE STORY OF A DEAD SELF. *Fifteenth Edition.*

THE SOUL OF LILITH. *Twelfth Edition.*

WORMWOOD. *Fourteenth Edition.*

BARABBAS: A DREAM OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY. *Fortieth Edition.*

'The tender reverence of the treatment and the imaginative beauty of the writing have reconciled us to the daring of the conception. This "Dream of the World's Tragedy" is a lofty and not inadequate paraphrase of the supreme climax of the inspired narrative.'—*Dublin Review*.

THE SORROWS OF SATAN. *Forty-Eighth Edition.*

'A very powerful piece of work. . . . The conception is magnificent, and is likely to win an abiding place within the memory of man. . . . The author has immense command of language, and a limitless audacity. . . . This interesting and remarkable romance will live long after much of the ephemeral literature of the day is forgotten. . . . A literary phenomenon . . . novel, and even sublime.'—W. T. STED in the *Review of Reviews*.

THE MASTER CHRISTIAN.

[105th Thousand.

'It cannot be denied that "The Master Christian" is a powerful book; that it is one likely to raise uncomfortable questions in all but the most self-satisfied readers, and that it strikes at the root of the failure of the Churches—the decay of faith—in a manner which shows the inevitable disaster heaping up. . . . The good Cardinal Bonpré is a beautiful figure, fit to stand beside the good Bishop in "Les Misérables." It is a book with a serious purpose expressed with absolute unconventionality and passion. . . . And this is to say it is a book worth reading.'—*Examiner*.

TEMPORAL POWER: A STUDY IN SUPREMACY.

[150th Thousand.

'It is impossible to read such a work as "Temporal Power" without becoming convinced that the story is intended to convey certain criticisms on the ways of the world and certain suggestions for the betterment of humanity. . . . If the chief intention of the book was to hold the mirror up to shams, injustice, dishonesty, cruelty, and neglect of conscience, nothing but praise can be given to that intention.'—*Morning Post*.

GOD'S GOOD MAN: A SIMPLE LOVE STORY. *Sixth Edition.*

Anthony Hope's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

THE GOD IN THE CAR. *Tenth Edition.*

'A very remarkable book, deserving of critical analysis impossible within our limit; brilliant, but not superficial; well considered, but not elaborated; constructed with the proverbial art that conceals, but yet allows itself to be enjoyed by readers to whom fine literary method is a keen pleasure.'—*The World*.

A CHANGE OF AIR. *Sixth Edition.*

'A graceful, vivacious comedy, true to human nature. The characters are traced with a masterly hand.'—*Times*.

A MAN OF MARK. *Fifth Edition.*

'Of all Mr. Hope's books, "A Man of Mark" is the one which best compares with The Prisoner of Zenda.'—*National Observer*.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. *Fifth Edition.*

'It is a perfectly enchanting story of love and chivalry, and pure romance. The Count is the most constant, desperate, and modest and tender of lovers, a peerless gentleman, an intrepid fighter, a faithful friend, and a magnanimous foe.'—*Guardian*.

PHROSO. Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR. *Sixth Edition.*

'The tale is thoroughly fresh, quick with vitality, stirring the blood.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

SIMON DALE. Illustrated. *Sixth Edition.*

'There is searching analysis of human nature, with a most ingeniously constructed plot.

Mr. Hope has drawn the contrasts of his women with marvellous subtlety and delicacy.'—*Times*.

THE KING'S MIRROR. *Fourth Edition.*

'In elegance, delicacy, and tact it ranks with the best of his novels, while in the wide range of its portraiture and the subtlety of its analysis it surpasses all his earlier ventures.'—*Spectator*.

QUISANTE. *Fourth Edition.*

'The book is notable for a very high literary quality, and an impress of power and mastery on every page.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

THE DOLLY DIALOGUES.**W. W. Jacobs' Novels**

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

MANY CARGOES. *Twenty-Seventh Edition.***SEA URCHINS.** *Eleventh Edition.***A MASTER OF CRAFT.** Illustrated. *Sixth Edition.*

'Can be unreservedly recommended to all who have not lost their appetite for wholesome laughter.'—*Spectator*.

'The best humorous book published for many a day.'—*Black and White*.

LIGHT FREIGHTS. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition.*

'His wit and humour are perfectly irresistible. Mr. Jacobs writes of skippers, and mates, and seamen, and his crew are the jolliest lot that ever sailed.'—*Daily News*.

'Laughter in every page.'—*Daily Mail*.

Lucas Malet's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE. *Third Edition.***A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.** *New Edition.***LITTLE PETER.** *Second Edition.* 3s. 6d.**THE WAGES OF SIN.** *Fourteenth Edition.***THE CARISSIMA.** *Fourth Edition.***THE GATELESS BARRIER.** *Fourth Edition.*

'In "The Gateless Barrier" it is at once evident that, whilst Lucas Malet has preserved her birthright of originality, the artistry, the actual writing, is above even the high level of the books that were born before.'—*Westminster Gazette*.

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY. *Seventh Edition.* A Limited Edition in Two Volumes. *Crown 8vo. 12s.*

'A picture finely and amply conceived. In the strength and insight in which the story has been conceived, in the wealth of fancy and reflection bestowed upon its execution, and in the moving sincerity of its pathos throughout, "Sir Richard Calmady" must rank as the great novel of a great writer.'—*Literature*.

'The ripest fruit of Lucas Malet's genius. A picture of maternal love by turns tender and terrible.'—*Spectator*.

'A remarkably fine book, with a noble motive and a sound conclusion.'—*Pilot*.

Gilbert Parker's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE. *Fifth Edition.*

'Stories happily conceived and finely executed. There is strength and genius in Mr. Parker's style.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

MRS. FALCHION. *Fifth Edition.*

'A splendid study of character.'—*Athenaeum*.

THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE. *Second Edition.***THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD.** Illustrated. *Eighth Edition.*

'A rousing and dramatic tale. A book like this is a joy inexpressible.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC: The Story of a Lost Napoleon. *Fifth Edition.*

'Here we find romance—real, breathing, living romance. The character of Valmond is drawn unerringly.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

AN ADVENTURER OF THE NORTH: The Last Adventures of 'Pretty Pierre.' *Third Edition.*

'The present book is full of fine and moving stories of the great North.'—*Glasgow Herald.*

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. Illustrated. *Thirteenth Edition.*

'Mr. Parker has produced a really fine historical novel.'—*Athenaeum.*

'A great book.'—*Black and White.*

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG: a Romance of Two Kingdoms. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition.*

'Nothing more vigorous or more human has come from Mr. Gilbert Parker than this novel.'—*Literature.*

THE POMP OF THE LAVILETTES. *Second Edition.* 3s. 6d.

'Unforced pathos, and a deeper knowledge of human nature than he has displayed before.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Arthur Morrison's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

TALES OF MEAN STREETS. *Sixth Edition.*

'A great book. The author's method is amazingly effective, and produces a thrilling sense of reality. The writer lays upon us a master hand. The book is simply appalling and irresistible in its interest. It is humorous also; without humour it would not make the mark it is certain to make.'—*World.*

A CHILD OF THE JAGO. *Fourth Edition.*

'The book is a masterpiece.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

TO LONDON TOWN. *Second Edition.*

'This is the new Mr. Arthur Morrison, gracious and tender, sympathetic and human.'—*Daily Telegraph.*

CUNNING MURRELL.

'Admirable. . . Delightful humorous relief. . . a most artistic and satisfactory achievement.'—*Spectator.*

THE HOLE IN THE WALL. *Third Edition.*

'A masterpiece of artistic realism. It has a finality of touch that only a master may command.'—*Daily Chronicle.*

'An absolute masterpiece, which any novelist might be proud to claim.'—*Graphic.*

'"The Hole in the Wall" is a masterly piece of work. His characters are drawn with amazing skill. Extraordinary power.'—*Daily Telegraph.*

Eden Phillpotts' Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

LYING PROPHETS.

CHILDREN OF THE MIST. *Fifth Edition.*

THE HUMAN BOY. With a Frontispiece. *Fourth Edition.*

'Mr. Phillpotts knows exactly what school-boys do, and can lay bare their inmost thoughts; likewise he shows an all-pervading sense of humour.'—*Academy.*

SONS OF THE MORNING. *Second Edition.*

'A book of strange power and fascination.'—*Morning Post.*

THE STRIKING HOURS. *Second Edition.*

'Tragedy and comedy, pathos and humour, are blended to a nicety in this volume.'—*World.*

'The whole book is redolent of a fresher and ampler air than breathes in the circumscribed life of great towns.'—*Spectator.*

THE RIVER. *Third Edition.*

'The River' places Mr. Phillpotts in the front rank of living novelists.'—*Punch.*

'Since "Lorna Doone" we have had nothing so picturesque as this new romance.'—*Birmingham Gazette.*

'Mr. Phillpotts's new book is a masterpiece which brings him indisputably into the front rank of English novelists.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

'This great romance of the River Dart. The finest book Mr. Eden Phillpotts has written.'—*Morning Post.*

THE AMERICAN PRISONER. *Third Edition.*

THE SECRET WOMAN. *Fourth Edition.*

S. Baring-Gould's Novels*Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*ARMINELL. *Fifth Edition.*URITH. *Fifth Edition.*IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA. *Seventh Edition.*CHEAP JACK ZITA. *Fourth Edition.*MARGERY OF QUETHER. *Third Edition.*THE QUEEN OF LOVE. *Fifth Edition.*JACQUETTA. *Third Edition.*KITTY ALONE. *Fifth Edition.*NOEMI. *Illustrated. Fourth Edition.*THE BROOM-SQUIRE. *Illustrated.**Fourth Edition.*

DARTMOOR IDYLLS.

THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS. *Third Edition.*GUAVAS THE TINNER. *Illustrated. Second Edition.*BLADYS. *Illustrated. Second Edition.*DOMITIA. *Illustrated. Second Edition.*

PABO THE PRIEST.

WINIFRED. *Illustrated. Second Edition.*

THE FROBISHERS.

ROYAL GEORGIE. *Illustrated.*MISS QUILLET. *Illustrated.*LITTLE TUPPENNY. *A New Edition. 6d.*

CHRIS OF ALL SORTS.

IN DEWISLAND. *Second Edition.***Robert Barr's Novels***Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS. *Third Edition.*'A book which has abundantly satisfied us by its capital humour.'—*Daily Chronicle.*THE MUTABLE MANY. *Second Edition.*'There is much insight in it, and much excellent humour.'—*Daily Chronicle.*

THE VICTORS.

THE COUNTESS TEKLA. *Third Edition.*'Of these mediæval romances, which are now gaining ground, "The Countess Tekla" is the very best we have seen.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*THE LADY ELECTRA. *Second Edition.*THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT. *Second Edition.***E. Maria Albanesi's Novels***Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*SUSANNAH AND ONE OTHER. *Fourth Edition.*THE BLUNDER OF AN INNOCENT. *Second Edition.*CAPRICIOUS CAROLINE. *Second Edition.*LOVE AND LOUISA. *Second Edition.*

PETER, A PARASITE.

B. M. Croker's Novels*Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*ANGEL. *Fourth Edition.*PEGGY OF THE BARTONS. *Sixth Edit.*

THE OLD CANTONMENT.

A STATE SECRET. *Third Edition.*JOHANNA. *Second Edition.*THE HAPPY VALLEY. *Second Edition.***J. H. Findlater's Novels***Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE. *Fifth Edition.***Mary Findlater's Novels***Crown 8vo. 6s.*A NARROW WAY. *Third Edition.*

OVER THE HILLS.

THE ROSE OF JOY. *Second Edition.***Robert Hichens' Novels***Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY SQUARE. *Second Edition.*TONGUES OF CONSCIENCE. *Second Edition.*FELIX. *Fourth Edition.*THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN. *Fifth Edition.*BYEWAYS. *3s. 6d.*THE GARDEN OF ALLAH. *Seventh Edition.*

Henry James's Novels*Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*THE SOFT SIDE. *Second Edition.*
THE BETTER SORT.THE AMBASSADORS. *Second Edition.*
THE GOLDEN BOWL.**Mary E. Mann's Novels***Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*OLIVIA'S SUMMER. *Second Edition.*
A LOST ESTATE. *A New Edition.*
THE PARISH OF HILBY. *A New Edition.**THE PARISH NURSE.
GRAN'MA'S JANE.
MRS. PETER HOWARD.A WINTER'S TALE. *A New Edition.*
ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS. *A New Edition.*THERE WAS ONCE A PRINCE. *Illustrated. 3s. 6d.*
WHEN ARNOLD COMES HOME. *Illustrated. 3s. 6d.***W. Pett Ridge's Novels***Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*LOST PROPERTY. *Second Edition.*
ERR. *Second Edition.*
A SON OF THE STATE. *3s. 6d.*A BREAKER OF LAWS. *3s. 6d.*
MRS. GALER'S BUSINESS.
SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P. *3s. 6d.***Adeline Sergeant's Novels***Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*THE MASTER OF BEECHWOOD.
BARBARA'S MONEY. *Second Edition.*
ANTHEA'S WAY.
THE YELLOW DIAMOND. *Second Edition.*
UNDER SUSPICION.THE LOVE THAT OVERCAME.
THE ENTHUSIAST.
ACCUSED AND ACCUSER. *Second Edition.*
THE PROGRESS OF RACHEL.
THE MYSTERY OF THE MOAT.

- Albanesi (E. Maria). See page 35.
 Anstey (F.), Author of 'Vice Versa.' A BAYARD FROM BENGAL. Illustrated by BERNARD PARTTRIDGE. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 Bacheller (Irving), Author of 'Eben Holden.' DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Bagot (Richard). A ROMAN MYSTERY. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Balfour (Andrew). See Shilling Novels.
 Baring-Gould (S.). See page 35 and Shilling Novels.
 Barlow (Jane). THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK. *Crown 8vo. 6s.* See also Shilling Novels.
 Barr (Robert). See page 35 and Shilling Novels.
 Begbie (Harold). THE ADVENTURES OF SIR JOHN SPARROW. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Belloc (Hilaire). EMMANUEL BURDEN, MERCHANT. With 36 Illustrations by G. K. CHESTERTON. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Benson (E. F.). See Shilling Novels.
 Benson (Margaret). SUBJECT TO VANITY. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 Besant (Sir Walter). See Shilling Novels.
 Bowles (O. Stewart). A STRETCH OFF THE LAND. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Bullock (Shan. F.). THE SQUIREEN. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 THE RED LEAGUERS. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 See also Shilling Novels.
 Burton (J. Blountelle). THE YEAR ONE: A Page of the French Revolution. *Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 THE FATE OF VALSEC. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 A BRANDED NAME. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 See also Shilling Novels.
 Capes (Bernard), Author of 'The Lake of Wine.' THE EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSIONS OF DIANA PLEASE. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Chesney (Weatherby). THE BAPTIST RING. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 THE TRAGEDY OF THE GREAT EMERALD. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

- THE MYSTERY OF A BUNGALOW. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Clifford (Hugh). A FREE LANCE OF TO-DAY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Clifford (Mrs. W. K.). See also Shilling Novels and Books for Boys and Girls.
 Cobb (Thomas). A CHANGE OF FACE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Cobban (J. Maclaren). See Shilling Novels.
 Corelli (Marie). See page 32.
 Cotes (Mrs. Everard). See Sara Jeannette Duncan.
 Cotterell (Constance). THE VIRGIN AND THE SCALES. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Crane (Stephen) and Barr (Robert). THE O'RUDDY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Crockett (S. R.). Author of 'The Raiders,' etc. LOCHINVAR. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 THE STANDARD BEARER. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Croker (B. M.). See page 35.
 Dawson (A. J.). DANIEL WHYTE. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 Doyle (A. Conan). Author of 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'The White Company,' etc. ROUND THE RED LAMP. *Ninth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Duncan (Sara Jeannette) (Mrs. Everard Cotes). THOSE DELIGHTFUL AMERICANS. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 THE POOL IN THE DESERT. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 Findlater (J. H.). See page 35 and Shilling Novels.
 Findlater (Mary). See page 35.
 Fitzpatrick (K.). THE WEANS AT ROWALLAN. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Fitzstephen (Gerald). MORE KIN THAN KIND. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Fletcher (J. S.). LUCIAN THE DREAMER. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 DAVID MARCH. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Francis (M. E.). See Shilling Novels.
 Fraser (Mrs. Hugh). Author of 'The Stolen Emperor.' THE SLAKING OF THE SWORD. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Gallon (Tom). Author of 'Kiddy.' RICKERBY'S FOLLY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Gerard (Dorothea). Author of 'Lady Baby.' THE CONQUEST OF LONDON. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 HOLY MATRIMONY. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 MADE OF MONEY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 THE BRIDGE OF LIFE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Gerard (Emily). THE HERONS' TOWER. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Gissing (George). Author of 'Demos,' 'In the Year of Jubilee,' etc. THE TOWN TRAVELLER. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 THE CROWN OF LIFE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Glanville (Ernest). THE INCA'S TREASURE. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 Gleig (Charles). BUNTER'S CRUISE. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 Goss (C. F.). See Shilling Novels.
 Herbertson (Agnes G.). PATIENCE DEAN. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Hichens (Robert). See page 35.
 Hobbes (John Oliver). Author of 'Robert Orange.' THE SERIOUS WOOING. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Hope (Anthony). See page 32.
 Hough (Emerson). THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Hyne (C. J. Cutcliffe). Author of 'Captain Kettle.' MR. HORROCKS, PURSER. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Jacobs (W. W.). See page 33.
 James (Henry). See page 36.
 Janson (Gustaf). ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Keays (H. A. Mitchell). HE THAT EATHEETH BREAD WITH ME. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Lawless (Hon. Emily). See Shilling Novels.
 Lawson (Harry). Author of 'When the Billy Boils.' CHILDREN OF THE BUSH. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Levett-Yeats (S.). ORRAIN. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Linden (Annie). A WOMAN OF SENTIMENT. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Linton (E. Lynn). THE TRUE HISTORY OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON, Christian and Communist. *Twelfth Edition. Medium 8vo. 6d.*
 Long (J. Luther). Co-Author of 'The Darling of the Gods.' MADAME BUTTERFLY. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
 SIXTY JANE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
 Lyall (Edna). DERRICK VAUGHAN, NOVELIST. *42nd Thousand. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

- McCarthy (Justin E.)**, Author of 'If I were King.' **THE LADY OF LOYALTY HOUSE.** *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE DRYAD.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Macfie (Pauline Bradford)**, **THE VOICE IN THE DESERT.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Macnaughtan (H.)**, **THE FORTUNE OF CHRISTINA MACNAB.** *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Malet (Lucas)**. See page 33.
- Mann (Mrs. M. E.)**. See page 36.
- Marriott (Charles)**, Author of 'The Column.' **GENEVRA.** *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- Marsh (Richard)**, **THE TWICKENHAM PEERAGE.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- A METAMORPHOSIS.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- GARNERED.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- A DUEL.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Mason (A. E. W.)**, Author of 'The Courtship of Morrice Buckler,' 'Miranda of the Balcony,' etc. **CLEMENTINA.** *Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Second Edition. 6s.*
- Mathers (Helen)**, Author of 'Comin' thro' the Rye.' **HONEY.** *Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- GRIFF OF GRIFFITHSCOURT.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Meade (L. T.)**, **DRIFT.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- RESURGAM.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Meredith (Ellis)**, **HEART OF MY HEART.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- 'Miss Molly' (The Author of)**, **THE GREAT RECONCILER.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Mitford (Bertram)**, **THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.** *Illustrated. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- IN THE WHIRL OF THE RISING.** *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE RED DERELICT.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Montresor (F. F.)**, Author of 'Into the Highways and Hedges.' **THE ALIEN.** *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Morrison (Arthur)**. See page 34.
- Nesbit (E.) (Mrs. E. Bland)**, **THE RED HOUSE.** *Illustrated. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE LITERARY SENSE.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Norris (W. E.)**, **THE CREDIT OF THE COUNTY.** *Illustrated. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE EMBARRASSING ORPHAN.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- NIGEL'S VOCATION.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- BARHAM OF BELTANA.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Oliphant (Mrs.)**. See Shilling Novels.
- Olivant (Alfred)**, **OWD BOB, THE GREY DOG OF KENMUIR.** *Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Oppenheim (E. Phillips)**, **MASTER OF MEN.** *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Oxenham (John)**, Author of 'Barbe of Grand Bayou.' **A WEAVER OF WEBS.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE GATE OF THE DESERT.** *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Pain (Barry)**, **THREE FANTASIES.** *Crown 8vo. 1s.*
- LINDLEY KAYS.** *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Parker (Gilbert)**. See page 32.
- Pemberton (Max)**, **THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE.** *Illustrated. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- I CROWN THEE KING.** With Illustrations by Frank Dadd and A. Forrestier. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Penny (Mrs. F. E.)**. See Shilling Novels.
- Phillipotts (Eden)**. See page 34 and Shilling Novels.
- Pickthall (Marmaduke)**, **SAID THE FISHERMAN.** *Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- *BRENDLE.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- *Pryce (Richard)**, **WINIFRED MOUNT.** *A New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- 'Q.' (Author of 'Dead Man's Rock')**, **THE WHITE WOLF.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Queux (W. le)**, **THE HUNCHBACK OF WESTMINSTER.** *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE CLOSED BOOK.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.** *Illustrated. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Rhys (Grace)**, **THE WOOING OF SHEILA.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE PRINCE OF LISNOVER.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

- Rhys (Grace) and Another.** THE DIVERTED VILLAGE. With Illustrations by DOROTHY GWYN JEFFREYS. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Ridge (W. Pett).** See page 36.
- Ritchie (Mrs. David G.).** THE TRUTHFUL LIAR. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Roberts (C. G. D.).** THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- *Robertson (Frances Forbes).** THE TAMING OF THE BRUTE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Russell (W. Clark).** MY DANISH SWEETHEART. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- ABANDONED.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- HIS ISLAND PRINCESS.** Illustrated. *Crown 6vo. 6s.*
- Sergeant (Adeline).** See page 36.
- Shannon (W. F.).** THE MESS DECK. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- JIM TWELVES.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Sonnichsen (Albert).** DEEP SEA VAGABONDS. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Stringer (Arthur).** THE SILVER POPPY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Sutherland (Duchess of).** See Shilling Novels.
- Swan (Annie).** See Shilling Novels.
- Tanqueray (Mrs. B. M.).** THE ROYAL OAKER. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Thompson (Vance).** SPINNERS OF LIFE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Waineman (Paul).** BY A FINNISH LAKE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE SONG OF THE FOREST.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.* See also Shilling Novels.
- Watson (H. B. Marriott).** ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- CAPTAIN FORTUNE.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Wells (H. G.).** THE SEA LADY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Weyman (Stanley),** Author of 'A Gentleman of France.' UNDER THE RED ROBE With Illustrations by R. C. WOODVILLE. *Eighteenth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- White (Stewart E.).** Author of 'The Blazed Trail.' CONJUROR'S HOUSE. A Romance of the Free Trail. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- White (Percy).** THE SYSTEM. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Williamson (Mrs. C. N.),** Author of 'The Barnstormers.' PAPA. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE ADVENTURE OF PRINCESS SYLVIA.** *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- THE WOMAN WHO DARED.** *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE SEA COULD TELL.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE CASTLE OF THE SHADOWS.** *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Williamson (C. N. and A. M.).** THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR: Being the Romance of a Motor Car. Illustrated. *Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- THE PRINCESS PASSES.** Illustrated. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

Methuen's Shilling Novels

Cloth, 1s. net.

ENCOURAGED by the great and steady sale of their Sixpenny Novels, Messrs. Methuen have determined to issue a new series of fiction at a low price under the title of 'METHUEN'S SHILLING NOVELS.' These books are well printed and well bound in cloth, and the excellence of their quality may be gauged from the names of those authors who contribute the early volumes of the series.

Messrs. Methuen would point out that the books are as good and as long as a six shilling novel, that they are bound in cloth and not in paper, and that their price is One Shilling net. They feel sure that the public will appreciate such good and cheap literature, and the books can be seen at all good booksellers.

The first volumes are—

- Adeline Sergeant.** A GREAT LADY.
- Richard Marsh.** MARVELS AND MYSTERIES.
- Tom Gallon.** RICKERBY'S FOLLY.
- H. B. Marriott-Watson.** THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE.
- Bullock (Shan F.).** THE BARRYS.
- THE CHARMERS.**
- Gissing (George).** THE CROWN OF LIFE.
- Francis (M. E.).** MISS ERIN.
- Sutherland (Duchess of).** ONE HOUR AND THE NEXT.
- Burton (J. Bloundelle).** ACROSS THE SALT SEAS.
- Oliphant (Mrs.).** THE PRODIGALS.
- Balfour (Andrew).** VENGEANCE IS MINE.

Barr (Robert), Author of 'The Countess Tekla. **THE VICTORS.**
 Penny (Mrs. F. A.). **A MIXED MARRIAGE.**
 Hamilton (Lord Ernest). **MARY HAMILTON.**
 Glanville (Ernest). **THE LOST REGIMENT.**
 Benson (E. F.). Author of 'Dodo.' **THE CAPSINA.**
 Goss (C. F.). **THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON.**
 Findlater (J. H.). Author of 'The Green Graves of Balgowrie.' **A DAUGHTER OF STRIFE.**
 Cobban (J. M.). **THE KING OF ANDAMAN.**
 Clifford (Mrs. W. K.). **A WOMAN ALONE.**
 Phillpotts (Eden). **FANCY FREE.**

Books for Boys and Girls

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

- THE GETTING WELL OF DOROTHY.** By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. *Second Edition.*
THE ICELANDER'S SWORD. By S. Baring-Gould.
ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG. By Edith E. Cuthell.
THE DOCTOR OF THE JULIET. By Harry Collingwood.
LITTLE PETER. By Lucas Malet. *Second Edition.*
MASTER ROCKAFELLAR'S VOYAGE. By W. Clark Russell.
THE SECRET OF MADAME DE MONLUC. By the Author of "Mdlle. Mori."
SYD BELTON: Or, the Boy who would not go to Sea. By G. Manville Fenn.
THE RED GRANGE. By Mrs. Molesworth.
A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. By L. T. Meade.
HEPSY GIPSY. By L. T. Meade. 2s. 6d.
THE HONOURABLE MISS. By L. T. Meade.

The Novels of Alexandre Dumas

Price 6d. Double Volume, 1s.

- THE THREE MUSKETEERS.** With a long Introduction by Andrew Lang. Double volume.
THE PRINCE OF THIEVES. *Second Edition.*
ROBIN HOOD. A Sequel to the above.
THE CORSIAN BROTHERS.
GEORGES.
CROP-EARED JACQUOT; JANE; Etc.
TWENTY YEARS AFTER. Double volume.
AMAURY.
THE CASTLE OF EPPSTEIN.
THE SNOWBALL, and SULTANETTA.
CECILE; OR, THE WEDDING GOWN.
ACTÉ.
THE BLACK TULIP.
THE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE.
 Part I. Louis de la Vallière. Double Volume.
 Part II. The Man in the Iron Mask. Double Volume.
THE CONVICT'S SON.
THE WOLF-LEADER.
NANON; OR, THE WOMEN'S WAR. Double volume.
PAULINE; MURAT; AND PASCAL BRUNO.
THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PAMPHILE.
FERNANDE.
GABRIEL LAMBERT.
THE REMINISCENCES OF ANTONY.
CATHERINE BLUM.
THE CHEVALIER D'HARMENTAL.
SYLVANDIRE.
THE FENCING MASTER.
***CONSCIENCE.**
***THE REGENT'S DAUGHTER.** A Sequel to Chevalier d'Harmental.
Illustrated Edition.
THE THREE MUSKETEERS. Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams. 2s. 6d.
THE PRINCE OF THIEVES. Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams. 2s.
ROBIN HOOD THE OUTLAW. Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams. 2s.
THE CORSIAN BROTHERS. Illustrated in Colour by A. M. M'Lellan. 1s. 6d.
FERNANDE. Illustrated in Colour by Munro Orr.
THE BLACK TULIP. Illustrated in Colour by A. Orr.
GEORGES. Illustrated in Colour by Munro Orr. 2s.
TWENTY YEARS AFTER. Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams. 3s.
AMAURY. Illustrated in Colour by Gordon Browne. 2s.
THE SNOWBALL, and SULTANETTA. Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams. 2s.
***THE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE. Part I.** Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams.
***CROP-EARED JACQUOT; JANE; Etc.** Illustrated in Colour by Gordon Browne.
***THE CASTLE OF EPPSTEIN.** Illustrated in Colour by Stewart Orr.
***ACTÉ.** Illustrated in Colour by Gordon Browne.
***CECILE; OR, THE WEDDING GOWN.** Illustrated in Colour by D. Murray Smith.
***THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PAMPHILE.** Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams.
***THE WOLF-LEADER.** Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams. 1s. 6d.





